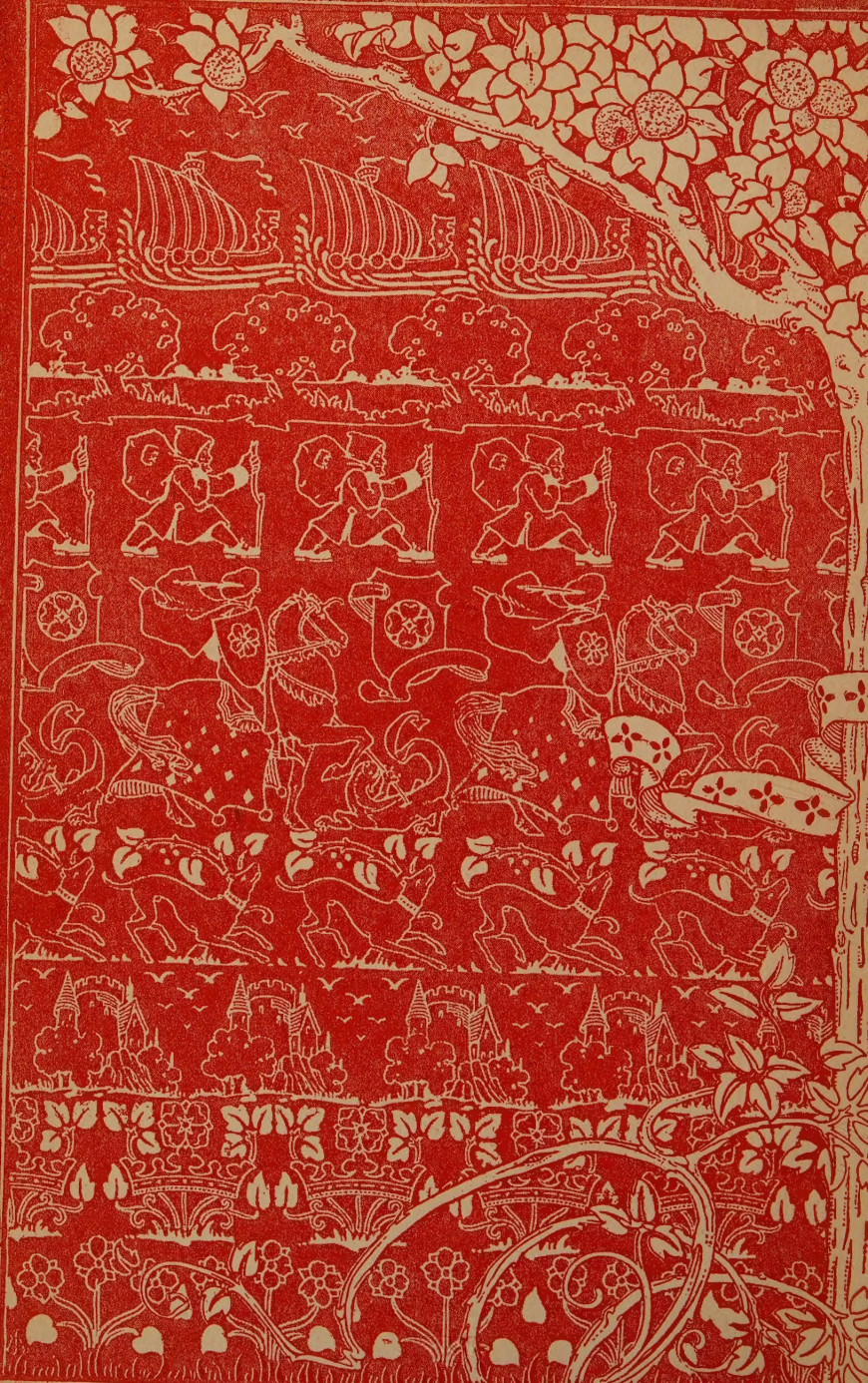
Old Fashioned Stories & Poems



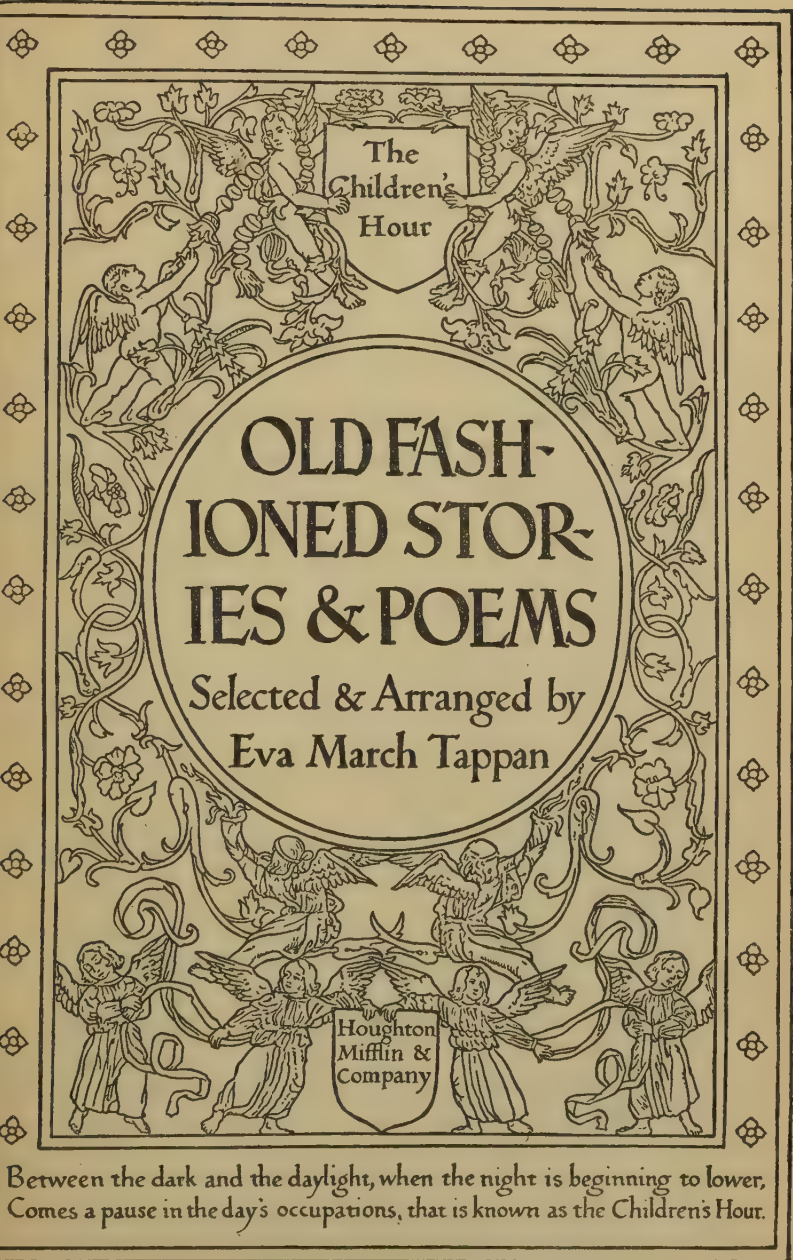
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

IN TEN VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME VI

Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves (page 409)



Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations, that is known as the Children's Hour.

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TO THE CHILDREN

IT is not so many years ago that most people believed children needed only two kinds of books. One kind was for them to study in school, and the other was to teach them how to behave. The following is a page from one of the latter, "The Polite Academy for Young Ladies and Gentlemen:" —

"Directions for Young Ladies to Attain a Genteel Carriage.

To make a courtesy.

Hold yourself properly and easily upright.

Raise your Head with a free Air, not with a stiff Formality.

Let your Shoulders fall back with an easy Air.

Let your Arms fall easy to your Waist, and keep them straight to your sides, not putting them backwards or forwards.

Lay your Hands across and do not raise them too high, nor let them fall too low.

Let the Hollow or inside of your Hands be turned towards you.

Let your Fingers be a little open.

Bend your Wrists a little.

Turn with an easy Air towards the Person you are to compliment.

Step a little Sideways with either Foot.

Join the other to it.

Turn your Eyes a little downward.

Being thus placed, bend softly and gradually into a courtesy.

Rise gently from it; and lift up your Eyes as you draw up your Head."

Another little book, written in rhyme, says to the children: —

"So, children, here may ye all hear and see,
How all children chastised should be;
And therefore, children, look that ye do well,
And no hard beating shall ye befall."

Such volumes as these may have been exceedingly instructive, but I doubt whether any child was ever so fond of them as to carry them off to some distant garret, so he could read and read and read without fear of being interrupted. "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "Goody Two-Shoes" had been written; but save for these and a very few others, a child might have followed along the shelves of many a library and found hardly a volume that would make him feel as if he could not help reading it.

By and by, one book after another, written expressly for the children, but of quite a different cast from the books of behavior, began to slip into the dreariness. These books did not declare, for instance, "A good boy will always learn his arithmetic lesson," and then say no more about the matter; they told an amusing tale of the man who had not studied arithmetic and thought he was making a fine bargain for a horse when he agreed to pay one farthing for the first nail in his shoes, two for the second, four for the third, and so on to the twenty-fourth, and of how surprised and sorry he was when he found how large a sum he owed. These books did not say severely, like the older ones, "Well-behaved children will never cram their mouths at table;" but they told a funny story of the time when "Frank" imitated the wrong boy, and showed his mother some rather remarkable table manners.

It is no wonder that the children were eager for such books, that they read them over and over, and talked about them until "Harry" and "Frank" and "Beechnut" and "Rosamond" seemed almost as real as their flesh and blood playmates. They enjoyed reading the stories, and they thought about them; for children do far more thinking than some of the grown-ups give them credit for. They found out with "Tommy" that it is good to know a little arithmetic; with "Robert," that it is an excellent thing to see what there is to see; with "Fanny," the heroine of "The Sore Tongue," that it is well to think before you speak. In short, these entertaining little stories were not only amusing, but they were a real power and inspiration to the children to be studious and thoughtful and truthful and kind-hearted; and that is a vast amount for some small books to accomplish in the world.

When these children were grown up and had children of their own, those children read the stories, and the children of those children read them; and even to-day we find them interesting. If we begin one, we always want to know how it ends. When poor little "Rosamond" is so charmed with a glass jar, made attractive by colored water, that she buys it instead of the badly needed shoes, we cannot help wanting to see how her foolish bargain turns out. So when the schoolboys lock their teacher out of his schoolroom, we want to read on and find out whether they get the provisions that they expect, and how long they hold out in their rebellion.

The authors were sometimes so afraid of their "morals" being overlooked that they were inclined to

put in little lectures here and there, or to end a tale with, "Thus we see, etc." Indeed, the children were so accustomed to this ending that if they had missed it, they might have fancied a leaf had been torn out of the book. Now, every story that is worth reading has a moral, but it is no longer the fashion to point it out. In "Tom Brown's School-Days," for instance, Mr. Hughes does not say, "The moral of this story is, etc.;" but, nevertheless, he makes it clear that a boy who tries his best to be upright and honorable is pretty sure to become the right sort of man. So it is in Mrs. Burnham's "Jewel." No one can read the little volume without seeing its meaning, namely, that a child who loves other people is sure to win love in return.

In several other respects these stories are different from those written to-day. First, they are told in somewhat different language. In our recent stories, if a gentleman speaks to a group of boys, he begins, "Boys!" In the old-fashioned stories, he begins, "My lads!" If the little girl of the old-fashioned tale wishes to go out to play, she says, "Mother, would you kindly give me leave to walk about under the trees with my companions?" The children of long ago were expected to write their letters in some such stilted fashion, and it seemed proper to many authors that children in print should talk in this style.

Again, in our present books, the visible rewards and punishments do not come at once, any more than they do in real life; but in the old-fashioned tales, they are hurried into view as if authors were afraid the curtain would fall before they could be brought on the stage.

In one story, the careful boy avoids the dangers of the streets and goes home in safety; but the careless boy is immediately run over and is carried home on a window shutter, "crying and lamenting." The generous boy gives his only penny to a poor woman to support her suffering family, and is at once rewarded by the gift of a particularly bright shilling from his father. The selfish boy spends *his* penny on candy, or "sweets," and is promptly punished by illness and doses of nauseous medicine.

Another way in which the old stories differ from the later ones is in the make-up of the books. Most of the better ones were bound in stamped cloth, in black or brown, or a deep purplish pink that soon faded to the color of a dusty road. The pictures were queer. Children's books of to-day are often illustrated by the most talented artists; but in the earlier times people seemed to feel that anything was good enough for a child's book. Beehives were drawn larger than the houses, and robins larger than the windows. Poplar trees looked like oval cookies with nicely scalloped edges. Children turned out their toes at a greater angle than any flesh and blood ankles would ever permit. In one picture the playground was stood on end to give a good view of a game of marbles. The "Children in the Wood" lay on a bank that could not possibly have held them, so smooth and steep was it pictured. Many of the tables and chairs could never have stood upright; for, as they were drawn, not more than two of their legs could have touched the floor. Houses were founded upon lines that apparently ran from a bit of turf or a gooseberry bush up to the

tops of the trees. To make pictures illustrate the story or to be true to life was thought quite unnecessary. In a pamphlet, "Jack Horner," a beggar woman is seen knocking at a door. Her apron is full of holes and her gown is nothing but rags. In the next picture the door has been opened; and, presto, change! there is only one hole left in her apron, and her gown is as trim as you please. In a history of Joan of Arc, poor Joan appears before King Charles in bracelets and the whitest of aprons, and with an exceedingly trim little white bow in her hair. After she has fought several battles and has been captured by the English, she is pictured as a prisoner chained to the walls of her dungeon, but the little white bow has never been disturbed; it is still in her hair, as trim and fresh as ever.

The same pictures were used over and over again. There was one of a walrus lying on the ground and rolling up its eyes pleasantly at an Eskimo who stands ready to strike it with a harpoon. This seems to have been greatly admired, for it appeared in various little volumes. The two good friends were sometimes separated. Once the walrus came all by itself on the title-page of a small book about a good little boy who helped a blind man out of a pond. Another favorite picture was of a little girl with an armful of flowers. That appeared in a number of books, and it also served for years at the top of a column in a weekly paper for children. Indeed, whenever a publisher wanted a picture of a lovable little girl, there it was at his hand, and he saw no need of making another.

With all these differences, the stories in this book are

well worth reading, — and are so interesting that you would better not begin one unless you are sure of having time to finish it.

There is one thing especially that you will note about the poems and rhymes that claim a part of the volume. Very few of them sound as if older people were talking about children, but rather as if the children themselves were telling what they thought and fancied. One of the authors who wrote many poems for the younger children let the secret out, and told just how she made her poems seem as if the children themselves were talking. She said she tried to fancy that some little child was with her. Then she shut her eyes and thought just how that child would be likely to talk about the subject on which she meant to write. It is quite probable that some of the other authors did much the same. However that may be, we are sure of one thing, namely, that no one of these famous writers had forgotten how he felt when he was a child. That is why the little poems, and even the simplest rhymes, are true to life; and it is because they are true that they are still favorites, even after so many years have passed.

OLD-FASHIONED STORIES

THE PURPLE JAR

By Maria Edgeworth

ROSAMOND, a little girl about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along she looked in at the windows of several shops, and saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them, but there was a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts, carriages, and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

"Oh, mother, how happy I should be," she said, as she passed a toy-shop, "if I had all these pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wish for them all, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As she spoke they came to a milliner's shop, the windows of which were decorated with ribbons and lace, and festoons of artificial flowers.

"Oh, mamma, what beautiful roses! Won't you buy some of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want them, my dear."

They went a little farther, and came to another shop, which caught Rosamond's eye. It was a jeweler's shop,

and in it were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glass.

"Mamma, will you buy some of these?"

"Which of them, Rosamond?"

"Which? I don't know which; any of them will do, for they are all pretty."

"Yes, they are all pretty; but of what use would they be to me?"

"Use! Oh, I am sure you could find some use or other for them if you would only buy them first."

"But I would rather find out the use first."

"Well, then, mamma, there are buckles; you know that buckles are useful things, very useful things."

"I have a pair of buckles; I don't want another pair," said her mother, and walked on.

Rosamond was very sorry that her mother wanted nothing. Presently, however, they came to a shop, which appeared to her far more beautiful than the rest. It was a chemist's shop, but she did not know that.

"Oh, mother, oh!" cried she, pulling her mother's hand, "look, look! blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! Oh, mamma, what beautiful things! Won't you buy some of these?"

Still her mother answered as before, "Of what use would they be to me, Rosamond?"

"You might put flowers in them, mamma, and they would look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I wish I had one of them."

"You have a flower-pot," said her mother, "and that is not a flower-pot."

"But I could use it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know."

"Perhaps if you were to see it nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be disappointed."

"No, indeed, I 'm sure I should not; I should like it exceedingly."

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase, till she could see it no longer.

"Then, mother," said she, after a pause, "perhaps you have no money."

"Yes, I have."

"Dear me, if I had money I would buy roses, and boxes, and buckles, and purple flower-pots, and everything." Rosamond was obliged to pause in the midst of her speech.

"Oh, mamma, would you stop a minute for me? I have got a stone in my shoe; it hurts me very much."

"How came there to be a stone in your shoe?"

"Because of this great hole, mamma, — it comes in there; my shoes are quite worn out. I wish you would be so very good as to give me another pair."

"Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy shoes, and flower-pots, and buckles, and boxes, and everything."

Rosamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the stone, began to give her so much pain that she was obliged to hop every other step, and she could think of nothing else. They came to a shoemaker's shop soon afterwards.

"There, there! mamma, there are shoes; there are

little shoes that would just fit me, and you know shoes would be really of use to me."

"Yes, so they would, Rosamond. Come in."

She followed her mother into the shop.

Mr. Sole the shoemaker, had a great many customers, and this shop was full, so they were obliged to wait.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, "you don't think this shop so pretty as the rest?"

"No, not nearly; it is black and dark, and there are nothing but shoes all round; and, besides, there 's a very disagreeable smell."

"That smell is the smell of new leather."

"Is it? Oh!" said Rosamond, looking round, "there is a pair of little shoes; they 'll just fit me, I 'm sure."

"Perhaps they might; but you cannot be sure till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite sure that you should like the purple vase exceedingly, till you have examined it more attentively."

"Why, I don't know about the shoes, certainly, till I have tried; but, mamma, I am quite sure that I should like the flower-pot."

"Well, which would you rather have, a jar or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you."

"Dear mamma, thank you — but if you could buy both?"

"No, not both."

"Then the jar, if you please."

"But I should tell you, that in that case I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month."

"This month! that 's a very long time, indeed! You can't think how these hurt me; I believe I 'd better have

AT LENGTH HE CAME, AND BROUGHT WITH HIM THE LONG-WISHED-FOR JAR. THE MOMENT IT WAS SET DOWN UPON THE TABLE, ROSAMOND RAN UP TO IT WITH AN EXCLAMATION OF JOY

the new shoes. Yet, that purple flower-pot. Oh, indeed, mamma, these shoes are not so very, very bad! I think I might wear them a little longer, and the month will soon be over. I can make them last till the end of the month, can't I? Don't you think so, mamma?"

"Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself; you will have time enough to consider the matter, whilst I speak to Mr. Sole about my clogs."

Mr. Sole was by this time at leisure, and whilst her mother was speaking to him, Rosamond stood in profound meditation, with one shoe on, and the other in her hand.

"Well, my dear, have you decided?"

"Mamma! — yes, — I believe I have. If you please, I should like to have the flower-pot; that is, if you won't think me very silly, mamma."

"Why, as to that, I can't promise you, Rosamond; but when you have to judge for yourself you should choose what would make you happy, and then it would not signify who thought you silly."

"Then, mamma, if that 's all, I 'm sure the flower-pot would make me happy," said she, putting on her old shoe again; "so I choose the flower-pot."

"Very well, you shall have it; clasp your shoe and come home."

Rosamond clasped her shoe and ran after her mother. It was not long before the shoe came down at the heel, and many times she was obliged to stop to take the stones out of it, and she often limped with pain; but still the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and she persisted in her choice.

When they came to the shop with the large window, Rosamond felt much pleasure upon hearing her mother desire the servant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got in, ran to gather all her own flowers, which she kept in a corner of her mother's garden.

"I am afraid they 'll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Rosamond," said her mother to her, as she came in with the flowers in her lap.

"No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon, I dare say. I shall be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot."

"I hope so, my dear."

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had expected; but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished-for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up to it with an exclamation of joy: "I may have it now, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, it is yours."

Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap upon the carpet, and seized the purple flower-pot.

"Oh, dear, mother!" cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, "but there 's something dark in it which smells very disagreeably. What is it? I did n't want this black stuff."

"Nor I, my dear."

"But what shall I do with it, mamma?"

"That I cannot tell."

"It will be of no use to me, mamma."

"That I cannot help."

"But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water."

"As you please, my dear."

"Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?"

"That was more than I promised you, my dear; but I will lend you a bowl."

The bowl was produced, and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But she experienced much surprise and disappointment, on finding, when it was entirely empty, that it was no longer a purple vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful color merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.

"Why should you cry, my dear?" said her mother; "it will be of as much use to you now as ever, for a flower-pot."

"But it won't look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much."

"But did n't I tell you that you had not examined it; and that perhaps you would be disappointed?"

"And so I am disappointed, indeed. I wish I had believed you at once. Now I had much rather have the shoes, for I shall not be able to walk all this month; even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I will give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you'll only give me the shoes."

"No, Rosamond; you must abide by your own choice;

and now the best thing you can possibly do is to bear your disappointment with good humor."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes; and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here. Many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her, before the end of the month.

Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, or walk in them.

Whenever Rosamond was called to see anything, she was detained pulling her shoes up at the heels, and was sure to be too late.

Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes; and at length, on the very last day of the month, it happened that her father proposed to take her with her brother to a glass-house, which she had long wished to see. She was very happy; but, when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste downstairs to her brother and father, who were waiting for her at the hall door, the shoe dropped off. She put it on again in a great hurry, but, as she was going across the hall, her father turned round.

"Why are you walking slipshod? no one must walk slipshod with me. Why, Rosamond," said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, "I thought that you were always neat; go, I cannot take you with me."

Rosamond colored and retired.

"Oh, mamma," said she, as she took off her hat, "how I wish that I had chosen the shoes! They would have been of so much more use to me than that jar: however, I am sure, no, not quite sure, but I hope I shall be wiser another time."

THE WAGER

By Maria Edgeworth

ROSAMOND, you did not water your geranium last night," said her mother.

"Yes, mamma — no, mamma, I mean, because I could not find the rose of the little green watering-pot."

"You did not look for it, I think, my dear. It was on the shelf, directly opposite to you, as you go into the greenhouse."

"That shelf is so high above my head that it was impossible I could see what was upon it."

"But, though the shelf was so high above your head, you could have seen what was upon it, if you had stood upon the stool, could you not?" said Godfrey.

"But the stool was not in the greenhouse."

"Could you not have gone for it?" said Godfrey.

"No, I could not," replied Rosamond, "because it was very hot, and mamma had just desired me not to run any more *then*, because I was too hot."

"Run! But could you not have walked, Rosamond?"

"No, brother, I could not — I mean that if I walked it would have done no good, because one of the legs of the stool is loose, and I could not have carried it, and besides, it is very dangerous to stand upon a stool which has a loose leg. Papa himself said so, Godfrey, and the other day he told me not to stand upon that stool.

Besides, after all, why should I have gone for the stool? How could I guess that the rose of the watering-pot was upon that high shelf, when I did not see the least glimpse of it?"

"Good excuses, Rosamond," said Godfrey, smiling, "and plenty of them."

"No, not good excuses, brother," cried Rosamond, — "only the truth. Why do you smile?"

"Well, not *good* excuses, I grant," said Godfrey.

"Not excuses at all," persisted Rosamond. "I never make excuses."

Upon hearing this, Godfrey burst into a loud and uncontrolled laugh, and Rosamond looked more ready to cry than to laugh. She turned to her mother, and, appealing to her, said, "Now, mother, you shall be judge. Do I *ever* — I mean, do I *often* make excuses?"

"You have only made seven, if I remember rightly, within the last five minutes," answered her mother.

"Then, mamma, you call *reasons* excuses?"

"Pardon me, my dear, I did not hear you give one reason, one sufficient reason. Now, Rosamond, you shall be judge, and I trust that you will be an upright judge."

"Upright! that is honest. Oh, certainly, mamma."

"Could you not have watered the geraniums without the rose of the little green watering-pot?"

"Why, to be sure, — I could have used the red watering-pot, I own."

"Ah, ah! Now the truth has come out at last, Rosamond!" cried Godfrey, in a triumphant tone.

His mother checked Godfrey's tone of triumph, and

said that Rosamond was now candid, and that therefore this was not the time to blame or laugh at her.

"Mother," said Godfrey, "I should not have laughed at her so much this time, if she was not always making excuses; and you know —"

Their mother was called out of the room before Godfrey could finish what he was going to say. He had said enough to provoke Rosamond, who exclaimed, —

"That is very unjust, indeed, Godfrey! But, if ever I make a mistake, or do anything in the least degree foolish, or wrong, you always say that I *always* do it."

"I *always* say so. No, that I deny," cried Godfrey, laughing; "whatever I may think, I do not always say you are foolish."

"You should not laugh at me, Godfrey, because I am candid — mamma said so. And I am not always making excuses."

"Well, Rosamond, because I am candid, I will acknowledge that you are not *always* making excuses; but I will lay you any wager you please, that no day passes, for a week to come, without your making half a hundred at least."

"Half a hundred! Oh, Godfrey! I am content. What will you lay?"

"My head to a China orange," said Godfrey.

"I would not give a China orange for your head," said Rosamond; "besides, that is a vulgar expression. But I will lay you all my kings, Godfrey, against your world, that, far from making half a hundred, I do not make one single excuse a day, for a whole week to come."

"I take you at your word," cried Godfrey, eagerly

stretching out his hand; "your kings of England against my joining map of the world. But," added he, "I advise you, Rosamond, not to lay such a rash wager; for you will be sure to lose; and your kings are worth more than my world, because I have lost some portions of it."

"I know that; but I shall keep my kings, and win all you have left of the world, you will see."

"Win my world!" cried Godfrey; "no, no, Rosamond! Listen to me; I will not take the advantage of you. I will allow you ten excuses a day."

"No, thank you, brother," said Rosamond; "one a day is quite enough for me."

"You abide by your wager, then, Rosamond."

"To be sure I do, Godfrey."

"Then we begin to-morrow; for, you know, to-day cannot be counted, because you made seven in five minutes."

"I know that," interrupted Rosamond; "to-day goes for nothing; we begin to-morrow, which is Monday."

Monday came, and so strict was the guard which Rosamond kept over herself, that she did not, as even Godfrey allowed, make one single excuse before breakfast time, though she was up an hour and a half. But, in the course of the morning, when her mother found some fault with her writing, and observed that she had not crossed the letter *t*, Rosamond answered, —

"Mamma, it was the fault of the pen, which *scratched* so, that I could not write with it."

"An excuse! An excuse!" cried Godfrey.

"Nay, try the pen yourself, Godfrey, and you will see how it scratches and sputters, too."

"But let it scratch or sputter ever so much, how could it prevent you from crossing the letter whenever it occurs?"

"It could; because, if I had crossed these long letters with that pen, the whole page would have been speckled and spoiled, just like this line, where I did begin to cross them."

"Could you not take another pen, or mend this, or ask mamma to mend it? Oh, Rosamond, you know this is an excuse."

"Well, it is only one," said Rosamond; "and you know that if I do not make more than one in a day, I win the day."

"There is a great blot," said Godfrey.

"Because I had no blotting paper, brother," said Rosamond.

The moment she had uttered the words, she wished to recall them; for Godfrey exclaimed, —

"You have lost the day, Rosamond! there 's another excuse; for it is plain you had blotting paper on your desk. Look, here it is."

Rosamond was ashamed and vexed. "For such a little, tiny excuse, to lose my day," said she; "and when I really did not see the blotting paper. But, however, this is only Monday; I will take better care of Tuesday."

Tuesday came, and had nearly passed in an irreproachable manner; but, at supper, it happened that Rosamond threw down a jug, and as she picked it up again, she said, —

"Somebody put it so near the edge of the table, that I could not help throwing it down."

This Godfrey called an excuse, though Rosamond protested that she did not mean it for one. She pleaded further, that it would be hard, indeed, if she were to lose her day for only just making this *observation*, when it must be clear to everybody that it could not be meant for an excuse, because the jug was not broken by the fall, and it was empty, too. Moreover, not the least mischief had been done to anything or any creature; and no one had even blamed her, so that, as Rosamond said, she had not had the slightest temptation to make an excuse.

This was all true, but Godfrey would not allow it.

That she had no temptation to make an excuse, Godfrey was most willing to grant; but he would not admit that it was therefore certain she had made none. On the contrary, he maintained, that Rosamond was in the habit of vindicating herself, even when no one blamed her, and when there was no apparent cause for making any apology. To support this assertion, Godfrey recollected and recalled several instances in which Rosamond, days, weeks, and months before this time, had done that of which she was now accused.

"Well," said Rosamond, "it is only Tuesday; I will give it up to you, brother, rather than dispute about it any more."

"That is right, Rosamond," said her mother.

Wednesday came. Rosamond determined, that whenever she was found fault with, she would not say anything in her own defense; she kept this resolution heroically. When her mother said to her, —

"Rosamond, you have left your bonnet on the ground, in the hall."

Godfrey listened to Rosamond's reply, in the full expectation that she would, according to her usual custom, have answered, —

"Because I had not time to put it by, mamma;" or, "because papa called me;" or, "because somebody threw it down, after I had hung it up."

But to his surprise Rosamond made none of these her habitual excuses: she answered, —

"Yes, mamma, I forgot to put it in its place; I will go and put it by this minute."

Godfrey attended carefully to every word Rosamond said this day; and the more she saw that he watched her the more cautious she became. At last, however, when Godfrey was not in the room, and when Rosamond was less on her guard, she made three excuses, one after another, about a hole in her gown, which she had neglected to mend.

"Mamma, it is not my fault; I believe it was torn at the wash."

But it was proved, by the fresh edges of the rent, that it must have been torn since it had been ironed.

Rosamond next said she had not seen the hole till after she had put the gown on; *and then*, she could not mend it, because it *was so far behind.*

"Could you not have taken the gown off again?" her mother asked.

"Yes, mamma, but I had not fine thread enough."

"But you had cotton that was fine enough, Rosamond. Three excuses!"

"Oh, mamma! have I made three excuses?" cried Rosamond. "This day, too, when I took such pains."

Godfrey came back, and seeing his sister look sorrowful, he asked what was the matter. She hesitated, and seemed very unwilling to speak; at last she said, —

"You will be glad of what I am sorry for!"

"Ha! then I guess what it is; you have lost the day again, and I have won it!"

Godfrey clapped his hands in triumph, and capered about the room.

"My world is safe! safe! I really thought Rosamond would have had it to-day, mamma!"

Rosamond could hardly repress her tears; but Godfrey was so full of his own joy, that he did not attend to her feelings.

"After all, it is only Wednesday, brother, remember *that!*" cried Rosamond. "I have Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to come; I may win the day, and win the world yet."

"Not you!" said Godfrey, scornfully; "you will go on the same to-morrow as to-day. You see, you have acquired such a habit of making excuses that you cannot help it; you cannot cure yourself, — at least, not in a week. So I am safe."

"So that is all you think of, brother; and you don't care whether I cure myself of my faults or not?" said Rosamond, while the tears trickled down her cheeks. "You wish indeed that I should not cure myself. Oh, brother, is this right? is this good-natured? is this like you?"

Godfrey changed countenance, and, after standing still and thinking for a moment, said, —

"It is not like me; it is not good-natured; and I am not

sure that it is right. But my dear Rosamond! I do care about you, and I do wish you would cure yourself of your faults; only this week I wish — in short, I cannot help wishing to win my wager."

"That is very natural, to be sure," said Rosamond; "but I am sorry for it; for we used to be so happy together, and now you are always glad when I am sorry, and sorry when I am glad; and when I do most wrong, you are most glad. And all for the sake of keeping your paltry world, and winning my poor kings!"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Godfrey, "it is not for the sake of the world or the kings; for you know I would give you my world, or anything I have upon earth, Rosamond."

"Yes," said Rosamond, wiping away her tears, "I remember, you offered me your world the first day you had it; but I would not take it, and I don't want it now; I would even give up my kings to you, if it was not for my wager. You know I cannot give up my wager."

"Nor I either!" cried Godfrey; "the wager is what I cannot give up; I must prove that I am right."

"And that I am wrong? Ay, there 's the thing! you want to triumph over me, brother."

"And if I do, this does you a great deal of good, because, you know, you do not like to be triumphed over; therefore, you take care not to be found in the wrong. Do you not see that, since I laid this wager, you have taken more pains than ever you did in your life before not to make excuses?"

"True! — It may do me good in that way, but it does not do me good altogether; because it makes me angry

with you, and would make me, I do believe, dislike you, if it went on long."

"*Went on long?* I do not know what that means."

"If you went on laying wagers with me, that I should do wrong. I do not think such wagers are good things. Now, I will ask mamma. Mamma has not said one word, though I am sure she has heard all we have been saying, because I saw her look up from her work several times at us both. Well, mamma, what do you think?"

"I think, my dear Rosamond, that you have reasoned better than you usually do, and that there is much truth and good sense in what you have said about this wager."

Rosamond looked happy. Godfrey, without seeming pleased, as he usually did when he heard his sister praised, said, —

"Mamma, do you really disapprove of wagers?"

"I did not say that I disapprove of all wagers," replied his mother; "that is another question, which I will not now discuss: but I disapprove of this particular wager, nearly for the reason which Rosamond has given."

"But, mamma, do you not think that it did her good to try and cure herself of making excuses, and that my wager made her take great care? And, you know, if she were to dislike me because she was in the wrong at last, or because she lost her wager, that would still be her fault, the fault of her temper."

"Let us, for the present, leave out of the question whose fault it will be, and tell me, my dear Godfrey, do you wish to make your sister dislike you?"

"Oh, no, mamma! you know I do not."

"Should you like a person who was glad when you

were sorry, and sorry when you are glad? Should you like a person who rejoiced when you committed a fault, who did not wish you to cure yourself of your faults? Should you like a person who told you that you could not cure yourself of your faults, especially when you were trying to improve yourself as much as you were able?"

"No. I should not like a person who did all this. I understand you, mamma. I was wrong," said Godfrey. "It was my eagerness about that foolish wager that made me ill-natured to Rosamond. I will give up the wager, though I really think I should win it; but I will give it up, if mamma advises us to give it up."

"I really think I should win," said Rosamond; "but I will give it up, if mamma advises us to give it up."

"I do advise you to give up this wager, my dear children," said their mother.

"So we will, and so we do," said both Rosamond and Godfrey, running up to one another and shaking hands.

"And I assure you, brother," said Rosamond, "I will take as much pains to cure myself of making excuses as if the wager was going on; and my wager shall be with myself, that I will not make a single excuse to-morrow, or the next, or the next day, and that every day I shall be better than I was the day before. You will be glad of that, Godfrey, shall you not?"

"Yes, with all my heart," said Godfrey.

"And that will be a good sort of wager, will it not, mamma? It will be a good sort of trial with myself, mamma."

"Yes, my dear child!" answered her mother. "It is better and wiser to endeavor to triumph over ourselves

than over anybody else. But now let me see that you do what you say you will do; for many people resolve to cure themselves of their faults, but few really have resolution enough to do even what they say and know to be right."

Rosamond did as she said she would do. She took every day pains to cure herself of her bad habit of making excuses, and her brother kindly assisted her, and rejoiced with her, when, at the end of the day, she could say, with truth, —

"I have not made one single excuse to-day."

Godfrey, some time afterwards, asked his mother what her objections were to wagers in general. She answered, —

"I am afraid that you cannot yet quite understand my reasons, but I will tell them to you, and, some time or other, you will recollect and understand them. I think that the love of laying wagers is likely to lead to the love of gaming, if the wagers are about matters of chance; or to the love of victory, instead of the love of truth, if the wagers relate to matters of opinion."

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES

By John Aikin and Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld

CHARLES. Papa, you grow very lazy. Last winter you used to tell us stories, and now you never tell us any; and we are all round the fire quite ready to hear you. Pray, dear papa, let us have a very pretty one.

Father. With all my heart! What shall it be?

C. A bloody murder, papa!

F. A bloody murder! Well, then — Once upon a time, some men, dressed all alike —

C. With black crapes over their faces.

F. No; they had steel caps on: — having crossed a dark heath, wound cautiously along the skirts of a deep forest —

C. They were ill-looking fellows, I dare say.

F. I cannot say so; on the contrary, they were tall, personable men as most one shall see: — leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower on the hill —

C. At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, papa?

F. No, really; it was on a fine balmy summer's morning: — they moved forwards, one behind another —

C. As still as death, creeping along under the hedges.

F. On the contrary, they walked remarkably upright;

and so far from endeavoring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came along, with several sorts of instruments.

C. But, papa, they would be found out immediately.

F. They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves: on the contrary, they gloried in what they were about. They moved forwards, I say, to a large plain, where stood a neat, pretty village, which they set on fire —

C. Set a village on fire, wicked wretches!

F. And while it was burning, they murdered — twenty thousand men.

C. O fie! papa! You don't intend I should believe this; I thought all along you were making up a tale, as you often do; but you shall not catch me this time. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats!

F. No, truly, they resisted as long as they could.

C. How should these men kill twenty thousand people, pray?

F. Why not? the *murderers* were thirty thousand.

C. Oh, now I have found you out! you mean a BATTLE.

F. Indeed I do. I do not know any *murders* half so bloody.

FRANK DIVIDES THE CAKE

By Maria Edgeworth

ONE evening, at tea time, there was a small plum cake upon a plate, on the tea table; and there was a knife beside the plate. Frank's father and mother, and two of his brothers, were sitting round the table. His mother was beginning to pour out the tea, and she called to Frank, and said to him, "My dear, cut this plum cake into five pieces for us; and take care that you make all the pieces of the same size, — for your father, and your two brothers, and yourself, and me; and give us each our just share."

Frank began to cut the cake, but, by mistake, he divided it into six parts, instead of into five.

"Mamma," said he, "what shall I do with this bit? I have five without it; one for you, and one for my father, and one for my brother Edward, and one for my brother Harry, and one for myself. What shall I do with this bit that is left?"

"What is it most just to do with it?"

"I think I had better keep it myself, mamma, because it belongs to nobody; and I should have it for the trouble of cutting the cake for everybody."

"No," said his brother Henry, "I do not think *that* would be just; because, then, you would be rewarded for

making a mistake. If you had cut the cake right, there would not be this bit to spare."

"Well," said Frank, "I do not think it would be just that I should have it; but to whom, then, shall I give it? I will give it to you, mamma, because I like to give it to you best. No, I will give it to papa, because he likes plum cake better than you do. Stay, I will give it to you, good Henry, because you mended my kite for me. No, indeed, I must give it to poor Edward, because he had no cherry pie, to-day, at dinner."

"But," said his mother, "what right have you, Frank, to give this bit of cake to poor Edward, because he had no cherry pie to-day at dinner; or to good Henry, because he mended your kite; or to your father, because he loves plum cake better than I do; or to me, because you like to give it to me? What right have you to give it away to any of us?"

"Mamma, you said that I was to give each of you your just share; and I thought I was to judge."

"Remember that I desired you to divide the cake into five pieces, all of the same size. You were to judge about the size of the pieces, and you were to take care that we have each our just share; but you are going to give one of us twice as much as any of the others."

"I cannot make the pieces the right size, now, mamma."

"But you can give us each equal quantities of cake, can you not?"

"How, mamma?"

"Think. When you are trusted to divide anything, you must take the trouble, Mr. Judge, to consider how it is to be done fairly."

Frank took the trouble to think; and he then cut the spare bit of cake into five equal parts; and he put these parts by the side of the five large pieces of cake; and he gave one of the large pieces and one of the little pieces to each person; and he then said, "I believe I have divided the cake fairly now." Everybody present said "*Yes*," and everybody looked carefully at each of the shares, and there appeared exactly the same quantity in each share. So each person took their portion, and all were satisfied. Justice satisfies everybody.

"My dear Frank," said his mother, "as you have divided the cake so fairly, let us see how you will divide the sugar that was upon the top of the cake, and which is now broken and crumbled to pieces in the plate. We all like sugar; divide it equally amongst us."

"But this will be very difficult to do, mamma," said Frank, "because the pieces of sugar are all of such different sizes and shapes; and here are so many crumbs of cake mixed with the crumbs of sugar, I do not know how I shall divide it exactly. Will it do if I do not divide it quite exactly, mamma?"

"No," said his mother; "I beg you will divide it quite exactly. You can do it, if you take the right way."

Frank first took out all the largest bits of sugar, and laid them one upon the other, and broke off the corners and edges, till he thought he made five of them of the same size exactly; and then he divided the crumbs and the little broken bits into five heaps, which he thought seemed to be of the same size.

But when he had done, his brother Henry said,

"This heap next me is a great deal larger than any of the others."

And Edward said, "My heap is taller than yours, but it is not so closely squeezed together; and that makes a great difference."

And his father said, "Frank, my large piece of sugar is twice as big as your largest bit."

"Oh no, indeed, papa, I measured them, and they are exactly the same size: put yours upon mine, and you shall see. Look, papa; not the least corner or crumb difference."

"They are of the same length and breadth, I acknowledge," said his father; "but they are not of the same thickness."

"Oh, thickness! I never thought of thickness."

"But you should think of it," said his father; "because if I were to cut my piece of sugar, which is twice as thick as yours, into two slices, each of those slices would be as long and as broad, and as thick as your piece is now; and I should have two pieces of the same size as yours; twice as much as you."

"Ah! so you would. Thickness does make a great difference. Then, how shall I manage? for if I begin to cut the sugar, in your way, in slices — look, papa, it all crumbles. Indeed, the crumbs are most easily divided. I will crumble it all, and then divide the crumbs amongst you; and then I shall have no difficulty about the thickness." So Frank pounded the sugar with a spoon till it was all a fine powder; and then he divided it into heaps; but still people did not agree that his heaps were all of the same size.

"We can measure them," said Frank; and he put one of the heaps into a teaspoon. It did not quite fill the spoon. Another of the heaps filled the spoon higher than the brim. Another was exactly a spoonful. Frank added to one heap, and took from another.

"You squeeze the sugar in the spoon, and that will make more go in," said Henry.

"Indeed! indeed!" said Frank, "it cannot be divided more exactly. It is impossible to divide the sugar more exactly than I have done it now; is it not, mamma?"

"I cannot say that it is impossible to divide it more exactly," said his mother, smiling; "but as far as I can guess, by looking at your heaps, they seem to be of the same size. I cannot, however, be sure, merely by looking at them, that they contain exactly equal quantities."

"How, then, could you be sure? I do not feel any difference, mamma. Perhaps I could find out by weighing them in a pair of scales. Papa, will you be so good as to lend me the scales in which you were weighing — money, I believe, yesterday?"

"No, my dear," said his father; "the saucers of those scales are made of brass — and you must not put anything that you are going to eat near brass, because the rust of brass is poisonous. I will lend you another pair of scales, which are made of ivory; and in these you may weigh your sugar. Go for these scales; they are upon the table that is on the right-hand side of the window in my study. As you are used to find your way about the house in the dark, you will readily find what you want."

Frank found the scales, and weighed his heaps of sugar very carefully. He was surprised to find that there was

so much difference in the weight of the heaps, which he thought were exactly of the same size. By patiently adding and taking away, he at last, however, made them each of the same weight; and everybody was then satisfied with the accuracy of his division.

"Now, Frank, eat your own share of cake, and drink this cup of tea, which has grown quite cold whilst you have been dividing and weighing," said his mother.

FRANK LEARNS A NEW WAY TO EAT

By Maria Edgeworth

AT dinner, Frank's father gave him a piece of cheese; and his mother was surprised to see Frank take this cheese off his plate, and put it betwixt his fore-finger and his middle finger. He then took a piece of bread and stuck it betwixt his middle finger and his fourth finger, and then he took a large mouthful of the cheese, and a large mouthful of the bread, so that his mouth was filled in a very disagreeable manner.

"Pray, Frank," said his mother, "what are you about?"

Frank's mouth was not empty for nearly a minute; and he could make no answer.

"Where did you learn this new method of eating bread and cheese?"

"Mamma," said Frank, "I saw the little boy in the cottage eating his bread and cheese after he had done weeding, and he ate it just in this way."

"And why should you eat in that way, because you saw him do so?"

"Mamma, I thought you liked that little boy; I thought he was a very good boy. Do you not remember his bringing me back the bunch of ripe cherries that I had dropped? You called him an honest little

fellow; and do you not remember that he has been very good-natured, in telling us all he knew about bees, and in letting me look at his glass beehive? And you know, mamma, this morning you said, when you saw him at work, that he was very industrious, did you not?"

"Yes, I did; I think he is very industrious, and that he was good-natured in letting you look at his glass beehive, and honest in returning to you the bunch of ripe cherries which you dropped. But what has all this to do with his method of eating bread and cheese?"

"I do not know, mamma," said Frank, after thinking a little while. "Nothing to do with it! But I thought you would be pleased to see me do everything like him, because you were pleased this morning when you saw me weeding like him."

"You may weed like him," said Frank's mother, "without eating like him; he weeds well; but he eats disagreeably. I shall be glad to see you as honest, and as good-natured, and as industrious, as he is; but I should be sorry to see you imitate his manner of eating, because that is disagreeable. Sensible people do not imitate everything which they see others do; they imitate only what is useful or agreeable."

Frank took the bread and cheese from betwixt his forefinger and his middle finger, and from between his middle finger and his fourth finger; and he put the cheese upon his plate, and did not any longer imitate the manner in which he had seen the little boy in the cottage cram his mouth.

"Did you ever hear," said Frank's father, "of the manner in which apes are sometimes caught?"

"No, papa."

"Apes are apt to imitate everything which they see done; and they cannot, as you can, Frank, distinguish what is useful and agreeable from what is useless or disagreeable. They imitate everything without reflecting. Men who want to catch these apes go under the trees in which the apes live; and the men take with them basins, with water in them, in which they wash their own hands. They rub their hands, and wash, and wash, for some time, till they perceive that the apes are looking at them; then the men go away, and carry with them the basins of water; and they leave under the trees large, heavy wooden basins, filled with pitch. You have seen pitch, Frank, and you know that it is a very sticky substance. The apes, as soon as the men are out of sight, come down from the trees, and go to the basins, to wash their hands, in imitation of the men. The apes dip their hands into the pitch, and the pitch sticks to their hairy hands, and the apes cannot draw their hands out of the pitch. Now these animals usually run upon all fours."

"All fours, papa!" interrupted Frank; "how is that?"

"As you run upon your hands and feet upon the carpet, sometimes. The apes cannot run well, for want of their hands, and because the wooden bowls, which stick to their hands, are so heavy. The men who left these bowls come back and find the apes caught in this manner."

"I think these apes are very foolish animals," said Frank.

"So do I," said his father. "No animals are wise who imitate what they see done without considering the reason why it is done."

THE DANGERS OF THE STREETS

Author Unknown

EDWARD and George Manly were brothers. Edward was nine years old, very sensible and prudent for his age, and as cautious in walking the streets of London as a man of forty.

Whenever he had to cross a street, he always looked to see whether any carriages, horses, or bullocks were coming up; and if he saw any such at a small distance he stopped till they were gone by and then crossed quietly. He knew that if he attempted to run across while they were near and his foot happened to slip on the dirty pavement, he would very probably be run over and either killed or much hurt; and he thought it much more comfortable to sleep in a whole skin than to be carried home with an arm or a leg broken.

In like manner, whenever he saw scaffolding up against a house, he took care not to look up at it as he passed near for fear of dirt or lime falling into his eyes and blinding him. And if he saw men at work on the scaffold he would not pass under it, lest a brick or a plank should fall on him and do him some terrible mischief. In such case he either walked outside in the middle of the street, if there were no carriages to prevent him, or crossed to the opposite side of the way; for he thought

it much better to dirty his shoes a little than to have his bones broken.

Yet it was not through cowardice that Edward took such care of his person: he was not a coward; he was a boy of real courage, and one day boldly attacked and beat a lad taller and older than himself who had insulted his sister Ellen and snatched a toy from her hand. But he had learned from his father that it is folly and madness, not courage, to run into danger without necessity, when there is neither honor nor profit to be gained by it.

His brother George, who was about a year younger than he, was of a very different disposition. He was thoughtless and giddy, would run across streets when carriages were driving up at full speed, and often very narrowly escaped being run over. In turning corners, he never looked to see if any person were coming against him, but hurried on without care or caution, and was frequently thrown down in the dirt by persons passing hastily along.

One day as Edward and George were going on a visit to their Aunt Selby, who lived in a distant part of the town, they came to a narrow street where the flagway was barely wide enough for one person to walk; and the streets were very slippery after a shower of rain.

When they had gone about halfway up the street, Edward, who always looked before him, saw a great wagon coming down loaded with a huge pile of timber, which was fastened and held up only by a slight chain.

"George," said he, to his brother, "let us stop till that wagon has passed by. If the chain should break,

and the timber fall on us, it would crush us to pieces." Accordingly Edward himself stopped, and for greater safety placed himself on the step of a door, with his back close against the door; and there he determined to stay until the wagon was passed.

But George did not act with the same prudence. Unluckily for him, a noise in the street had prevented him from hearing the good advice that Edward gave him. And as poor Georgy never thought or looked before him, he hurried on without minding the wagon.

While he thus ran heedlessly forward, a man happened to be coming against him on the narrow footway just at the moment when the wagon approached. Here, instead of stopping to let the man pass by, as he ought to have done, George attempted to pass the man by giddily skipping along the outside edge of the slippery flagway.

But see the dreadful consequences of his giddiness and folly! His foot slipped; he fell under the loaded wagon; the wheel passed over one of his legs, and shattered it in a most shocking manner.

Thus mangled and racked with pain, he shrieked most piteously and repented of his folly when too late. He was taken up by his brother and some charitable persons of the neighborhood, who laid him on his back upon a window shutter and carried him home in that manner, crying and lamenting all the way.

His father sent in haste for a surgeon: the surgeon immediately came, examined his leg, and found it so terribly shattered that he declared he could not cure it but must cut it entirely off at the knee.

George now roared worse than before at the thought

of losing his leg. However, as nothing else could be done to save his life, he was forced to submit. The surgeon took out his instruments, cut the flesh all round with a sharp knife, cut through the bone with a saw, and thus poor George's leg was taken completely off.

It was several months before the wound healed. All that time George was confined to his bed, unable to go out on parties of amusement with his schoolfellows, or even to stir about the room. At length a wooden leg was made for him: with that he now hobbles about as well as he can; and at every step he repents of his giddiness and says to himself, "Ah, how cautious children ought to be in walking the streets!"

THE SORE TONGUE

By Jane Taylor

THERE was a little girl called Fanny, who had the misfortune one day to bite her tongue as she was eating her breakfast. It hurt her so much that she could scarcely help crying; and even when the first smart was over, it continued so sore that whenever she spoke it pained her considerably. Finding this to be the case, she said very pitifully to her mother, "Mamma, you can't think how it hurts me when I speak!" "Does it?" replied her mother; "then I 'll tell you what I would advise you to do. Resolve all this day to say nothing but what is either necessary or useful; this will give your tongue a fine holiday, and may answer more purposes than one."

Fanny, knowing that she had the character of being somewhat loquacious, could not help laughing at this, and said, "Well, I will try for once; so, mum! I am going to begin now, mamma."

Mother. Do so; and whenever you are beginning to speak, be sure you ask yourself whether what you were going to say was likely to be of any use, or whether it was necessary.

Fanny. Yes, yes, I will! but don't talk to me, mamma, for fear. So saying, she screwed up her lips, and taking her work, sat for about five minutes as still as a mouse. She then looked up, smiled and nodded at her mother,

as much as to say, "See how well I can hold my tongue," still screwing her lips very tight for fear she should speak. Soon, however, she began to feel a great inclination to say something; and was glad to recollect that if she could but think of anything either useful or necessary, she might speak. Whereupon she endeavored to find something to say that would come "within the act." To aid her invention, she looked all round the room.

Fanny. Mamma, don't you think the fire wants stirring? (This question, she thought, savored of both qualifications.)

Mother. Not at present, my dear.

Then followed another long silence; for Fanny found it vastly more difficult than she had any previous idea of, to think of anything useful to talk about; and she knew her mamma would laugh at her if she said what was obviously idle or silly, just now. She was beginning to repent having made such an agreement, when her three elder sisters entered the room. She now thought it quite reasonable, if not absolutely necessary, to tell them of her misfortune; which she did at considerable length, and with many needless digressions (the usual custom with great talkers); upon which they all laughed, prophesying that her resolution would not last half an hour, and rallying her for telling such a long story with a sore tongue.

Soon after, some ladies called to pay their mother a morning visit. This gave Fanny's tongue such a long rest that the moment they were gone it seemed irresistibly to resume its wonted functions.

Fanny. What a while old Mrs. W. has had that brown

satin pelisse! Really, poor old lady, I am quite tired of seeing her in it!

Mother. How is your tongue, Fanny?

Fanny. Oh, better, mamma, thank you, — almost well.

Mother. I am sorry for it: I was in hopes it would have been sore enough at least to prevent your making impertinent remarks upon anybody all this day.

Fanny. No, but really, mamma, is it not an old rubbishing thing?

Mother. I don't know, indeed. It is no business of mine; therefore I took no notice of it.

A silence ensued after this; but conversation revived when Caroline, who had stood for some time with her eyes fixed on their opposite neighbor's window, suddenly exclaimed, "I do believe the Joneses are going to have company again to-day! The servant has just been lighting the fire in the drawing-room; and there is Miss Jones now gone up to dress. I saw her draw down the blinds in her room this instant." "So she is," said Lucy, looking up: "I never knew such people in my life! they are always having company."

"I wonder whom they are expecting to-day," said Eliza; "dinner company, I suppose."

The proceedings of their neighbors, the Joneses, continued to furnish matter for various sagacious conjectures and remarks for a considerable time. At length Caroline exclaimed with the eagerness of discovery, "Look! look! there 's the baker now at the door, with a whole tray full of tarts and things. Make haste, or he 'll be gone in."

Lucy. So he is, I declare; it is a dinner party then. Well, we shall see presently, I hope, who are coming.

Caroline. Oh no, they never dine till five when they have company.

Eliza. And it will be dark then; how tiresome!

Lucy. If Miss Jones is not dressed already! She is this instant come into the drawing-room.

Caroline. Stand back, stand back! Don't let her see us all staring. Ah, there she is, — got on her pink sarcenet body and sleeves to-day. How pretty that dress is, to be sure!

Eliza. And how nicely she has done her hair! Look, Caroline — braided behind.

Lucy. There, she is putting down the sash. That chimney smokes, I know, with this wind.

Fanny. And there is that little figure, Martha Jones, come down now. Do look, — as broad as she is long! What a little fright that child is, to be sure!

Mother. Pray, Fanny, was that remark useful or necessary?

Fanny. Oh, but mamma, I assure you, my tongue is quite well now.

Mother. I am sorry for it, my dear. Do you know, I should think it well worth while to bite my tongue every day, if there were no other means of keeping it in order.

At this the girls laughed; but their mother, resuming her gravity, thus continued: —

"My dear girls, I should before now have put a stop to this idle gossiping, if I had not hoped to convince you of the folly of it. It is no wonder, I confess, that at your age you should learn to imitate a style of remark which is but too prevalent in society. Nothing, indeed, is more contagious. But let me also tell you, that girls of your

age, and of your advantages, are capable of seeing the meanness of it, and ought to despise it. It is the chief end of education to raise the minds of women above such trifling as this. But if a young person who has been taught to think, whose taste has been cultivated, and who might therefore possess internal resources, has as much idle curiosity about the affairs of her neighbors, and is as fond of retailing petty scandal concerning them, as an uneducated woman, it proves that her mind is incurably mean and vulgar, and that cultivation is lost upon her.

"This sort of gossiping, my dear girls, is the disgrace of our sex. The pursuits of women lying necessarily within a narrow sphere, they naturally sink, unless raised by refinement, or by strong principle, into that littleness of character, for which even their own husbands and fathers (if they are men of sense) are tempted to despise them. The minds of men, from their engagements in business, necessarily take a larger range; and they are, in general, too much occupied with concerns comparatively important, to enter into the minute details which amuse women. But women of education have no such plea to urge. When your father and I direct you to this or that pursuit, it is not so much for the sake of your possessing that particular branch of knowledge, but that by knowledge in general you may become intelligent and superior, and that you may be furnished with resources which will save you from the miserable necessity of seeking amusement from intercourse with your neighbors, and an acquaintance with their affairs.

"Let us suppose, now, that this morning you had been

all more industriously inclined; and had been engaged in any of your employments with that ardor which some happy young people manifest in the acquisition of knowledge; would you, in that case, have felt any desire to know the date of Mrs. W.'s pelisse, or any curiosity in the proceedings of our neighbors the Joneses? No, you would then have thought it a most impertinent interruption, if any one had attempted to entertain you with such particulars. But when the mind is indolent and empty, then it can receive amusement from the most contemptible sources. Learn, then, to check this mean propensity. Despise such thoughts whenever you are tempted to indulge them. Recollect that this low curiosity is the combined result of idleness, ignorance, emptiness, and ill-nature; and fly to useful occupation, as the most successful antidote against the evil. Nor let it be forgotten that such impertinent remarks as these come directly under the description of those 'idle words,' of which an account must be given in the day of judgment. Yes, this vulgar trifling is as inconsistent with the spirit of Christian benevolence, and with the grand rule of 'doing to others as we would that they should do to us,' as it is with refinement of taste and dignity of character."

"Who would have thought," said little Fanny, "that my happening to bite my tongue this morning would have led to all this?"

"It would be a fortunate bite for you, Fanny," said her mother, "and for your neighbors, if it should make you more careful in the use of it. If we were liable to such a misfortune whenever we use our tongues improperly, some persons would be in a constant agony.

Now, if our consciences were but half as sensible as our nerves, they would answer the purpose much better. Foolish talking pains a good conscience, just as continual speaking hurts a sore tongue; and if we did but regard one smart as much as the other, it would act as a constant check upon the unruly member."

EYES AND NO EYES, OR THE ART OF SEEING

By John Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld

"WELL, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews, to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

R. I have been, sir, to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill upon Camp-mount, and home through the meadows by the river-side.

Mr. A. Well, that 's a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike road.

Mr. A. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high-road. But did you see William?

R. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Mr. A. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

R. Oh, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that! I had rather walk alone. I dare say he is not got home yet.

Mr. A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

W. Oh, sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over

Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dullness, and prefers the highroad.

W. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought my handkerchief full of curiosities home.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites and incantations. It bears a very slimy white berry, of which birdlime may be made, whence its Latin name of *Viscus*. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been humorously styled *parasitical*, as being hangers-on, or dependents. It was the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honored.

W. A little further on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Mr. A. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on

which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

W. What beautiful birds they are!

Mr. A. Yes; they have been called, from their color and size, the English parrot.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here), and gorse, and broom, and bellflower, and many others of all colors, that I will beg you presently to tell me the names of.

Mr. A. That I will readily.

W. I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty grayish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones; and when he flew he showed a great deal of white above his tail.

Mr. A. That was a wheatear. They are reckoned very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open downs in Sussex, and some other countries, in great numbers.

W. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying *pewet* so distinctly one might fancy they almost spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from

its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before, — a young viper, which they had just killed, together with its dam. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion, and of a darker color than they are.

Mr. A. True. Vipers frequent those turfy, boggy grounds pretty much, and I have known several turf-cutters bitten by them.

W. They are very venomous, are they not?

Mr. A. Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

W. Well — I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I 'll tell you what I mean to do, sir, if you will give me leave.

Mr. A. What is that?

W. I will go again, and take with me Carey's county

map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Mr. A. You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying-glass.

W. I shall be very glad of that. Well — a thought struck me, that as the hill is called *Camp-mount*, there might probably be some remains of ditches and mounds with which I have read that camps were surrounded. And I really believe I discovered something of that sort running round one side of the mount.

Mr. A. Very likely you might. I know antiquaries have described such remains as existing there, which some suppose to be Roman, others Danish. We will examine them further, when we go.

W. From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darted down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange color. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was — a king-

fisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy, retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it inhabits.

W. I must try to get another sight at him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well — I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Mr. A. I suppose they were sandpipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

W. There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quick, that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place where a high steep sand-bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes with which the bank was bored full.

Mr. A. Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our species of swallows. They are of a mouse color above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

W. A little further I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident,

only there were five instead of three. This he pulled straight down among the mud in the deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs.

Mr. A. I have seen this method. It is called spearing of eels.

W. While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with his large flagging wings. He lit at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Mr. A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking, many gentlemen had their *heronries*, and a few are still remaining.

W. I think they are the largest wild birds we have.

Mr. A. They are of a great length and spread of wing but their bodies are comparatively small.

W. I then turned homeward across the meadows, where I stopped awhile to look at a large flock of starlings which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose all together from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees,

and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud, hovering over the field. After taking a short round, they settled again, and presently rose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Mr. A. Perhaps so; for in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer, who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes to a *cloud* of starlings retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

W. After I had left the meadows, I crossed the cornfields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl pit. Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells; and upon going down, I picked up a clod of marl, which was quite full of them; but how sea-shells could get there, I cannot imagine.

Mr. A. I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics of marine animals even in the bowels of high mountains, very remote from the sea. They are certainly proofs that the earth was once in a very different state from what it is at present; but in what manner and how long ago these changes took place, can only be guessed at.

W. I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson and yellow of all shades and

hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead.

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising.

W. I have; but pray what is the reason of this?

Mr. A. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been very instructive, too. Did *you* see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not?

R. I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right if you had been sent of a message; but as you only walked for amusement it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is — one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors, who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the channel without making

some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do *you*, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and *you*, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON'S FIRST DAY ON THE DESERT ISLAND

By Johann Rudolf Wyss

WE should have been badly off without the shelter of our tent, for the night proved as cold as the day had been hot; but we managed to sleep comfortably, every one being thoroughly fatigued by the labors of the day. The voice of our vigilant cock, which as he loudly saluted the rising moon was the last sound I heard at night, roused me at daybreak; and I then awoke my wife, that in the quiet interval while yet our children slept, we might take counsel together on our situation and prospects. It was plain to both of us that, in the first place, we should ascertain if possible the fate of our late companions, and then examine into the nature and resources of the country on which we were stranded.

We therefore came to the resolution that, as soon as we had breakfasted, Fritz and I should start on an expedition with these objects in view, while my wife remained near our landing-place with the three younger boys.

"Rouse up, rouse up, my boys," cried I, awakening the children cheerfully. "Come and help your mother to get breakfast ready."

"As to that," said she, smiling, "we can but set on the pot, and boil some more soup!"

"Why, you forget Jack's fine lobster!" replied I. "What has become of it, Jack?"

"It has been safe in this hole in the rock all night, father. You see, I thought, as the dogs seem to like good things, they might take a fancy to that as well as to the agouti."

"A very sensible precaution," remarked I; "I believe even my heedless Jack will learn wisdom in time. It is well the lobster is so large, for we shall want to take part with us on our excursion to-day."

At the mention of an excursion, the four children were wild with delight, and, capering around me, clapped their hands for joy.

"Steady there, steady!" said I, "you cannot expect all to go. Such an expedition as this would be too dangerous and fatiguing for you younger ones. Fritz and I will go alone this time, with one of the dogs, leaving the other to defend you."

We then armed ourselves, each taking a gun and a game-bag; Fritz in addition sticking a pair of pistols in his belt, and I a small hatchet in mine. Breakfast being over, we stowed away the remainder of the lobster and some biscuits, with a flask of water, and were ready for a start.

"Stop!" I exclaimed; "we have still left something very important undone."

"Surely not," said Fritz.

"Yes," said I, "we have not yet joined in morning prayer. We are only too ready, amid the cares and pleasures of this life, to forget the God to whom we owe all things." Then having commended ourselves to his

protecting care, I took leave of my wife and children, and, bidding them not wander far from the boat and tent, we parted, not without some anxiety on either side, for we knew not what might assail us in this unknown region.

We now found that the banks of the stream were on both sides so rocky that we could get down to the water by only one narrow passage, and there was no corresponding path on the other side. I was glad to see this, however, for I now knew that my wife and children were on a comparatively inaccessible spot, the other side of the tent being protected by steep and precipitous cliffs. Fritz and I pursued our way up the stream until we reached a point where the waters fell from a considerable height in a cascade, and where several large rocks lay half covered by the water; by means of these we succeeded in crossing the stream in safety. We thus had the sea on our left, and a long line of rocky heights, here and there adorned with clumps of trees, stretching away inland to the right. We had forced our way scarcely fifty yards through the long rank grass, which was here partly withered by the sun and much tangled, when we heard behind us a rustling, and, on looking round, saw the grass waving to and fro, as if some animal were passing through it. Fritz instantly turned and brought his gun to his shoulder, ready to fire the moment the beast should appear. I was much pleased with my son's coolness and presence of mind, for it showed me that I might thoroughly rely upon him on any future occasion when real danger might occur; this time, however, no savage beast rushed out, but our trusty dog Turk, whom, in our

anxiety at parting, we had forgotten, and who had been sent after us, doubtless, by my thoughtful wife.

From this little incident, however, we saw how dangerous was our position, and how difficult escape would be should any fierce beast steal upon us unawares: we therefore hastened to make our way to the open seashore. Here the scene which presented itself was indeed delightful. A background of hills, the green waving grass, the pleasant groups of trees stretching here and there to the very water's edge, formed a lovely prospect. On the smooth sand we searched carefully for any trace of our hapless companions, but not the mark of a footstep could we find.

"Shall I fire a shot or two?" said Fritz; "that would bring our companions, if they are within hearing."

"It would, indeed," I replied, "or any savages that may be here. No, no; let us search diligently, but as quietly as possible."

"But why, father, should we trouble ourselves about them at all? They left us to shift for ourselves, and I for one don't care to set eyes on them again."

"You are wrong, my boy," said I. "In the first place we should not return evil for evil; then, again, they might be of great assistance to us in building a house of some sort; and lastly, you must remember that they took nothing with them from the vessel, and may be perishing of hunger."

Thus talking, we pushed on until we came to a pleasant grove which stretched down to the water's edge; here we halted to rest, seating ourselves under a large tree, by a rivulet which murmured and splashed along its pebbly

bed into the great ocean before us. A thousand gayly-plumaged birds flew twittering above us, and Fritz and I gazed up at them.

My son suddenly started up.

"A monkey," he exclaimed; "I am nearly sure I saw a monkey."

As he spoke he sprang round to the other side of the tree, and in doing so stumbled over a round substance, which he handed to me, remarking, as he did so, that it was a round bird's nest, of which he had often heard.

"You may have done so," said I, laughing, "but you need not necessarily conclude that every round hairy thing is a bird's nest; this, for instance, is not one, but a cocoanut."

We split open the nut, but, to our disgust, found the kernel dry and uneatable.

"Hullo," cried Fritz, "I always thought a cocoanut was full of delicious sweet liquid, like almond milk."

"So it is," I replied, "when young and fresh, but as it ripens the milk becomes congealed, and in course of time is solidified into a kernel. This kernel then dries, as you see here; but when the nut falls on favorable soil, the germ within the kernel swells until it bursts through the shell, and taking root springs up a new tree."

"I do not understand," said Fritz, "how the little germ manages to get through this great thick shell, which is not like an almond or hazelnut shell, that is divided down the middle already."

"Nature provides for all things," I answered, taking up the pieces. "Look here: do you see these three round holes near the stalk; it is through them that the

germ obtains egress. Now let us find a good nut if we can."

As cocoanuts must be overripe before they fall naturally from the tree, it was not without difficulty that we obtained one in which the kernel was not dried up. When we succeeded, however, we were so refreshed by the fruit that we could defer the repast we called our dinner until later in the day, and so spare our stock of provisions.

Continuing our way through a thicket, and which was so densely overgrown with lianas that we had to clear a passage with our hatchets, we again emerged on the seashore beyond, and found an open view, the forest sweeping inland, while on the space before us stood at intervals single trees of remarkable appearance.

These at once attracted Fritz's observant eye, and he pointed to them, exclaiming, "Oh, what absurd-looking trees, father! See what strange bumps there are on the trunks."

We approached to examine them, and I recognized them as calabash trees, the fruit of which grows in this curious way on the stems, and is a species of gourd, from the hard rind of which bowls, spoons, and bottles can be made. "The savages," I remarked, "are said to form these things most ingeniously, using them to contain liquids: indeed, they actually cook food in them."

"Oh, but that is impossible," returned Fritz. "I am quite sure this rind would be burned through directly it was set on the fire."

"I did not say it was set on the fire at all. When the gourd has been divided in two, and the shell or rind emptied of its contents, it is filled with water, into which

the fish, or whatever is to be cooked, is put; red-hot stones are added until the water boils; the food becomes fit to eat, and the gourd rind remains uninjured."

"That is a very clever plan; very simple, too. I dare say I should have hit on it, if I had tried," said Fritz.

"The friends of Columbus thought it very easy to make an egg stand upon its end when he had shown them how to do it. But now suppose we prepare some of these calabashes, that they may be ready for use when we take them home."

Fritz instantly took up one of the gourds, and tried to split it equally with his knife, but in vain: the blade slipped, and the calabash was cut jaggedly. "What a nuisance!" said Fritz, flinging it down; "the thing is spoiled, and yet it seemed so simple to divide it properly."

"Stay," said I; "you are too impatient; those pieces are not useless. Do you try to fashion from them a spoon or two while I provide a dish."

I then took from my pocket a piece of string, which I tied tightly round a gourd, as near one end of it as I could; then tapping the string with the back of my knife, it penetrated the outer shell. When this was accomplished, I tied the string yet tighter, and drawing the ends with all my might, the gourd fell, divided exactly as I wished.

"That is clever!" cried Fritz. "What in the world put that plan into your head?"

"It is a plan," I replied, "which the negroes adopt, as I have learned from reading books of travel."

"Well, it certainly makes a capital soup tureen, and a soup plate too," said Fritz, examining the gourd.

"But supposing you had wanted to make a bottle, how would you have set to work?"

"It would be an easier operation than this, if possible. All that is necessary is to cut a round hole at one end, then to scoop out the interior, and to drop in several shot or stones; when these are shaken, any remaining portions of the fruit are detached, and the gourd is thoroughly cleaned, and the bottle completed."

"That would not make a very convenient bottle though, father; it would be more like a barrel."

"True, my boy: if you want a more shapely vessel, you must take it in hand when it is younger. To give it a neck, for instance, you must tie a bandage round the young gourd while it is still on the tree, and then all will swell but that part which you have checked."

As I spoke, I filled the gourds with sand, and left them to dry; marking the spot, that we might return for them on our way back.

For three hours or more we pushed forward, keeping a sharp lookout on either side for any trace of our companions, till we reached a bold promontory, stretching some way into the sea, from whose rocky summit I knew that we should obtain a good and comprehensive view of the surrounding country. With little difficulty we reached the top, but the most careful survey of the beautiful landscape failed to show us the slightest sign or trace of human beings. Before us stretched a wide and lovely bay, fringed with yellow sands, either side extending into the distance, and almost lost to view in two shadowy promontories; inclosed by these two arms lay a sheet of rippling water, which reflected in its depths

the glorious sun above. The scene inland was no less beautiful; and yet Fritz and I both felt a shade of loneliness stealing over us as we gazed on its utter solitude.

"Cheer up, Fritz, my boy," said I presently. "Remember that we chose a settler's life long ago, before we left our own dear country: we certainly did not expect to be so entirely alone; but what matters a few people, more or less? With God's help, let us endeavor to live here contentedly, thankful that we were not cast upon some bare and inhospitable island. But come, the heat here is getting unbearable; let us find some shady place before we are completely broiled away."

We descended the hill and made for a clump of palm trees, which we saw at a little distance. To reach this, we had to pass through a dense thicket of reeds, — no pleasant or easy task; for, besides the difficulty of forcing our way through, I feared at every step that we might tread on some venomous snake. Sending Turk in advance, I cut one of the reeds, thinking it would be a more useful weapon against a reptile than my gun. I had carried it but a little way, when I noticed a thick juice exuding from one end. I tasted it, and to my delight found it sweet and pleasant. I at once knew that I was standing amongst sugar-canes. Wishing Fritz to make the same discovery, I advised him to cut a cane for his defense; he did so, and as he beat the ground before him, the reed split, and his hand was covered with the juice. He carefully touched the cane with the tip of his tongue; then, finding the juice sweet, he did so again with less hesitation, and a moment afterwards sprang back to me, exclaiming, "Oh, father, sugar-canes, sugar-canes!

Taste it. Oh, how delicious, how delightful! do let us take a lot home to mother," he continued, sucking eagerly at the cane.

"Gently there," said I; "take breath a moment — moderation in all things, remember. Cut some to take home if you like, only don't take more than you can conveniently carry."

In spite of my warning, my son cut a dozen or more of the largest canes, and, stripping them of their leaves, carried them under his arm. We then pushed through the cane-brake, and reached the clump of palms for which we had been making. As we entered it a troop of monkeys, who had been disporting themselves on the ground, sprang up, chattering and grimacing, and before we could clearly distinguish them, were at the very top of the trees.

Fritz was so provoked by their impertinent gestures that he raised his gun, and would have shot one of the poor beasts.

"Stay," cried I; "never take the life of any animal needlessly. A live monkey up in that tree is of more use to us than a dozen dead ones at our feet, as I will show you."

Saying this, I gathered a handful of small stones, and threw them up towards the apes. The stones did not go near them, but, influenced by their instinctive mania for imitation, they instantly seized all the cocoanuts within their reach, and sent a perfect hail of them down upon us.

Fritz was delighted with my stratagem, and, rushing forward, picked up some of the finest of the nuts. We drank the milk they contained, drawing it through the

holes which I pierced, and then, splitting the nuts open with the hatchet, ate the cream which lined their shells. After this delicious meal, we thoroughly despised the lobster we had been carrying, and threw it to Turk, who ate it gratefully; but far from being satisfied, the poor beast began to gnaw the ends of the sugar-canes, and to beg for cocoanut. I slung a couple of the nuts over my shoulder, fastening them together by their stalks, and, Fritz having resumed his burden, we began our homeward march.

I soon discovered that Fritz found the weight of his canes considerably more than he expected: he shifted them from shoulder to shoulder, then for awhile carried them under his arm, and finally stopped short with a sigh. "I had no idea," he said, "that a few reeds would be so heavy."

"Never mind, my boy," I said; "patience and courage! Do you not remember the story of Æsop and his bread basket, how heavy he found it when he started, and how light at the end of his journey. Let us each take a fresh staff, and then fasten the bundle cross-wise with your gun."

We did so, and once more stepped forward. Fritz presently noticed that I from time to time sucked the end of my cane.

"Oh, come," said he, "that 's a capital plan of yours, father; I 'll do that, too."

So saying, he began to suck most vigorously, but not a drop of the juice could he extract. "How is this?" he asked. "How do you get the juice out, father?"

"Think a little," I replied; "you are quite as capable

as I am of finding out the way, even if you do not know the real reason of your failure."

"Oh, of course," said he, "it is like trying to suck marrow from a marrow-bone, without making a hole at the other end."

"Quite right," I said; "you form a vacuum in your mouth and the end of your tube, and expect the air to force down the liquid from the other end which it cannot possibly enter."

Fritz was speedily perfect in the accomplishment of sucking sugar-cane, discovering by experience the necessity for a fresh cut at each joint or knot in the cane, through which the juice could not flow: he talked of the pleasure of initiating his brothers in the art, and of how Ernest would enjoy the cocoanut milk, with which he had filled his flask.

"My dear boy," said I, "you need not have added that to your load; the chances are it is vinegar by the time we get home. In the heat of the sun, it will ferment soon after being drawn from the nut."

"Vinegar! oh, that would be a horrid bore! I must look directly, and see how it is getting on," cried Fritz, hastily swinging the flask from his shoulder, and tugging out the cork. With a loud "pop" the contents came forth, foaming like champagne.

"There now!" said I, laughing as he tasted this new luxury; "you will have to exercise moderation again, friend Fritz! I dare say it is delicious, but it will go to your head, if you venture deep into your flask."

"My dear father, you cannot think how good it is! Do take some. Vinegar, indeed! This is like excellent wine."

We were both invigorated by this unexpected draught, and went on so merrily after it, that the distance to the place where we had left our gourd dishes seemed less than we expected. We found them quite dry, and very light and easy to carry.

Just as we had passed through the grove in which we breakfasted, Turk suddenly darted away from us, and sprang furiously among a troop of monkeys, which were gamboling playfully on the turf at a little distance from the trees. They were taken by surprise completely, and the dog, now really ravenous from hunger, had seized, and was fiercely tearing one to pieces before we could approach the spot.

His luckless victim was the mother of a tiny little monkey, which, being on her back when the dog flew at her, had hindered her flight; the little creature attempted to hide among the grass, and in trembling fear watched the tragic fate of its mother. On perceiving Turk's bloodthirsty design, Fritz had eagerly rushed to the rescue, flinging away all he was carrying, and losing his hat in his haste.

All to no purpose as far as the poor mother ape was concerned, and a laughable scene ensued; for no sooner did the young monkey catch sight of him, than at one bound it was on his shoulders, and, holding fast by his thick curly hair, it firmly kept its seat in spite of all he could do to dislodge it. He screamed and plunged about as he endeavored to shake or pull the creature off, but all in vain: it only clung the closer to his neck, making the most absurd grimaces.

I laughed so much at this ridiculous scene, that I could

scarcely assist my terrified boy out of his awkward predicament.

At last, by coaxing the monkey, offering it a bit of biscuit, and gradually disentangling its small sinewy paws from the curls it grasped so tightly, I managed to relieve poor Fritz, who then looked with interest at the baby ape, no bigger than a kitten, as it lay in my arms.

"What a jolly little fellow it is!" exclaimed he; "do let me try to rear it, father. I dare say cocoanut milk would do until we can bring the cow and the goats from the wreck. If he lives he might be useful to us. I believe monkeys instinctively know what fruits are wholesome and what are poisonous."

"Well," said I, "let the little orphan be yours. You bravely and kindly exerted yourself to save the mother's life; now you must train her child carefully, for unless you do so its natural instinct will prove mischievous instead of useful to us."

Turk was meanwhile devouring with great satisfaction the little animal's unfortunate mother. I could not grudge it him, and continued hunger might have made him dangerous to ourselves. We did not think it necessary to wait until he had dined, so we prepared to resume our march.

The tiny ape seated itself in the coolest way imaginable on Fritz's shoulder; I helped to carry his canes; and we were on some distance before Turk overtook us, looking uncommonly well pleased, and licking his chops as though recalling the memory of his feast.

He took no notice of the monkey, but it was very uneasy at sight of him, and scrambled down into Fritz's

arms, which was so inconvenient to him that he devised a plan to relieve himself of his burden. Calling Turk, and seriously enjoining obedience, he seated the monkey on his back, securing it there with a cord; and then putting a second string round the dog's neck that he might lead him, he put a loop of the knot into the comical rider's hand, saying gravely, "Having slain the parent, Mr. Turk, you will please to carry the son."

At first this arrangement mightily displeased them both, but by and by they yielded to it quietly; the monkey especially amused us by riding along with the air of a person perfectly at his ease.

"We look just like a couple of mountebanks on their way to a fair, with animals to exhibit," said I. "What an outcry the children will make when we appear!"

My son inquired to what species of the monkey tribe I thought his protégé belonged, which led to a good deal of talk on the subject; and, conversation beguiling the way, we found ourselves ere long on the rocky margin of the stream and close to the rest of our party.

Juno was the first to be aware of our approach, and gave notice of it by loud barking, to which Turk replied with such hearty good-will, that his little rider, terrified at the noise his steed was making, slipped from under the cord and fled to his refuge on Fritz's shoulder, where he regained his composure and settled himself comfortably.

Turk, who by this time knew where he was, finding himself free, dashed forward to rejoin his friend, and announce our coming.

One after another our dear ones came running to the

opposite bank, testifying in various ways their delight at our return, and hastening up on their side of the river, as we on ours, to the ford at which we had crossed in the morning. We were quickly on the other side, and, full of joy and affection, our happy party was once more united.

The boys suddenly perceiving the little animal which was clinging close to their brother, in alarm at the tumult of voices, shouted in ecstasy, "A monkey! a monkey! oh, how splendid! where did Fritz find him? What may we give him to eat? Oh, what a bundle of sticks! Look at those curious great nuts father has got!"

We could neither check this confused torrent of questions, nor get in a word in answer to them.

At length when the excitement subsided a little, I was able to say a few words with a chance of being listened to. "I am truly thankful to see you all safe and well, and, thank God, our expedition has been very satisfactory, except that we have entirely failed to discover any trace of our shipmates."

"If it be the will of God," said my wife, "to leave us alone on this solitary place, let us be content; and rejoice that we are all together in safety."

"Now we want to hear all your adventures, and let us relieve you of your burdens," added she, taking my game-bag.

Jack shouldered my gun, Ernest took the cocoanuts, and little Franz carried the gourds; Fritz distributed the sugar-canes amongst his brothers, and, handing Ernest his gun, replaced the monkey on Turk's back. Ernest soon found the burden with which Fritz had laden him too heavy to his taste. His mother, perceiving this, offered

to relieve him of part of the load. He gave up willingly the cocoanuts, but no sooner had he done so than his elder brother exclaimed, "Hullo, Ernest, you surely do not know what you are parting with; did you really intend to hand over those good cocoanuts without so much as tasting them?"

"What? ho! are they really cocoanuts?" cried Ernest. "Do let me take them again, mother; do let me look at them."

"No, thank you," replied my wife, with a smile. "I have no wish to see you again overburdened."

"Oh, but I have only to throw away these sticks, which are of no use, and then I can easily carry them."

"Worse and worse," said Fritz; "I have a particular regard for those heavy, useless sticks. Did you ever hear of sugar-canes?"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Ernest began to suck vigorously at the end of the cane, with no better result, however, than Fritz had obtained as we were on the march.

"Here," said Fritz, "let me show you the trick of it," and he speedily set all the youngsters to work extracting the luscious juice.

My wife, as a prudent housekeeper, was no less delighted than the children with this discovery; the sight of the dishes also pleased her greatly, for she longed to see us eat once more like civilized beings. We went into the kitchen, and there found preparations for a truly sumptuous meal. Two forked sticks were planted in the ground on either side of the fire, on these rested a rod from which hung several tempting-looking fish; opposite

them hung a goose from a similar contrivance, slowly roasting, while the gravy dropped into a large shell placed beneath it. In the centre sat the great pot, from which issued the smell of a most delicious soup. To crown this splendid array, stood an open hogshead full of Dutch cheeses. All this was very pleasant to two hungry travelers, but I was about to beg my wife to spare the poultry until our stock should have increased; when she, perceiving my thought, quickly relieved my anxiety. "This is not one of our geese," she said, "but a wild bird Ernest killed."

"Yes," said Ernest, "it is a penguin, I think; it let me get quite close, so that I knocked it on the head with a stick. Here are its head and feet, which I preserved to show you; the bill is, you see, narrow and curved downwards, and the feet are webbed. It had funny little bits of useless wings, and its eyes looked so solemnly and sedately at me, that I was almost ashamed to kill it. Do you not think it must have been a penguin?"

"I have little doubt on the matter, my boy;" and I was about to make a few remarks on the habits of this bird, when my wife interrupted me and begged us to come to dinner and continue our natural history conversation at some future time. We then sat down before the appetizing meal prepared for us, our gourds coming for the first time into use; and, having done it full justice, produced the cocoanuts by way of dessert. "Here is better food for your little friend," said I to Fritz, who had been vainly endeavoring to persuade the monkey to taste dainty morsels of the food we had been eating; "the

poor little animal has been accustomed to nothing but its mother's milk; fetch me a saw, one of you."

I then, after extracting the milk of the nuts from their natural holes, carefully cut the shells in half, thus providing several more useful basins. The monkey was perfectly satisfied with the milk, and eagerly sucked the corner of a handkerchief dipped in it. Fritz now suddenly recollected his delicious wine, and, producing his flask, begged his mother to taste it.

"Try it first yourself," said I. Fritz did so, and I instantly saw by his countenance that the liquor had passed through the first stage of fermentation and had become vinegar.

"Never mind, my boy," said my prudent wife, when she learned the cause of his wry faces; "we have wine already, but no vinegar; I am really pleased at the transformation."

The sun was now rapidly sinking behind the horizon, and the poultry retiring for the night warned us that we must follow their example. Having offered up our prayers, we lay down on our beds; the monkey crouched down between Jack and Fritz, and we were all soon fast asleep.

THE COLONISTS

By John Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld

COME, said Mr. Barlow to his boys, I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you shall be people of different trades and professions coming to offer yourselves to go with me. What are you, A?

A. I am a farmer, sir.

Mr. B. Very well. Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, so we cannot have too much of it. But you must be a working farmer, not a gentleman farmer. Laborers will be scarce among us, and every man must put his own hand to the plow. There will be woods to clear and marshes to drain, and a great deal of stubborn work to do.

A. I shall be ready to do my part, sir.

Mr. B. Well, then, I shall entertain you willingly, and as many more of your profession as you can bring. You shall have land enough, and utensils; and you may fall to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

B. I am a miller, sir.

Mr. B. A very useful trade! The corn we grow must be ground, or it will do us little good. But what will you do for a mill, my friend?

B. I suppose we must make one, sir.

Mr. B. True; but then you must bring with you a mill-

wright for the purpose. As for millstones, we will take them out with us. Who is next?

C. I am a carpenter, sir.

Mr. B. The most necessary man that could offer! We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make, and all kinds of wooden furniture to provide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and sawing planks, and shaping posts, and the like. You must be a field carpenter as well as a house carpenter.

C. I will, sir.

Mr. B. Very well; then I engage you, but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

D. I am a blacksmith, sir.

Mr. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; so you may bring your great bellows and anvil, and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. But, by the bye, we shall want a mason for that purpose.

E. I am one, sir.

Mr. B. That 's well. Though we may live in log houses at first, we shall want brick or stone work for chimneys, and hearths, and ovens, so there will be employment for a mason. But if you can make bricks and burn lime too, you will be still more useful.

E. I will try what I can do, sir.

Mr. B. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next?

F. I am a shoemaker, sir.

Mr. B. And shoes we cannot well do without. But

can you make them, like Eumæus in the Odyssey, out of a raw hide? for I fear we shall get no leather.

F. But I can dress hides, too.

Mr. B. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow, and I will have you, though I give you double wages.

G. I am a tailor, sir.

Mr. B. Well — though it will be some time before we want holiday suits, yet we must not go naked; so there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending and botching, I hope, for we must not mind patched clothes while we work in the woods.

G. I am not, sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you, too.

H. I am a weaver, sir.

Mr. B. Weaving is a very useful art, but I question if we can find room for it in our colony for the present. We shall not grow either hemp or flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

J. I am a silversmith and jeweler, sir.

Mr. B. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in. You will break us, or we shall starve you.

J. But I understand clock and watch making, too.

Mr. B. That is somewhat more to our purpose, for we shall want to know how time goes. But I doubt we cannot give you sufficient encouragement for a long while to come. For the present you had better stay where you are.

K. I am a barber and hair-dresser, sir.

Mr. B. Alas, what can we do with you? If you will shave our men's rough beards once a week and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter or follow the plow the rest of your time, we shall reward you accordingly. But you will have no ladies and gentlemen to dress for a ball, I assure you. Your trade will not stand by itself with us for a great while to come.

L. I am a doctor, sir.

Mr. B. Then, sir, you are very welcome. Health is the first of blessings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. But I hope you understand surgery as well as physic, for we are likely enough to get cuts and bruises, and broken bones occasionally.

L. I have had experience in that branch too, sir.

Mr. B. And if you understand the nature of plants, and their uses both in medicine and diet, it will be a great addition to your usefulness.

L. Botany has been a favorite study with me, sir; and I have some knowledge of chemistry, and the other parts of natural history, too.

Mr. B. Then you will be a treasure to us, sir, and I shall be happy to make it worth your while to go with us.

M. I, sir, am a lawyer.

Mr. B. Sir, your most obedient servant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

N. I am a schoolmaster, sir.

Mr. B. That is a profession which I am sure I do not mean to undervalue; and as soon as ever we have young folks in our colony, we shall be glad of your services. Though we are to be hard-working plain people, we do

not intend to be ignorant, and we shall make it a point to have every one taught reading and writing, at least. In the meantime, till we have employment enough for you in teaching, you may keep the accounts and records of the colony; and on Sunday you may read prayers to all those that choose to attend upon you.

N. With all my heart, sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you. Who comes here with so bold an air?

O. I am a soldier, sir; will you have me?

Mr. B. We are peaceable people, and I hope shall have no occasion to fight. We mean honestly to purchase our land from the natives, and to be just and fair in all our dealings with them. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, followed that plan; and when the Indians were at war with all the other European settlers, a person in a Quaker's habit might pass through all their most ferocious tribes without the least injury. It is my intention, however, to make all my colonists soldiers so far as to be able to defend themselves if attacked, and that being the case, we shall have no need of *soldiers by trade.*

P. I am a gentleman, sir; and I have a great desire to accompany you, because I hear game is very plentiful in that country.

Mr. B. A gentleman! And what good will you do us, sir?

P. Oh, sir, that is not at all my intention. I only mean to amuse myself.

Mr. B. But do you mean, sir, that we should pay for your amusement?

P. As to maintenance, I expect to be able to kill game enough for my own eating, with a little bread and garden stuff, which you will give me. Then I will be content with a house somewhat better than the common ones; and your barber shall be my valet; so I shall give very little trouble.

Mr. B. And pray, sir, what inducement can we have for doing all this for you?

P. Why, sir, you will have the credit of having *one gentleman* at least in your colony.

Mr. B. Ha, ha, ha! A facetious gentleman, truly! Well, sir, when we are ambitious of such a distinction, we will send for you.

THE RENOWNED HISTORY OF LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES

Ascribed to Oliver Goldsmith

INTRODUCTION

ALL the world must allow that Two-Shoes was not her real name. No; her father's name was Meanwell; and he was for many years a considerable farmer in the parish where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes which he met with in business, and the wicked persecutions of Sir Timothy Gripe, and an overgrown farmer called Graspall, he was effectually ruined.

The case was thus. The parish of Mouldwell, where they lived, had for many ages been let by the lord of the manor in twelve different farms, in which the tenants lived comfortably, brought up large families, and carefully supported the poor people who labored for them, until the estate by marriage and by death came into the hands of Sir Timothy.

This gentleman, who loved himself better than all his neighbors, thought it was less trouble to write one receipt for his rent than twelve; and Farmer Graspall offering to take all the farms as the leases expired, Sir Timothy agreed with him, and in process of time he was possessed of every farm but that occupied by little Margery's father, which he also wanted; for as Mr.

Meanwell was a charitable good man, he stood up for the poor at the parish meetings, and was unwilling to have them oppressed by Sir Timothy and this avaricious farmer. Judge, O kind, humane, and courteous reader, what a terrible situation the poor must be in, when this covetous man was perpetual overseer, and everything for their maintenance was drawn from his hard heart and cruel hand. But he was not only perpetual overseer, but perpetual churchwarden; and judge, O ye Christians, what state the church must be in, when supported by a man without religion or virtue. He was also perpetual surveyor of the highways, and what sort of roads he kept up for the convenience of travelers, those best knew who have had the misfortune to pass through that parish. Complaints indeed were made, but to what purpose are complaints, when brought against a man who can hunt, drink, and smoke, without the lord of the manor, who is also the justice of peace?

The opposition which Little Margery's father made to this man's tyranny gave offense to Sir Timothy, who endeavored to force him out of his farm; and, to oblige him to throw up the lease, ordered both a brick-kiln and a dog kennel to be erected in the farmer's orchard. This was contrary to law, and a suit was commenced, in which Margery's father got the better. The same offense was again committed three different times, and as many actions brought, in all of which the farmer had a verdict, and costs paid him; but notwithstanding these advantages, the law was so expensive, that he was ruined in the contest, and obliged to give up all he had to his

creditors; which effectually answered the purpose of Sir Timothy, who erected those nuisances in the farmer's orchard with that intention. Ah, my dear reader, we brag of liberty, and boast of our laws; but the blessings of the one, and the protection of the other, seldom fall to the lot of the poor; and especially when a rich man is their adversary. How, in the name of goodness, can a poor wretch obtain redress, when thirty pounds are insufficient to try his cause? Where is he to find money to fee counsel, or how can he plead his cause himself (even if he was permitted) when our laws are so obscure and so multiplied, that an abridgment of them cannot be contained in fifty volumes folio?

As soon as Mr. Meanwell had called together his creditors, Sir Timothy seized for a year's rent, and turned the farmer, his wife, Little Margery, and her brother out of doors, without any of the necessaries of life to support them.

This elated the heart of Mr. Graspall, this crowned his hopes, and filled the measure of his iniquity; for, besides gratifying his revenge, this man's overthrow gave him the sole dominion over the poor, whom he depressed and abused in a manner too horrible to mention.

Margery's father flew into another parish for succor, and all those who were able to move left their dwellings and sought employment elsewhere, as they found it would be impossible to live under the tyranny of two such people. The very old, the very lame, and the blind were obliged to stay behind, and whether they were

starved, or what became of them, history does not say; but the character of the great Sir Timothy, and avaricious tenant, were so infamous, that nobody would work for them by the day, and servants were afraid to engage themselves by the year, lest any unforeseen accident should leave them parishioners in a place where they knew they must perish miserably; so that great part of the land lay untilled for some years, which was deemed a just reward for such diabolical proceedings.

But what, says the reader, can occasion all this? do you intend this for children? Permit me to inform you, that this is not the book, sir, mentioned in the title, but an introduction to that book; and it is intended, sir, not for that sort of children, but for children of six feet high, of which, as my friend has justly observed, there are many millions in the kingdom; and these reflections, sir, have been rendered necessary by the unaccountable and diabolical scheme which many gentlemen now give in to, of laying a number of farms into one, and very often a whole parish into one farm; which in the end must reduce the common people to a stage of vassalage, worse than that under the barons of old, or of the clans in Scotland, and will in time depopulate the kingdom? But as you are tired of the subject, I shall take myself away, and you may visit Little Margery.

CHAPTER I

HOW AND ABOUT LITTLE MARGERY AND HER BROTHER

Care and discontent shortened the days of Little Margery's father. He was forced from his family, and

seized with a violent fever in a place where Dr. James's powder was not to be had, and where he died miserably. Margery's poor mother survived the loss of her husband but a few days, and died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world; but, poor woman, it would have melted your heart to have seen how frequently she heaved her head, while she lay speechless, to survey with languishing looks her little orphans, as much as to say, "Do, Tommy, do, Margery, come with me." They cried, poor things, and she sighed away her soul; and I hope is happy.

It would both have excited your pity, and have done your heart good, to have seen how these two little ones were so fond of each other, and how hand in hand they trotted about.

They were both very ragged, and Tommy had no shoes, and Margery had but one. They had nothing, poor things, to support them (not being in their own parish) but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they lay every night in a barn. Their relations took no notice of them; no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor little ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty little curly-pated boy as Tommy. Our relations and friends seldom take notice of us when we are poor; but as we grow rich they grow fond. And this will always be the case, while people love money better than they do God Almighty. But such wicked folks who love nothing but money, and are proud and despise the poor, never come to any good in the end, as we shall see by and by.

CHAPTER II

HOW AND ABOUT MR. SMITH

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where Little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relation come to see him, who was a charitable good man, he sent for these children to him. The gentleman ordered Little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes, and said he would take Tommy and make him a little sailor.

After some days the gentleman intended to go to London, and take little Tommy with him, of whom you will know more by and by, for we shall at a proper time present you with his history, his travels, and adventures.

The parting between these little children was very affecting. Tommy cried, and they kissed each other an hundred times: at last Tommy thus wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea.

CHAPTER III

HOW LITTLE MARGERY OBTAINED THE NAME OF GOODY TWO-SHOES, AND WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PARISH

As soon as Little Margery got up in the morning, which was very early, she ran all round the village, crying for her brother; and after some time returned greatly distressed.

AT THIS INSTANT THE SHOEMAKER VERY OPPORTUNELY CAME IN WITH THE NEW SHOES, FOR WHICH SHE HAD BEEN MEASURED BY THE GENTLEMAN'S ORDER.... NOTHING COULD HAVE SUPPORTED LITTLE MARGERY UNDER THE AFFLICTION SHE WAS IN FOR THE LOSS OF HER BROTHER, BUT THE PLEASURE SHE TOOK IN HER TWO SHOES. SHE RAN OUT TO MRS. SMITH AS SOON AS THEY WERE PUT ON, AND STROKING DOWN HER RAGGED APRON THUS CRIED OUT: "TWO SHOES, MA'AM, SEE TWO SHOES." AND SO SHE BEHAVED TO ALL THE PEOPLE SHE MET AND BY THAT MEANS OBTAINED THE NAME OF GOODY TWO-SHOES. LITTLE MARGERY WAS VERY HAPPY IN BEING WITH MR. AND MRS. SMITH, WHO WERE VERY CHARITABLE AND GOOD

However, at this instant, the shoemaker very opportunely came in with the new shoes, for which she had been measured by the gentleman's order.

Nothing could have supported Little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her brother, but the pleasure she took in her two shoes. She ran out to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged apron thus cried out, "Two shoes, ma'am, see two shoes." And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Goody Two-Shoes.

Little Margery was very happy in being with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were very charitable and good to her, and had agreed to bring her up with their family; but as soon as that tyrant of the parish, that Graspall, heard of her being there, he applied first to Mr. Smith, and threatened to reduce his tithes if he kept her; and after that he spoke to Sir Timothy, who sent Mr. Smith a peremptory message by his servant, that he should send back Meanwell's girl to be kept by her relations, and not harbor her in the parish. This so distressed Mr. Smith, that he shed tears, and cried, "Lord, have mercy on the poor!"

The prayers of the righteous fly upwards, and reach unto the throne of heaven, as will be seen by the sequel.

Mrs. Smith was also greatly concerned at being thus obliged to discard poor Little Margery. She kissed her, and cried, as did also Mr. Smith; but they were obliged to send her away, for the people who had ruined her father could at any time have ruined them.

CHAPTER IV

HOW LITTLE MARGERY LEARNED TO READ, AND BY DEGREES TAUGHT OTHERS

Little Margery saw how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning, therefore she wanted of all things to learn to read. For this purpose she used to meet the little boys as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. By this means she got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only the following letters were required to spell all the words; but as some of these letters are large, and some small, she with her knife cut out of several pieces of wood ten sets of each of these: —

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

And having got an old spelling book, she made her companions set up all the words they wanted to spell, and after that she taught them to compose sentences. "You know what a sentence is, my dear. 'I will be good' is a sentence; and is made up, as you see, of several words."

I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted, as you may see, if you please to look into the next chapter.

CHAPTER V

HOW LITTLE TWO-SHOES BECAME A TROTTING TUTORESS, AND HOW SHE TAUGHT HER YOUNG PUPILS

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we set out on this important business, and the first house we came to was Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door, tap, tap, tap. "Who 's there?" "Only Little Goody Two-Shoes," answered Margery, "come to teach Billy." "Oh! Little Goody," says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, "I am glad to see you. Billy wants you sadly for he has learned his lesson." Then out came the little boy. "How do, Doody Two-Shoes," says he, not able to speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down this alphabet mixed together thus: —

b d f h k m o q s u w y x f a c e g i l n p r t v z j,

and he picked them up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order thus: —

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's.

"Bow, wow, wow," says the dog at the door. "Sirrah," says his mistress, "what do you bark at Little Two-Shoes? come in, Madge; here, Sally wants you sadly, she has learned all her lesson." "Yes, that 's what I have," replied the little one, in the country manner: and immediately taking the letters she set up these syllables: —

ba be bi bo bu, ca ce ci co cu,
da de di do du, fa fe fi fo fu,

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them.

After this, Little Two-Shoes taught her to spell words of one syllable, and she soon set up pear, plumb, top, ball, pin, puss, dog, hog, fawn, buck, doe, lamb, sheep, ram, cow, bull, cock, hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, who all came round Little Margery at once, and having pulled out her letters, asked the little boy next her what he had for dinner? Who answered, "Bread" (the poor children in many places live very hard). "Well then," says she, "set up the first letter." He put up the B, to which the next added r, and the next e, the next a, the next d, and it stood thus, Bread.

And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner? "Apple Pie," answered the little girl; upon which the next in turn set up a great A, the two next a p each, and so on, till the two words Apple and Pie were united and stood thus, Apple Pie.

The next had potatoes, the next beef and turnips; which were spelled, with many others, till the game of spelling was finished. She then set them another task, and we proceeded.

The next place we came to was Farmer Thomson's, where there was a great many little ones waiting for her.

"So, Little Mrs. Goody Two-Shoes," says one of them, "where have you been so long?" "I have been teaching," says she, "longer than I intended, and am, I am afraid, come too soon for you now." "No, but indeed you are not," replied the other; "for I have got my lesson, and so has Sally Dawson, and so has Harry Wilson, and so have we all;" and they capered about as if they

were overjoyed to see her. "Why then," says she, "you are all very good, and God Almighty will love you; so let us begin our lessons." They all huddled round her, and though at the other place they were employed about words and syllables, here we had people of much greater understanding who dealt only in sentences: —

The letters being brought upon the table, one of the little ones set up the following sentence: —

"The Lord have mercy upon me, and grant that I may be always good, and say my prayers, and love the Lord my God with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength; and honor the king and all good men in authority under him."

Then the next took the letters, and composed this sentence: —

"Lord, have mercy upon me, and grant that I may love my neighbor as myself, and do unto all men as I would have them do unto me, and tell no lies; but be honest and just in all my dealings."

Lesson for the Conduct of Life

He that would thrive,
Must rise by five.

He that hath thriven,
May lay till seven.

Truth may be blamed
But can't be shamed.

Tell me with whom you go,
And I'll tell what you do.

A friend in your need,
Is a friend indeed.

They never can be wise,
Who good counsel despise.

As we were returning home, we saw a gentleman, who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree at the corner of the rookery. Though ill, he began to joke with Little Margery, and said, laughing, "So, Goody Two-Shoes, they tell me you are a cunning little baggage; pray can you tell me what I shall do to get well?" "Yes, sir," says she, "go to bed when your rooks do, and get up with them in the morning; earn, as they do, every day what you eat, and eat and drink no more than you earn: and you 'll get health and keep it. What should induce the rooks to frequent gentlemen's houses, only but to tell them how to lead a prudent life? they never build under cottages or farmhouses, because they see that these people know how to live without their admonition.

Thus wealth and wit you may improve,
Taught by tenants of the grove.'

The gentleman, laughing, gave Margery sixpence, and told her she was a sensible hussy.

CHAPTER VI

HOW THE WHOLE PARISH WAS FRIGHTENED

Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know that she was buried at this parish church? Well, I never saw a grander funeral in all my life; but the money they squandered away would have been better laid out in little books for children, or in meat, drink, and clothes for the poor.

All the country round came to see the burying, and

it was late before the corpse was interred. After which, in the night, or rather about two o'clock in the morning, the bells were heard to jingle in the steeple, which frightened the people prodigiously, who all thought it was Lady Ducklington's ghost dancing among the bell ropes. The people flocked to Will Dobbins, the clerk, and wanted him to go to see what it was; but William said he was sure it was a ghost, and that he would not offer to open the door. At length Mr. Long, the rector, hearing such an uproar in the village, went to the clerk, to know why he did not go into the church, and see who was there. "I go, sir?" says William; "why, the ghost would frighten me out of my wits!" Mrs. Dobbins, too, cried, and laying hold of her husband, said he should not be eat up by the ghost. "A ghost, you blockhead," says Mr. Long, in a pet; "did either of you ever see a ghost in a church, or know anybody that did?" "Yes," says the clerk, "my father did once in the shape of a windmill, and it walked all around the church in a trice, with jack boots on, and had a gun by its side, instead of a sword." "A fine picture of a ghost, truly," says Mr. Long; "give me the key of the church, you monkey for I tell you there is no such thing now, whatever may have been formerly." Then taking the key, he went to the church, all the people following him. As soon as he had opened the door, what sort of a ghost do you think appeared? Why, Little Two-Shoes, who being weary had fallen asleep in one of the pews during the funeral service, and was shut in all night. She immediately asked Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him, told him she had been locked into the church, and

said she should not have rung the bells, but that she was very cold, and hearing Farmer Boult's man go whistling by with his horses, she was in hopes he would have gone to the clerk for the key to let her out.

CHAPTER VII

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF ALL THE SPIRITS OR THINGS SHE SAW IN THE CHURCH

The people were ashamed to ask Little Madge any questions before Mr. Long, but as soon as he was gone, they all got round her to satisfy their curiosity, and desired she would give them a particular account of all that she had heard or seen.

Her Tale

"I went to the church," said she, "as most of you did last night, to see the burying, and, being very weary, I sat me down in Mr. Johns's pew, and fell fast asleep. At eleven of the clock I awoke; which I believe was in some measure occasioned by the clock's striking, for I heard it. I started up, and could not at first tell where I was; but after some time I recollected the funeral, and soon found that I was shut in the church. It was dismal dark, and I could see nothing; but while I was standing in the pew, something jumped up upon me behind, and laid, as I thought, its hands over my shoulders. I own I was a little afraid at first; however, I considered that I had always been constant at prayers, and at

church, and that I had done nobody any harm, but had endeavored to do what good I could; and then thought I, what have I to fear? Yet I kneeled down to say my prayers. As soon as I was on my knees, something very cold, as cold as marble, ay, as cold as ice, touched my neck, which made me start; however, I continued my prayers, and having begged protection from Almighty God, I found my spirits come, and I was sensible I had nothing to fear; for God Almighty protects not only all those that are good, but also all those who endeavor to be good, — nothing can withstand the power, and exceed the goodness of God Almighty. Armed with the confidence of his protection, I walked down the church aisle, when I heard something pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat, come after me, and something touched my hand, which seemed as cold as a marble monument. I could not think what this was, yet I knew that it could not hurt me, and therefore I made myself easy; but being very cold, and the church being paved with stones, which were very damp, I felt my way, as well as I could, to the pulpit; in doing which something rushed by me and almost threw me down. However, I was not frightened, for I knew that God Almighty would suffer nothing to hurt me.

"At last I found out the pulpit, and having shut the door, I laid me down on the mat and cushion to sleep; when something thrust and pulled the door, as I thought, for admittance, which prevented my going to sleep. At last it cries, 'Bow, wow, wow;' and I concluded it must be Mr. Saunderson's dog, which had followed me from their house to church; so I opened the door, and called

Snip, Snip, and the dog jumped upon me immediately. After this, Snip and I lay down together, and had a comfortable nap; for when I awoke again it was almost light. I then walked up and down all the aisles of the church to keep myself warm; and though I went into the vaults, and trod on Lady Ducklington's coffin, I saw nothing, and I believe it was owing to the reason Mr. Long has given you, namely, that there is no such thing to be seen. As to my part, I would as soon lie all night in a church as in any other place; and I am sure that any little boy or girl, who is good and loves God Almighty, and keeps his commandments, may as safely lie in the church, or the churchyard, as anywhere else, if they take care not to get cold, for I am sure there are no things either to hurt or to frighten them; though any one possessed of fear might have taken Neighbor Saunderson's dog with his cold nose for a ghost; and if they had not been undeceived, as I was, would never have thought otherwise." All the company acknowledged the justness of the observation, and thanked Little Two-Shoes for her advice.

Reflection

After this, my dear children, I hope you will not believe any foolish stories that ignorant, weak, or designing people may tell you about ghosts; for the tales of ghosts, witches, and fairies are the frolics of a distempered brain. No wise man ever saw either of them. Little Margery was not afraid; no, she had good sense, and a good conscience, which is a cure for all these imaginary evils.

CHAPTER VIII

OF SOMETHING WHICH HAPPENED TO LITTLE MARGERY TWO-SHOES IN A BARN, MORE DREADFUL THAN THE GHOST IN THE CHURCH; AND HOW SHE RETURNED GOOD FOR EVIL TO HER ENEMY, SIR TIMOTHY.

Some days after this, a more dreadful accident befell Little Madge. She happened to be coming late from teaching, when it rained, thundered, and lightened, and therefore she took shelter in a farmer's barn at a distance from the village. Soon after, the tempest drove in four thieves, who not seeing such a little creep-mouse girl as Two-Shoes, lay down on the hay next to her, and began to talk over their exploits, and to settle plans for future robberies. Little Margery, on hearing them, covered herself with straw. To be sure she was frightened, but her good sense taught her that the only security she had was in keeping herself concealed; therefore she lay very still, and breathed very softly. About four o'clock these wicked people came to a resolution to break both Sir William Dove's house and Sir Timothy Gripe's, and by force of arms to carry off all their money, plate, and jewels; but as it was thought then too late, they all agreed to defer it till the next night. After laying this scheme, they all set out upon their pranks, which greatly rejoiced Margery, as it would any other little girl in her situation. Early in the morning she went to Sir William, and told him the whole of their conversation. Upon which he asked her name, then gave her something, and bid her call at his house the day following. She also went to Sir Timothy, notwithstanding he had used her

so ill, for she knew it was her duty to do good for evil. As soon as he was informed who she was, he took no notice of her; upon which she desired to speak to Lady Gripe, and having informed her ladyship of the affair, she went away. This lady had more sense than her husband, which indeed is not a singular case; for instead of despising Little Margery and her information, she privately set people to guard the house. The robbers divided themselves, and went about the time mentioned to both houses, and were surprised by the guards and taken. Upon examining these wretches (one of which turned evidence), both Sir William and Sir Timothy found that they owed their lives to the discovery made by Little Margery; and the first took great notice of her, and would no longer let her lie in a barn; but Sir Timothy only said that he was ashamed to owe his life to the daughter of one who was his enemy; so true it is, "That a proud man seldom forgives those he has injured."

CHAPTER IX

HOW LITTLE MARGERY WAS MADE PRINCIPAL OF A COUNTRY COLLEGE

Mrs. Williams, who kept a college for instructing little gentlemen and ladies in the science of A, B, C, was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline this important trust. This being told to Sir William Dove, who lived in the parish, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and desired she would examine Little Two-Shoes, and see whether she was qualified for the office. This was

done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favor, namely, that Little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head and the best heart of any one she had examined. All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this character gave them also a great opinion of Mrs. Margery, for so we must now call her.

This Mrs. Margery thought the happiest period of her life; but more happiness was in store for her. God Almighty heaps up blessings for all those who love him, and though for a time he may suffer them to be poor, and distressed, and hide his good purposes from human sight, yet in the end they are generally crowned with happiness here, and no one can doubt their being so hereafter.

THE RENOWNED HISTORY OF MRS. MARGERY TWO-SHOES

PART II

IN the first part of this work the young student has read, and I hope with pleasure and improvement, the history of this lady, while she was known and distinguished by the name of LITTLE TWO-SHOES. We are now come to a period of her life when that name was discarded, and a more eminent one bestowed upon her: I mean that of MRS. MARGERY TWO-SHOES; for as she was now president of the A, B, C college, it became necessary to exalt her in title as in place.

No sooner was she settled in this office, but she laid every possible scheme to promote the welfare and happiness of all her neighbors, and especially of her little ones, in whom she took great delight; and all those whose parents could not afford to pay for their education, she taught for nothing but the pleasure she had in their company; for you are to observe that they were very good, or were soon made so by her good management.

CHAPTER I

OF HER SCHOOL, HER USHERS, OR ASSISTANTS, AND HER MANNER OF TEACHING

We have already informed the reader, that the school where she taught was that which was before kept by Mrs. Williams. The room was very large and spacious, and as she knew that nature intended children should be always in action, she placed her different letters, or alphabets, all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up and fetch a letter, or to spell a word when it came to their turn; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters and points firmly in their minds.

CHAPTER II

A SCENE OF DISTRESS IN A SCHOOL.

It happened one day, when Mrs. Two-Shoes was diverting the children after dinner, as she usually did, with some innocent games, or entertaining and instructive stories, that a man arrived with the melancholy news of Sally Jones's father being thrown from his horse, and thought past all recovery; nay, the messenger said, that he was seemingly dying when he came away. Poor Sally was greatly distressed, as indeed were all in the school, for she dearly loved her father, and Mrs. Two-Shoes and all her children dearly loved her.

At this instant something was heard to flap at the window, at which the children were surprised; but Mrs.

Margery, knowing what it was, opened the casement, and drew in a pigeon with a letter.

As soon as he was placed upon the table, he walked up to little Sally, and dropping the letter, cried "Co, co, coo;" as much as to say, "There, read it."

"My dear Sally, — God Almighty has been very merciful and restored your papa to us again, who is now so well as to be able to sit up. I hear you are a good girl, my dear, and I hope you will never forget to praise the Lord for that his great goodness and mercy to us. What a sad thing it would have been if your father had died, and left both you and me, and little Tommy in distress, and without a friend. Your father sends his blessing with mine. Be good, my dear child, and God Almighty will also bless you, whose blessing is above all things.

"I am, my dear Sally,

"Your affectionate mother,

"MARTHA JONES."

CHAPTER III

OF THE AMAZING SAGACITY AND INSTINCT OF A LITTLE DOG

Soon after this, a very dreadful accident happened in the school. It was on a Thursday morning, I very well remember, when the children having learned their lessons soon, she had given them leave to play, and they were all running about the school, and diverting themselves with the birds and the lamb; at this time the dog, all of a sudden, laid hold of his mistress's apron, and endeavored to pull her out of the school. She was at first surprised; however, she followed him, to see what

he intended. No sooner had he led her back into the garden, but he ran back, and pulled out one of the children in the same manner; upon which she ordered them all to leave the school immediately, and they had not been out five minutes before the top of the house fell in. What a miraculous deliverance was here! How gracious! How good was God Almighty to save all these children from destruction, and to make use of such an instrument as a little sagacious animal to accomplish his divine will! I should have observed that, as soon as they were all in the garden, the dog came leaping round them to express his joy, and when the house was fallen, laid himself down quietly by his mistress.

Some of the neighbors who saw the school fall, and who were in great pain for Margery and her little ones, soon spread the news through the village, and all the parents, terrified for their children, came crowding in abundance: they had, however, the satisfaction to find them all safe, and upon their knees with their mistress, giving God thanks for their happy deliverance.

You are not to wonder, my dear reader, that this little dog should have more sense than you, or your father, or your grandfather.

Though God Almighty has made man the lord of the creation, and endowed him with reason; yet in many respects he has been altogether as bountiful to other creatures of his forming. Some of the senses of other animals are more acute than ours, as we find by daily experience.

The downfall of the school was a great misfortune to Mrs. Margery; for she not only lost all her books, but was

destitute of a place to teach in; but Sir William Dove, being informed of this, ordered it to be built at his own expense, and till that could be done, Farmer Grove was so kind as to let her have his large hall to teach in.

CHAPTER IV

WHAT HAPPENED AT FARMER GROVE'S, AND HOW SHE GRATIFIED HIM FOR THE USE OF HIS ROOM

While at Mr. Grove's, which was in the heart of the village, she not only taught the children in the daytime, but the farmer's servants and all the neighbors to read and write in the evening; and it was a constant practice, before they went away, to make them all go to prayers and sing psalms. By this means the people grew extremely regular, his servants were always at home instead of being at the alehouse, and he had more work done than ever. This gave not only Mr. Grove, but all the neighbors, a high opinion of her good sense and prudent behavior; and she was so much esteemed that the most of the differences in the parish were left to her decision; and if a man and wife quarreled (which sometimes happened in that part of the kingdom), both parties certainly came to her for advice. Everybody knows that Martha Wilson was a passionate, scolding jade, and that John her husband was a surly, ill-tempered fellow. These were one day brought by the neighbors for Margery to talk to them, when they talked before her, and were going to blows; but she, stepping between them, thus addressed the husband: "John," says she, "you are a man, and ought to have more sense than to fly in a

passion at every word that is said amiss by your wife: and Martha," says she, "you ought to know your duty better than to say anything to aggravate your husband's resentment. These frequent quarrels arise from the indulgence of your violent passions; for I know you both love each other, notwithstanding what has passed between you. Now, pray tell me, John, and tell me, Martha, when you have had a quarrel over night, are you not both sorry for it the next day?" They both declared that they were. "Why, then," says she, "I 'll tell you how to prevent this for the future, if you promise to take my advice." They both promised her. "You know," says she, "that a small spark will set fire to tinder, and that tinder properly placed will set fire to a house: an angry word is with you as that spark, for you are both as touchy as tinder, and very often make your own house too hot to hold you. To prevent this, therefore, and to live happily for the future, you must solemnly agree, that if one speaks an angry word, the other will not answer, till he or she has distinctly called over the alphabet, and the other not reply till he has told twenty; by this means your passions will be stifled, and reason will have time to take the rule."

This is the best recipe that was ever given for a married couple to live in peace. Though John and his wife frequently attempted to quarrel afterwards, they never could get their passions to a considerable height; for there was something so droll in thus carrying on the dispute, that, before they got to the end of the argument, they saw the absurdity of it, laughed, kissed, and were friends.

CHAPTER V

THE CASE OF MRS. MARGERY

Mrs. Margery was always doing good, and thought she could never sufficiently gratify those who had done anything to serve her. These generous sentiments naturally led her to consult the interest of Mr. Grove, and the rest of her neighbors; and as most of their lands were meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years greatly damaged by the wet weather, she contrived an instrument to direct them when to mow their grass with safety, and prevent their hay being spoiled. They all came to her for advice, and by that means got in their hay without damage, whilst most of that in the neighboring village was spoiled.

This occasioned a very great noise in the country, and so greatly provoked were the people who resided in the other parishes, that they absolutely sent old Gaffer Goosecap (a busy fellow in other people's concerns) to find out evidence against her. The wiseacre happened to come to her to school, when she was walking about with a raven on one shoulder, a pigeon on the other, a lark on her hand, and a lamb and a dog by her side; which indeed made a droll figure, and so surprised the man that he cried out, "A witch! a witch! a witch!"

Upon this she, laughing, answered, "A conjurer! a conjurer! a conjurer!" and so they parted; but it did not end thus, for a warrant was issued out against Mrs. Margery, and she was carried to a meeting of the justices.

At the meeting, one of the justices who knew little of

life, and less of the law, behaved very idly; and, though nobody was able to prove anything against her, asked who she could bring to her character. "Who can you bring against my character, sir?" says she. "There are people enough who would appear in my defense, were it necessary: but I never supposed that any one here could be so weak as to believe there was any such thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm; and" (laying a barometer or weather-glass on the table) "it is with this," says she, "that I have taught my neighbors to know the state of the weather." All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who was on the bench, asked her accusers how they could be such fools as to think there was any such thing as a witch?

After this, Sir William inveighed against the absurd and foolish notions which the country people had imbibed concerning witches and witchcraft, and having proved that there was no such thing, but that all were the effects of folly and ignorance, he gave the court such an account of Mrs. Margery, and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behavior, that the gentlemen present were enamored with her, and returned her public thanks for the great service she had done the country. One gentleman in particular, I mean Sir Charles Jones, had conceived such a high opinion of her that he offered her a considerable sum to take care of his family, and the education of his daughter, which; however, she refused; but this gentleman sending for her afterwards, when he had a dangerous fit of illness, she went, and behaved so prudently in the family, and so tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to leave his house,

but soon after made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honor he intended her, but, though poor, she would not consent to be made a lady till he had effectually provided for his daughter; for she told him that power was a dangerous thing to be trusted with, and that a good man or woman would never throw themselves into the road of temptation.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbors came in crowds to see the wedding; for they were all glad that one who had been such a good little girl, and was become such a virtuous and good woman, was going to be made a lady; but just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed ran into the church and cried, "Stop! stop!" This greatly alarmed the congregation, particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted and desired to speak with them apart. After they had been talking some little time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms. This seeming grief, however, was only a prelude to a flood of joy which immediately succeeded; for you must know, gentle reader, that this gentleman, so richly dressed, was that identical little boy, whom you before saw in the sailor's habit; in short, it was Mrs. Margery's brother, who was just come from sea, where he had, after a desperate engagement, taken a rich prize; and hearing, as soon as he landed, of his sister's intended wedding, had rode post to see that a proper settlement was made on her, which she was now entitled to, as he himself was both able and willing to give her an ample fortune. They soon

returned to the communion table, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

CHAPTER VI

THE TRUE USE OF RICHES

About this time she heard that Mr. Smith was oppressed by Sir Timothy Gripe and his friend Graspall; upon which she, in conjunction with her brother, defended him in Westminster Hall, where Mr. Smith gained a verdict. As a justice of the peace he was struck off the list, and no longer permitted to act in that capacity. A relation of his who had a right to the Mouldwell estate, finding that it was possible to get the better at law of a rich man, laid claim to it, brought his action, and recovered the whole manor of Mouldwell: and being afterwards inclined to sell it, he in consideration of the aid Lady Margery had lent him during his distress, made her the first offer, and she purchased the whole. This mortified Sir Timothy and his friend Graspall, who experienced nothing but misfortunes, and was in a few years so dispossessed of his ill-gotten wealth, that his family were reduced to seek subsistence from the parish, at which those who had felt the weight of his iron hand rejoiced; but Lady Margery desired that his children might be treated with care and tenderness; "for they" (says she) "are noways accountable for the actions of their father."

At her first coming into power, she took care to gratify her old friends, especially Mr. and Mrs. Smith, whose family she made happy.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER

By John Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld

MR. L. was one morning riding by himself, when dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by his name, which stopped, but on his approach set off again. At length a little boy in a neighboring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy cheerful countenance. "Thank you, my good lad!" said he; "you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble?" [*Putting his hand into his pocket.*]

"I want nothing, sir," said the boy.

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the better for you. Few men can say so much. But, pray, what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tenting the sheep that are feeding on the turnips.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

B. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you work?

B. My daddy, sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

B. Just by, among the trees there.

Mr. L. What is his name?

B. Thomas Hurdle.

Mr. L. And what is yours?

B. Peter, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field?

B. Ever since six in the morning.

Mr. L. And are not you hungry?

B. Yes; I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know. I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? what are those?

Mr. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in the cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have a jumping pole and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broke.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

B. No. I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town of errands, and that is as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money?

B. Oh! I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mammy gives me a pie now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one — here it is — brother Tom gave it me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes — don't you want a better pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. Oh, I don't care for that.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better at home, but I had as lieve have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there are none?

B. Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry sometimes this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher!

B. Sir?

Mr. L. I say, you are a philosopher, but I am sure you do not know what that means.

B. No, sir; no harm, I hope.

Mr. L. No, no (*laughing*). Well, my boy, you seem

to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want anything. But were you ever at school?

B. No, sir; but daddy says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes; the boys have all a spelling book and a Testament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give you them. Tell your daddy so, and that it is because I thought you a very good, contented little boy. So now go to your sheep again.

B. I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good-by, Peter.

B. Good-by, sir.

PARLEY THE PORTER

AN ALLEGORY

By Hannah More

THERE was once a certain gentleman who had a house or castle, situated in the midst of a great wilderness, but inclosed in a garden. Now, there was a band of robbers in the wilderness, who had a great mind to plunder and destroy the castle; but they had not succeeded in their endeavors, because the master had given strict orders to "*watch without ceasing.*" To quicken their vigilance, he used to tell them that their care would soon have an end; that though the nights they had to watch were dark and stormy, yet they were but few; the period of resistance was short, that of rest eternal.

The robbers, however, attacked the castle in various ways. They tried at every avenue; watched to take advantage of every careless moment; looked for an open door, or a neglected window. But though they often made the bolts shake, and the windows rattle, they could never greatly hurt the house, much less get into it. Do you know the reason? It was because the servants were never off their guard. They heard the noises plainly enough, and used to be not a little frightened, for they were aware both of the strength, and perseverance of the enemy. But what seemed rather odd to some of these servants; the gentleman used to tell them, that while

they continued to be afraid, they would be safe, and it passed into a sort of proverb in that family, "Happy is he that feareth always." Some of the servants, however, thought this a contradiction.

One day when the master was going from home, he called his servants all together, and spoke to them as follows: "I will not repeat to you the directions I have so often given you; they are all written down in THE BOOK OF LAWS, of which every one of you has a copy. Remember, it is a very short time that you are to remain in this castle; you will soon remove to my more settled habitation, to a more durable house, not made with hands. As those houses are never exposed to any attack, so they never stand in need of any repair, for that country is never infested by any sons of violence. Here you are servants; there you will be princes. But mark my words; and you will find the same truth in THE BOOK OF MY LAWS. Whether you will ever attain to *that* house, will depend on the manner in which you defend yourselves in *this*. A stout vigilance for a short time will secure you certain happiness forever. But everything depends on your present exertions. Don't complain and take advantage of my absence, and call me a hard master, and grumble that you are placed in the midst of a howling wilderness, without peace or security. Say not that you are exposed to temptations, without power to resist them. You have some difficulties, it is true, but you have many helps, and many comforts to make this house tolerable, even before you get to the other. Yours is not a hard service; and if it were, 'the time is short.' You have arms if you will

use them; and doors if you will bar them; and strength if you will use it. I would defy all the attacks of the robbers without, if I could depend on the fidelity of the people within. If the thieves ever get in and destroy the house, it must be by the connivance of one of the family. *For it is a standing law of this castle that mere outward attack can never destroy it, if there be no traitor within.* You will stand or fall as you observe this rule. If you are finally happy, it will be by my grace and favor; if you are ruined, it will be your own fault."

When the gentleman had done speaking, every servant repeated his assurance of attachment and firm allegiance to his master. But among them all, not one was so vehement and loud in his professions as old Parley, the porter. Parley, indeed, it was well known, was always talking, which exposed him to no small danger; for, as he was the foremost to promise, so he was slackest to perform. And, to speak the truth, though he was a civil spoken fellow, his master was more afraid of him, with all his professions, than he was of the rest who professed less. He knew that Parley was vain, credulous, and self-sufficient; and he always apprehended more danger from Parley's impertinence, curiosity, and love of novelty, than even from the stronger vices of some of his other servants. The rest, indeed, seldom got into any scrape of which Parley was not the cause in some shape or other.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that though Parley was allowed every refreshment, and all the needful rest which the nature of his place permitted, yet he thought it very hard to be forced to be so constantly on duty. "Nothing but watching," said Parley; "I have, to be

sure, many pleasures, and meat sufficient, and plenty of chat in virtue of my office, and I pick up a good deal of news of the comers and goers by day; but it is hard that at night I must watch as narrowly as a house dog, and yet let in no company without orders, only because there is said to be a few straggling *robbers* here in the wilderness, with whom my master does not care to let us be acquainted. He pretends to make us vigilant through fear of the robbers; but I suspect it is only to make us mope alone. A merry companion, and a mug of beer, would make the night pass cheerly." Parley, however, kept all these thoughts to himself, or uttered them only when no one heard; for talk he must. He began to listen to the nightly whistling of the robbers under the windows, with rather less alarm than formerly; and was sometimes so tired of watching, that he thought it was even better to run the risk of being robbed once, than to live always in fear of robbers.

There were certain bounds in which the gentleman allowed his servants to walk and divert themselves at all proper seasons. A pleasant garden surrounded the castle, and a thick hedge separated this garden from the wilderness which was infested by the robbers, in which they were permitted to amuse themselves. The master advised them always to keep within these bounds. "While you observe this rule," said he, "you will be safe and well; and you will consult your own safety, as well as show your love to me, by not venturing even to the extremity of your bounds: he who goes as far as he dares always shows a wish to go farther than he ought, and commonly does so."

It was remarkable that the nearer these servants kept to the castle, and farther from the *hedge*, the more ugly the wilderness appeared. And the nearer they approached the forbidden bounds, their own home appeared more dull, and the wilderness more delightful. And this the master knew when he gave his orders; for he never either did, or said, anything without a good reason. And when his servants sometimes desired an explanation of the reason, he used to tell them they would understand it when they came to *the other house;* for it was one of the pleasures of that house, that it would explain all the mysteries of this, and any little obscurities in the master's conduct would be then made quite plain.

Parley was the first that promised to keep clear of the *hedge;* and yet was often seen looking as near it as he durst. One day he ventured close up to the hedge, put two or three stones one on another, and tried to peep over. He saw one of the robbers strolling as near as could be on the forbidden side. This man's name was Mr. Flatterwell, a smooth, civil man, "whose words were softer than butter, having war in his heart." He made several low bows to Parley.

Now Parley knew so little of the world that he actually concluded all robbers must have an ugly look, which should frighten you at once, and coarse, brutal manners, which would, at first sight, show they were enemies. He thought, like a poor ignorant fellow as he was, that this mild, specious person could never be one of the band. Flatterwell accosted Parley with the utmost civility, which put him quite off his guard; for Parley had no notion that he could be an enemy who was so soft and

civil. For an open foe, he would have been prepared. Parley, however, after a little discourse, drew this conclusion, that either Mr. Flatterwell could not be one of the gang; or that if he was, the robbers themselves could not be such monsters as his master had described; and therefore it was folly to be afraid of them.

Flatterwell began, like a true adept in his art, by lulling all Parley's suspicions asleep; and instead of openly abusing his master, which would have opened Parley's eyes at once, he pretended rather to commend him in a general way, as a person who meant well himself, but was too apt to suspect others. To this Parley assented. The other then ventured to hint by degrees, that though the gentleman might be a good master in the main, yet he must say he was a little strict, and a little stingy, and not a little censorious; that he was blamed by the *gentlemen in the wilderness* for shutting his house against good company, and his servants were laughed at by people of spirit, for submitting to the gloomy life of the castle, and the insipid pleasures of the garden, instead of ranging the wilderness at large.

"It is true enough," said Parley (who was generally of the opinion of the person he was talking with). "My master *is* rather harsh, and close. But to own the truth, all the barring, and locking, and bolting is to keep out a set of gentlemen, who, he assures us, are *robbers*, and who are waiting for an opportunity to destroy us. I hope no offense, sir, but by your livery, I suspect you, sir, are one of the gang he is so much afraid of."

Flatterwell. Afraid of me? Impossible, dear Mr. Par-

ley. You see I do not look like an enemy. I am unarmed; what harm can a plain man like me do?

Parley. Why, that is true enough. Yet my master says, that if we were once to let you into the house, we should be ruined, soul and body.

Flatterwell. I am sorry, Mr. Parley, that so sensible a man as you, are so deceived. This is mere prejudice. He knows we are cheerful, entertaining people, foes to gloom and superstition; and therefore he is so morose he will not let you get acquainted with us.

Parley. Well, he says you are a band of thieves, gamblers, murderers, drunkards, and atheists.

Flatterwell. Don't believe him; the worst we should do, perhaps, is we might drink a friendly glass with you to your master's health, or play an innocent game of cards just to keep you awake, or sing a cheerful song with the maids; now is there any harm in all this?

Parley. Not the least in the world. And I begin to think there is not a word of truth in all my master says.

Flatterwell. The more you know us, the more you will like us. But I wish there was not this ugly hedge between us. I have a great deal to say, and am afraid of being overheard.

Parley was now just going to give a spring over the hedge, but checked himself, saying, "I dare not come on your side, there are people about, and everything is carried to my master." Flatterwell saw by this, that his new friend was kept on his own side of the hedge by fear rather than by principle, and from that moment he made sure of him. "Dear Mr. Parley," said he, "if you will allow me the honor of a little conversation with you, I

will call under the window of your lodge this evening. I have something to tell you greatly to your advantage. I admire you exceedingly. I long for your friendship; our whole brotherhood is ambitious of being known to so amiable a person." "Oh, dear," said Parley, "I shall be afraid of talking to you at night, it is so against my master's orders. But did you say you had something to tell me to my advantage?"

Flatterwell. Yes, I can point out to you how you may be a richer, a merrier, and a happier man. If you will admit me to-night under the window, I will convince you that 't is prejudice and not wisdom which makes your master bar his door against us; I will convince you that the mischief of a *robber*, as your master scurrilously calls us, is only in the name; that we are your true friends, and only mean to promote your happiness.

"Don't say *we*," said Parley; "pray come alone; I would not see the rest of the gang for the world, but I think there can be no great harm in talking to *you* through the bars if you come alone; but I am determined not to let you in. Yet I can't say but I wish to know what you can tell me so much to my advantage; indeed, if it is for my good, I ought to know it."

Flatterwell. (*Going out, turns back.*) Dear Mr. Parley, there is one thing I had forgot. I cannot get over the hedge at night without assistance. You know there is a secret in the nature of that hedge; you in the house may get over to us in the wilderness, of your own accord; but we cannot get to your side by our own strength. You must look about to see where the hedge is thinnest, and then set to work to clear away here and there a little

bough for me; it won't be missed, and if there is but the smallest hole made on your side, those on ours can get through; otherwise we do but labor in vain. To this Parley made some objection, through fear of being seen. Flatterwell replied, that the smallest hole from within would be sufficient, for he could then work his own way. "Well," said Parley, "I will consider of it. To be sure I shall even then be equally safe in the castle, as I shall have all the bolts, bars, and locks between us, so it will make but little difference."

"Certainly not," said Flatterwell, who knew it would make all the difference in the world. So they parted with mutual protestations of regard. Parley went home, charmed with his new friend. His eyes were now clearly opened as to his master's prejudices against the *robbers;* and he was convinced there was more in the name than in the thing. "But," said he, "though Mr. Flatterwell is certainly an agreeable companion, he may not be so safe an inmate. There can, however, be no harm in talking at a distance, and I certainly won't let him in."

Parley, in the course of the day, did not forget his promise to thin the hedge of separation a little. At first he only tore off a handful of leaves, then a little sprig, then he broke away a bough or two. It was observable, the larger the breach became, the worse he began to think of his master and the better of himself. Every peep he took through the broken hedge increased his desire to get out into the wilderness, and made the thoughts of the castle more irksome to him.

He was continually repeating to himself, "I wonder what Mr. Flatterwell can have to say so much to my

advantage. I see he does not wish to hurt my master, he only wishes to serve me." As the hour of meeting, however, drew near, the master's orders now and then came across Parley's thoughts. So, to divert them, he took THE BOOK. He happened to open it at these words, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." For a moment his heart failed him. "If this admonition should be sent on purpose," said he — "but no, 't is a bugbear. My master told me that if I went to the bounds I should get over the hedge. Now, I went to the utmost limits, and did not get over." Here conscience put in, "Yes, but it was because you were watched." "I am sure," continued Parley, "one may always stop where one will; and this is only a trick of my master's to spoil sport; so I will even hear what Mr. Flatterwell has to say so much to my advantage. I am not obliged to follow his counsels, but there can be no harm in hearing them."

Flatterwell prevailed on the rest of the robbers to make no public attack on the castle that night.

"My brethren," said he, "you now and then fail in your schemes, because you are for violent beginnings, while my soothing, insinuating measures hardly ever miss. You come blustering, and roaring, and frighten people, and set them on their guard. You inspire them with terror of *you*, while my whole scheme is to make them think well of *themselves*, and ill of their master. If I once get them to entertain hard thoughts of him and high thoughts of themselves, my business is done, and they fall plump into my snares. So let this delicate affair alone to me. Parley is a softly fellow; he must not be frightened, but cajoled. He is the very sort of man

to succeed with, and worth a hundred of your sturdy, sensible fellows. With them we want strong arguments, and strong temptations; but with such fellows as Parley, in whom vanity and sensuality are the leading qualities (as, let me tell you, is the case with far the greater part), flattery, and the promise of ease and pleasure, will do more than your whole battle array. If you will let me manage, I will get you all into the castle before midnight."

At night the castle was barricaded as usual, and no one had observed the hole which Parley had made in the hedge. This oversight arose that night from the servants neglecting one of the master's standing orders, — to make a nightly *examination* of the state of the castle. The neglect did not proceed so much from willful disobedience, as from having passed the evening in sloth and diversion; which often amounts to nearly the same.

As all was very cheerful within, so all was very quiet without. And before they went to bed, some of the servants observed to the rest, that as they heard no robbers that night, they thought they might soon begin to remit something of their diligence in bolting and barring; that all this fastening and locking was very troublesome; and they hoped the danger was now pretty well over. It was rather remarkable that they never made this sort of observations but after an evening of some excess, and when they had neglected their private business with their master. All, however, except Parley, went quietly to bed, and seemed to feel uncommon security.

Parley crept down to his lodge. He had half a mind to go to bed, too; yet he was not willing to disappoint Mr. Flatterwell, so civil a gentleman. To be sure, he *might* have bad designs, yet what right had he to suspect anybody who made such professions, and who was so very civil. "Besides, it is something for my advantage," added Parley. "I will not open the door, that is certain; but as he is to come alone, he can do me no harm through the bars of the windows, and he will think I am a coward if I don't keep my word: no, I will let him see that I am not afraid of my own strength; I will show him I can go *what* length I please, and stop short *when* I please." Had Flatterwell heard this boastful speech, he would have been quite sure of his man.

About eleven Parley heard the signal agreed upon. It was so gentle as to cause little alarm. So much the worse. Flatterwell never frightened any one, and therefore seldom failed of any one. Parley stole softly down, planted himself at his little window, opened the casement, and spied his new friend. It was pale starlight. Parley was a little frightened, for he thought he perceived one or two persons behind Flatterwell; but the other assured him that it was only his own shadow, which his fears had magnified into a company. "Though I assure you," said he, "I have not a friend but what is as harmless as myself."

They now entered into earnest discourse, in which Flatterwell showed himself a deep politician. He skillfully mixed up, in his conversation, a proper proportion of praise on the pleasures of the wilderness; of compliments to Parley; of ridicule on his master; and of abusive

sneers on THE BOOK, in which the master's laws were written. Against this last he had always a particular spite, for he considered it as the grand instrument by which the master maintained his servants in allegiance; and when they could once be brought to sneer at THE BOOK, there was an end of submission to the master. Parley had not penetration enough to see his drift. "As to THE BOOK, Mr. Flatterwell," said he, "I do not know whether it be true or false; I rather neglect than disbelieve it. I am forced, indeed, to hear it read once a week, but I never look into it myself if I can help it." "Excellent," said Flatterwell to himself, "that is just the same thing. This is safe ground for me; for whether a man does not believe in THE BOOK, or does not attend to it, it comes pretty much to the same, and I generally get him at last."

"Why cannot we be a little nearer, Mr. Parley?" said Flatterwell; "I am afraid of being overheard by some of your master's spies; the window from which you speak is so high; I wish you would come down to the door." "Well," said Parley, "I see no great harm in that. There is a little wicket in the door, through which we can converse with more ease and equal safety. The same fastenings will be still between us." So down he went, but not without a degree of fear and trembling.

The little wicket being now opened, and Flatterwell standing close on the outside of the door, they conversed with great ease. "Mr. Parley," said Flatterwell, "I should not have pressed you so much to admit me into the castle, but out of pure, disinterested regard to your own happiness. I shall get nothing by it, but I cannot

bear to think that a person so wise and amiable should be shut up in this gloomy dungeon, under a hard master, and a slave to the unreasonable tyranny of his Book of Laws. If you admit me, you need have no more waking, no more watching." Here Parley involuntarily slipped back the bolt of the door. "To convince you of my true love," continued Flatterwell, "I have brought a bottle of the most delicious wine, that grows in the wilderness. You shall taste it, but you must put a glass through the wicket to receive it, for it is a singular property in this wine that we of the wilderness cannot succeed in conveying it to you of the castle, without you hold out a vessel to receive it." "Oh, here is a glass," said Parley, holding out a large goblet, which he always kept ready to be filled by any chance comer. The other immediately poured into the capacious goblet a large draught of that delicious, intoxicating liquor, with which the family of the Flatterwells have, for near six thousand years, gained the hearts and destroyed the souls of all the inhabitants of the castle, whenever they have been able to prevail on them to hold out a hand to receive it. This the wise master of the castle well knew would be the case, for he knew what was in men; he knew their propensity to receive the delicious poison of the Flatterwells, and it was for this reason that he gave them The Book of his laws, and planted the hedge, and invented the bolts, and doubled the locks.

As soon as poor Parley had swallowed the fatal draught it acted like enchantment. He at once lost all power of resistance. He had no sense of fear left. He despised his own safety, forgot his master, lost all sight of the

house in the other country, and reached out for another draught, as eagerly as Flatterwell held out the bottle to administer it. "What a fool have I been," said Parley, "to deny myself so long!" "Will you now let me in?" said Flatterwell. "Ay, that I will," said the deluded Parley. Though the train was now increased to near a hundred robbers, yet so intoxicated was Parley, that he did not see one of them except his new friend. Parley eagerly pulled down the bars, drew back the bolts, and forced open the locks, thinking he could never let in his friend soon enough. He had, however, just presence of mind to say, "My dear friend, I hope you are alone." Flatterwell swore he was. Parley opened the door. In rushed, not Flatterwell only, but the whole banditti, who always lurk behind in his train. The moment they had got sure possession, Flatterwell changed his soft tone and cried out in a voice of thunder, "Down with the castle; kill, burn, and destroy."

Rapine, murder, and conflagration, by turns, took place. Parley was the very first whom they attacked. He was overpowered with wounds. As he fell, he cried out, "Oh, my master, I die a victim to my unbelief in thee, and to my own vanity and imprudence. Oh that the guardians of all other castles would hear me with my dying breath repeat my master's admonition, that all *attacks from without will not destroy, unless there is some confederate within.* Oh that the keepers of all other castles would learn from my ruin that he who parleys with temptation is already undone; that he who allows himself to go to the very bounds will soon jump over the hedge; that he who talks out of the window with the

enemy, will soon open the door to him; that he who holds out his hand for the cup of sinful flattery loses all power of resisting; that when he opens the door to one sin, all the rest fly in upon him, and the man perishes as I now do."

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

By Maria Edgeworth

"MAMMA," said Rosamond, after a long silence, "do you know what I have been thinking of all this time?" "No, my dear — What?" "Why, mamma, about my cousin Bell's birthday; do you know what day it is?" "No, I don't remember." "Dear mother! don't you remember it 's the 22d of December, and her birthday is the day after to-morrow? Don't you recollect now? But you never remember about birthdays, mamma. That was just what I was thinking of, that you never remember my sister Laura's birthday, or — or — or *mine*, mamma."

"What do you mean, my dear? I remember your birthday perfectly well." "Indeed! but you never *keep* it, though." "What do you mean by keeping your birthday?" "Oh, mamma, you know very well — as Bell's birthday is kept. In the first place, there is a great dinner." "And can Bell eat more upon her birthday than upon any other day?" "No; nor I should not mind about the dinner, except the mince pies. But Bell has a great many nice things — I don't mean nice eatable things, but nice new playthings, given to her always on her birthday; and everybody drinks her health, and she 's so happy."

"But stay, Rosamond, how you jumble things to-

SHE TWISTED AND UNTWISTED, PLACED AND REPLACED THE BOBBINS, WHILE THE FOOTMAN STOOD LAUGHING AT HER DISTRESS

gether! Is it everybody's drinking her health that makes her so happy? or the new playthings, or the nice mince pies? I can easily believe that she is happy whilst she is eating a mince pie, or whilst she is playing; but how does everybody's drinking her health at dinner make her happy?"

Rosamond paused, and then said she did not know. "But," added she, "the *nice new* playthings, mother!" "But why the nice new playthings? Do you like them only because they are *new?*" "Not *only* — *I* do not like playthings *only* because they are new: but Bell *does*, I believe; for that puts me in mind — Do you know, mother, she had a great drawer full of *old* playthings that she never used, and she said that they were good for nothing, because they were *old;* but I thought many of them were good for a great deal more than the new ones. Now you shall be judge, mamma; I 'll tell you all that was in the drawer."

"Nay, Rosamond, thank you, not just now; I have not time to listen to you."

"Well then, mamma, the day after to-morrow I can show you the drawer. I want you to judge very much, because I am sure I was in the right. And, mother," added Rosamond, stopping her as she was going out of the room, "will you — not now, but when you 've time — will you tell me why you never keep my birthday — why you never make any difference between that day and any other day?" "And will you, Rosamond, — not now, but when you have time to think about it, — tell me why I should make any difference between your birthday and any other day?"

Rosamond thought, but she could not find out any reason; besides, she suddenly recollected that she had not time to think any longer; for there was a certain work-basket to be finished, which she was making for her cousin Bell, as a present upon her birthday. The work was at a stand for want of some filigree paper, and, as her mother was going out, she asked her to take her with her that she might buy some. Her sister Laura went with them.

"Sister," said Rosamond, as they were walking along, "what have you done with your half guinea?" "I have it in my pocket." "Dear! you will keep it forever in your pocket. You know, my godmother when she gave it to you said you would keep it longer than I should keep mine, and I know what she thought by her look at the time. I heard her say something to my mother." "Yes," said Laura, smiling; "she whispered so loud that I could not help hearing her, too. She said I was a little miser." "But did not you hear her say that I was very *generous?* and she 'll see that she was not mistaken. I hope she 'll be by when I give my basket to Bell — Won't it be beautiful? There is to be a wreath of myrtle, you know, round the handle, and a frost ground, and then the medallions —"

"Stay," interrupted her sister, for Rosamond, anticipating the glories of her work-basket, talked and walked so fast that she had passed, without perceiving it, the shop where the filigree paper was to be bought. They turned back. Now it happened that the shop was the corner house of a street, and one of the windows looked out into a narrow lane. A coach full of ladies stopped at

the door, just before they went in, so that no one had time immediately to think of Rosamond and her filigree paper, and she went to the window where she saw her sister Laura looking earnestly at something that was passing in the lane.

Opposite to the window, at the door of a poor-looking house, there was sitting a little girl weaving lace. Her bobbins moved as quick as lightning, and she never once looked up from her work. "Is not she very industrious?" said Laura; "and very honest, too?" added she, in a minute afterwards; for just then a baker with a basket of rolls on his head passed, and by accident one of the rolls fell close to the little girl. She took it up eagerly, looked at it as if she was very hungry, then put aside her work, and ran after the baker to return it to him. Whilst she was gone, a footman in a livery laced with silver, who belonged to the coach that stood at the shop door, as he was lounging with one of his companions, chanced to spy the weaving pillow, which she had left upon a stone before the door. To divert himself (for idle people do mischief often to divert themselves) he took up the pillow, and entangled all the bobbins. The little girl came back out of breath to her work; but what was her surprise and sorrow to find it spoiled. She twisted and untwisted, placed and replaced, the bobbins, while the footman stood laughing at her distress. She got up gently, and was retiring into the house, when the silver-laced footman stopped her, saying insolently, "Sit still, child." "I must go to my mother, sir," said the child; "besides, you have spoiled all my lace. I can't stay." "Can't you?" said the brutal footman, snatching her weaving

pillow again; "I 'll teach you to complain of me." And he broke off, one after another, all the bobbins, put them into his pocket, rolled her weaving pillow down the dirty lane, then jumped up behind his mistress's coach, and was out of sight in an instant.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Rosamond, no longer able to restrain her indignation at this injustice; "poor little girl!"

At this instant her mother said to Rosamond, "Come, now, my dear, if you want this filigree paper, buy it." "Yes, madam," said Rosamond; and the idea of what her godmother and her cousin Bell would think of her generosity rushed again upon her imagination. All her feelings of pity were immediately suppressed. Satisfied with bestowing another exclamation upon the "*poor little girl!*" she went to spend her half guinea upon her filigree baskct. In the meantime, she that was called the "*little miser*" beckoned to the poor girl, and, opening the window, said, pointing to the cushion, "Is it quite spoiled?" "Quite! quite spoiled! and I can't, nor mother neither, buy another; and I can't do anything else for my bread." A few, but very few, tears fell as she said this.

"How much would another cost?" said Laura. "Oh, a great — *great* deal." "More than that?" said Laura, holding up her half guinea. "Oh, no." "Then you can buy another with that," said Laura, dropping the half guinea into her hand; and she shut the window before the child could find words to thank her, but not before she saw a look of joy and gratitude, which gave Laura more pleasure probably than all the praise which could have been bestowed upon her generosity.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Late on the morning of her cousin's birthday, Rosamond finished her work-basket. The carriage was at the door — Laura came running to call her; her father's voice was heard at the same instant; so she was obliged to go down with her basket but half wrapped up in silver paper — a circumstance at which she was a good deal disconcerted; for the pleasure of surprising Bell would be utterly lost if one bit of the filigree should peep out before the proper time. As the carriage went on, Rosamond pulled the paper to one side and to the other, and by each of the four corners.

"It will never do, my dear," said her father, who had been watching her operations. "I am afraid you will never make a sheet of paper cover a box which is twice as large as itself."

"It is not a box, father," said Rosamond, a little peevishly; "it 's a basket."

"Let us look at this basket," said he, taking it out of her unwilling hands, for she knew of what frail materials it was made, and she dreaded its coming to pieces under her father's examination. He took hold of the handle rather roughly; when, starting off the coach seat, she cried, "Oh, sir! father! sir! you will spoil it, indeed!" said she, with increased vehemence, when, after drawing aside the veil of silver paper, she saw him grasp the myrtle-wreathed handle. "Indeed, sir, you will spoil the poor handle."

"But what is the use of *the poor handle*," said her father, "if we are not to take hold of it? And pray," continued he, turning the basket round with his finger and thumb, rather in a disrespectful manner, "pray, is

this the thing you have been about all this week? I have seen you all this week dabbling with paste and rags; I could not conceive what you were about. Is this the thing?" "Yes, sir. You think, then, that I have wasted my time, because the basket is of no use; but then it is for a present for my cousin Bell." "Your cousin Bell will be very much obliged to you for a present that is of no use. You had better have given her the purple jar."

"Oh, father! I thought you had forgotten that — it was two years ago; I 'm not so silly now. But Bell will like the basket, I know, though it is of no use."

"Then you think Bell is sillier *now* than you were two years ago. Well, perhaps that is true; but how comes it, Rosamond, now that you are so wise, that you are fond of such a silly person?" "*I*, father?" said Rosamond, hesitating; "I don't think I am *very* fond of her." "I did not say *very* fond." "Well, but I don't think I am at all fond of her." "But you have spent a whole week in making this thing for her." "Yes, and all my half guinea, besides."

"Yet you think her silly, and you are not fond of her at all; and you say you know this thing will be of no use to her."

"But it is her birthday, sir; and I am sure she will *expect* something, and everybody else will give her something."

"Then your reason for giving is because she expects you to give her something. And will you, or can you, or should you, always give, merely because others *expect* or because somebody else gives?" "Always? — no, not always." "Oh, only on birthdays."

Rosamond, laughing: "Now you are making a joke of me, papa, I see; but I thought you liked that people should be generous, — my godmother said that she did." "So do I, full as well as your godmother; but we have not yet quite settled what it is to be generous." "Why, is it not generous to make presents?" said Rosamond. "That is the question which it would take up a great deal of time to answer. But, for instance, to make a present of a thing that you know can be of no use to a person you neither love nor esteem, because it is her birthday, and because everybody gives her something, and because she expects something, and because your godmother says she likes that people should be generous, seems to me, my dear Rosamond, to be, since I must say it, rather more like folly than generosity."

Rosamond looked down upon the basket, and was silent. "Then I am a fool, am I?" said she, looking up at last. "Because you have made *one* mistake? No. If you have sense enough to see your own mistakes, and can afterwards avoid them, you will never be a fool."

Here the carriage stopped, and Rosamond recollected that the basket was uncovered.

Now we must observe that Rosamond's father had not been too severe upon Bell when he called her a silly girl. From her infancy she had been humored; and at eight years old she had the misfortune to be a spoiled child. She was idle, fretful, and selfish, so that nothing could make her happy. On her birthday she expected, however, to be perfectly happy. Everybody in the house tried to please her, and they succeeded so well that between breakfast and dinner she had only six fits of crying.

The cause of five of these fits no one could discover: but the last, and most lamentable, was occasioned by a disappointment about a worked muslin frock; and accordingly, at dressing time, her maid brought it to her, exclaiming, "See here, miss, what your mamma has sent you on your birthday. Here 's a frock fit for a queen — if it had but lace round the cuffs." "And why has not it lace around the cuffs? mamma said it should." "Yes, but mistress was disappointed about the lace; it is not come home." "Not come home, indeed! and did n't they know it was my birthday? But then I say I won't wear it without the lace — I can't wear it without the lace, and I won't."

The lace, however, could not be had; and Bell at length submitted to let the frock be put on. "Come, Miss Bell, dry your eyes," said the maid who *educated* her; "dry your eyes, and I 'll tell you something that will please you."

"What, then?" said the child, pouting and sobbing. "Why — but you must not tell that I told you." "No, — but if I am asked?" "Why, if you are asked, you must tell the truth, to be sure. So I 'll hold my tongue, miss." "Nay, tell me, though, and I 'll never tell — if I *am* asked." "Well, then," said the maid, "your cousin Rosamond is come, and has brought you the most *beautifullest* thing you ever saw in your life; but you are not to know anything about it till after dinner, because she wants to surprise you; and mistress has put it into her wardrobe till after dinner." "Till after dinner!" repeated Bell impatiently; "I can't wait till then; I must see it this minute." The maid refused her several times, till

Bell burst into another fit of crying, and the maid, fearing that her mistress would be angry with *her*, if Bell's eyes were red at dinner time, consented to show her the basket.

"How pretty! But let me have it in my own hands," said Bell, as the maid held the basket up out of her reach. "Oh, no, you must not touch it; for if you should spoil it, what would become of me?" "Become of you, indeed!" exclaimed the spoiled child, who never considered anything but her own immediate gratification — "become of *you*, indeed! what signifies that? I shan't spoil it; and I will have it in my own hands. If you don't hold it down for me directly, I 'll tell that you showed it to me." "Then you won't snatch it?" "No, no, I won't indeed," said Bell; but she had learned from her maid a total disregard of truth. She snatched the basket the moment it was within her reach. A struggle ensued, in which the handle and lid were torn off, and one of the medallions crushed inwards, before the little fury returned to her senses.

Calmed at this sight, the next question was, how she should conceal the mischief which she had done. After many attempts, the handle and lid were replaced; the basket was put exactly in the same spot in which it had stood before, and the maid charged the child "*to look as if nothing was the matter.*"

We hope that both children and parents will here pause for a moment to reflect. The habits of tyranny, meanness, and falsehood, which children acquire from living with bad servants, are scarcely ever conquered in the whole course of their future lives.

After shutting up the basket they left the room, and in the adjoining passage they found a poor girl waiting with a small parcel in her hand. "What 's your business?" said the maid. "I have brought home the lace, madam, that was bespoke for the young lady." "Oh, you have, have you, at last?" said Bell; "and pray why didn't you bring it sooner?" The girl was going to answer, but the maid interrupted her, saying, "Come, come, none of your excuses; you are a little idle, good-for-nothing thing, to disappoint Miss Bell upon her birthday. But now you have brought it, let us look at it!"

The little girl gave the lace without reply, and the maid desired her to go about her business, and not to expect to be paid; for that her mistress could not see anybody, *because* she was in a room full of company.

"May I call again, madam, this afternoon?" said the child timidly.

"Lord bless my stars!" replied the maid, "what makes people so poor, I *wonders!* I wish mistress would buy her lace at the warehouse, as I told her, and not of these folks. Call again! yes, to be sure. I believe you 'd call, call, call twenty times for twopence."

However ungraciously the permission to call again was granted, it was received with gratitude. The little girl departed with a cheerful countenance, and Bell teased her maid till she got her to sew the long-wished-for lace upon her cuffs.

Unfortunate Bell! All dinner time passed, and people were so hungry, so busy, or so stupid, that not an eye observed her favorite piece of finery; till at length she was no longer able to conceal her impatience, and

turning to Laura, who sat next to her, she said, "You have no lace upon your cuffs. Look how beautiful mine is! — is not it? Don't you wish your mamma could afford to give some like it? But you can't get any if she would, for this was made on purpose for me on my birthday, and nobody can get a bit more anywhere, if they would give the world for it." "But cannot the person who made it," said Laura, "make any more like it?" "No, no, no!" cried Bell; for she had already learned, either from her maid or her mother, the mean pride which values things, not for being really pretty or useful, but for being such as nobody else can procure. "Nobody can get any like it, I say," repeated Bell; "nobody in all London can make it but one person, and that person will never make a bit for anybody but me, I am sure. Mamma won't let her, if I ask her not." "Very well," said Laura coolly, "I do not want any of it; you need not be so violent: I assure you that I don't want any of it." "Yes, but you do, though," said Bell, more angrily. "No, indeed," said Laura, smiling. "You do, in the bottom of your heart; but you say you don't to plague me, I know," cried Bell, swelling with disappointed vanity. "It is pretty for all that, and it cost a great deal of money, too, and nobody shall have any like it, if they cried their eyes out."

Laura received this declaration in silence. Rosamond smiled; and at her smile the ill-suppressed rage of the spoiled child burst forth into the seventh and loudest fit of crying which had yet been heard on her birthday.

"What 's the matter, my pet?" cried her mother; "come to me and tell me what 's the matter." Bell ran

roaring to her mother; but no otherwise explained the cause of her sorrow than by tearing the fine lace with frantic gestures from her cuffs, and throwing the fragments into her mother's lap. "Oh! the lace, child! — are you mad?" said her mother, catching hold of both her hands. "Your beautiful lace, my dear love — do you know how much it cost?" "I don't care how much it cost; it is not beautiful, and I 'll have none of it," replied Bell, sobbing; "for it is not beautiful." "But it is beautiful," retorted her mother; "I chose the pattern myself. Who has put it into your head, child, to dislike it? Was it Nancy?" "No, not Nancy, but *them*, mamma," said Bell, pointing to Laura and Rosamond. "Oh, fie! don't *point*," said her mother, putting down her stubborn finger; "nor say *them*, like Nancy; I am sure you misunderstood. Miss Laura, I am sure, did not mean any such thing." "No, madam; and I did not say any such thing, that I recollect," said Laura gently. "Oh, no, indeed!" cried Rosamond warmly, rising in her sister's defense.

No defense or explanation, however, was to be heard, for everybody had now gathered round Bell, to dry her tears, and to comfort her for the mischief she had done to her own cuffs. They succeeded so well, that in about a quarter of an hour the young lady's eyes and the reddened arches over her eyebrows came to their natural color; and the business being thus happily hushed up, the mother, as a reward to her daughter for her good humor, begged that Rosamond would now be so good as to produce her "charming present."

Rosamond, followed by all the company, amongst

whom, to her great joy, was her godmother, proceeded to the dressing-room. "Now I am sure," thought she, "Bell will be surprised, and my godmother will see she was right about my generosity."

The doors of the wardrobe were opened with due ceremony, and the filigree basket appeared in all its glory. "Well, this is a charming present, indeed!" said the godmother, who was one of the company; "*my* Rosamond knows how to make presents." And as she spoke, she took hold of the basket, to lift it down to the admiring audience. Scarcely had she touched it, when, lo! the basket fell to the ground, and only the handle remained in her hand. All eyes were fixed upon the wreck. Exclamations of sorrow were heard in various tones; and "Who can have done this?" was all that Rosamond could say. Bell stood in sullen silence, which she obstinately preserved in the midst of the inquiries that were made about the disaster.

At length the servants were summoned, and amongst them Nancy, Miss Bell's maid and governess. She affected much surprise when she saw what had befallen the basket, and declared that she knew nothing of the matter, but that she had seen her mistress in the morning put it quite safe into the wardrobe; and that, for her part, she had never touched it, or thought of touching it, in her born days. "Nor Miss Bell, neither, ma'am, — I can answer for her; for she never knew of its being there, because I never so much as mentioned it to her, that there was such a thing in the house, because I knew Miss Rosamond wanted to surprise her with the secret; so I never mentioned a sentence of it — did I, Miss Bell?"

Bell, putting on the deceitful look which her maid had taught her, answered boldly, "*No;*" but she had hold of Rosamond's hand, and at the instant she uttered this falsehood she squeezed it terribly. "Why do you squeeze my hand so?" said Rosamond, in a low voice; "what are you afraid of?" "Afraid of," cried Bell, turning angrily; "I'm not afraid of anything — I've nothing to be afraid about." "Nay, I did not say you had," whispered Rosamond; "but only if you did by accident — you know what I mean — I should not be angry if you did — only say so." "I say I did not!" cried Bell furiously. "Mamma, mamma! Nancy! my cousin Rosamond won't believe me! That's very hard. It's very rude, and I won't bear it — I won't." "Don't be angry, love, don't," said the maid. "Nobody suspects you, darling," said her mother; "but she has too much sensibility. Don't cry, love; nobody suspected you." "But you know," continued she, turning to the maid, "somebody must have done this, and I must know how it was done. Miss Rosamond's charming present must not be spoiled in this way, in my house, without my taking proper notice of it. I assure you I am very angry about it, Rosamond."

Rosamond did not rejoice in her anger, and had nearly made a sad mistake by speaking aloud her thoughts: "*I was very foolish* —" she began and stopped.

"Ma'am," cried the maid suddenly, "I'll venture to say I know who did it." "Who?" said every one eagerly. "Who?" said Bell, trembling. "Why, miss, don't you recollect that little girl with the lace, that we saw peeping about in the passage? I'm sure she must

have done it; for she was by herself half an hour or more, and not another creature has been in mistress's dressing-room, to my certain knowledge, since morning. Those sort of people have so much curiosity. I'm sure she must have been meddling with it," added the maid.

"Oh, yes, that 's the thing," said the mistress decidedly. "Well, Miss Rosamond, for your comfort she shall never come into my house again." "Oh, that would not comfort me at all," said Rosamond; "besides, we are not sure that she did it, and if —" A single knock at the door was heard at this instant. It was the little girl, who came to be paid for her lace. "Call her in," said the lady of the house; "let us see her directly."

The maid, who was afraid that the girl's innocence would appear if she were produced, hesitated; but upon her mistress repeating her commands, she was forced to obey. The girl came in with a look of simplicity; but when she saw a room full of company she was a little abashed. Rosamond and Laura looked at her and one another with surprise, for it was the same little girl whom they had seen weaving lace. "Is not it she?" whispered Rosamond to her sister. "Yes, it is; but hush," said Laura, "she does not know us. Don't say a word; let us hear what she will say."

Laura got behind the rest of the company as she spoke, so that the little girl could not see her.

"Vastly well!" said Bell's mother; "I am waiting to see how long you will have the assurance to stand there with that innocent look. Did you ever see that basket before?" "Yes, ma'am," said the girl. "*Yes, ma'am!*" cried the maid; "and what else do you know about it?

You had better confess it at once, and mistress, perhaps, will say no more about it." "Yes, do confess it," added Bell earnestly. "Confess what, madam?" said the little girl; "I never touched the basket, madam." "You never *touched* it; but you confess," interrupted Bell's mother, "that you *did see* it before. And, pray, how came you to see it? You must have opened my wardrobe." "No, indeed, ma'am," said the little girl; "but I was waiting in the passage, ma'am, and this door was partly open; and looking at the maid, you know, I could not help seeing it." "Why, how could you see through the doors of my wardrobe?" rejoined the lady.

The maid, frightened, pulled the little girl by the sleeve.

"Answer me," said the lady, "where did you see this basket?" Another stronger pull. "I saw it, madam, in her hands," looking at the maid; "and — " "Well, and what became of it afterwards?" "Ma'am," — hesitating, — "miss pulled, and by accident — I believe, I saw, ma'am — miss, you know what I saw." "I do not know — I do not know; and if I did, you had no business there; and mamma won't believe you, I am sure." Everybody else, however, did believe; and their eyes were fixed upon Bell in a manner which made her feel rather ashamed. "What do you all look at me so for? Why do you all look so? And am I to be put to shame on my birthday?" cried she, bursting into a roar of passion; "and all for this nasty thing!" added she, pushing away the remains of the basket, and looking angrily at Rosamond. "Bell! Bell! oh, fie! fie! Now I *am* ashamed of you; that's quite rude to your cousin," said her mother,

who was more shocked at her daughter's want of politeness than at her falsehood. "Take her away, Nancy, till she has done crying," added she to the maid, who accordingly carried off her pupil.

Rosamond, during this scene, especially at the moment when her present was pushed away with such disdain, had been making reflections upon the nature of true generosity. A smile from her father, who stood by, a silent spectator of the catastrophe of the filigree basket, gave rise to these reflections; nor were they entirely dissipated by the condolence of the rest of the company, nor even by the praises of her godmother, who, for the purpose of condoling with her, said, "Well, my dear Rosamond, I admire your generous spirit. You know I prophesied that your half guinea would be gone the soonest. Did I not, Laura?" said she, appealing, in a sarcastic tone, to where she thought Laura was. "Where is Laura? I don't see her." Laura came forward. "You are too *prudent* to throw away your money like your sister. Your half guinea, I'll answer for it, is snug in your pocket — is it not?" "No, madam," answered she, in a low voice.

But low as the voice of Laura was, the poor little lace girl heard it; and now, for the first time, fixing her eyes upon Laura, recollected her benefactress. "Oh, that's the young lady!" she exclaimed, in a tone of joyful gratitude, "the good, good young lady who gave me the half guinea, and would not stay to be thanked for it; but I *will* thank her now."

"The half guinea, Laura!" said her godmother. "What is all this?" "I'll tell you, madam, if you please," said the little girl.

It was not in expectation of being praised for it that Laura had been generous, and therefore everybody was really touched with the history of the weaving pillow; and whilst they praised, felt a certain degree of respect, which is not always felt by those who pour forth eulogiums. *Respect* is not an improper word, even applied to a child of Laura's age; for let the age or situation of the person be what it may, they command respect who deserve it.

"Ah, madam!" said Rosamond to her godmother, "now you see — you see she is *not* a little miser. I'm sure that's better than wasting half a guinea upon a filigree basket; is it not, ma'am?" said she, with an eagerness which showed that she had forgotten all her own misfortunes in sympathy with her sister. "This is being *really generous*, father, is it not?"

"Yes, Rosamond," said her father, and he kissed her; "this *is* being really generous. It is not only by giving away money that we can show generosity; it is by giving up to others anything that we like ourselves; and therefore," added he, smiling, "it is really generous of you to give your sister the thing you like best of all others."

"The thing I like the best of all others, father," said Rosamond, half pleased, half vexed. "What is that, I wonder? You don't mean *praise*, do you, sir?" "Nay, you must decide that yourself, Rosamond." "Why, sir," said she, ingenuously, "perhaps it *was* ONCE the thing I liked best; but the pleasure I have just felt makes me like something else much better."

TOMMY MERTON MEETS HARRY SANDFORD

By Thomas Day

IN one of the western counties of England lived a gentleman of good fortune, named Merton. Having a large estate in the Island of Jamaica, he had passed the greater part of his life there, and was master of many servants, who cultivated sugar and other valuable things for his advantage. He had only one son, of whom he was exceedingly fond; and to educate this child properly was the reason of his determining to stay some years in England. Tommy Merton, who at the time he came from Jamaica was only six years old, was naturally a well-disposed, good-natured boy, but unfortunately had been spoiled by too much indulgence. While he lived in Jamaica he had several black servants to wait upon him, who were forbidden to contradict him upon any account. If he walked, he was always accompanied by two negroes; one of whom carried a large umbrella to keep the sun from him, and the other was to carry him in his arms whenever he was tired. Besides this he was always dressed in silk or laced clothes, and had a fine gilded carriage borne upon men's shoulders, in which he made visits to his playfellows. His mother was so excessively fond of him that she gave him everything he cried for,

and would never let him learn to read because he complained that it made his head ache.

The consequence of this was, that though Master Merton had everything he wanted, he became fretful and unhappy. Sometimes he ate sweetmeats till he made himself sick, and then he suffered much pain, because he would not take bitter physic to make him well. Sometimes he cried for things that it was impossible to give him, and then, as he had never been used to be contradicted, it was many hours before he could be pacified. When company came to dine at the house, he was always to be helped first and to have the most delicate parts of the meat, otherwise he would make such a noise as disturbed everybody. When his father and mother were sitting at the tea table with their friends, instead of waiting till they were at leisure to attend him, he would scramble upon the table, seize the cake and bread and butter, and frequently overset the cups and saucers. By these pranks he not only made himself disagreeable to every one, but often met with very dangerous accidents. Frequently did he cut himself with knives; at other times pull down heavy things upon his head; and once he narrowly escaped being scalded to death by a kettle of boiling water. He was also so delicately brought up, that he was perpetually ill; the least wind or rain gave him a cold, and the least sun was sure to throw him into a fever. Instead of playing about, and jumping, and running like other children, he was taught to sit still for fear of spoiling his clothes, and to stay in the house for fear of injuring his complexion. By this sort of education, when Master Merton came over to England, he

could neither read, write, nor cipher; he could use none of his limbs with ease, nor bear any degree of fatigue; yet he was very proud, fretful, and impatient.

Very near to Mr. Merton's seat lived a plain, honest farmer, named Sandford. This man had, like Mr. Merton, an only son, not much older than Master Merton, whose name was Harry. Harry, as he had been always accustomed to run about in the fields, to follow the laborers while they were plowing, and to drive the sheep to their pasture, was active, strong, hardy, and fresh-colored. He was neither so fair nor so delicately shaped as Master Merton, but he had an honest, good-natured countenance, which made everybody love him; was never out of humor, and took the greatest pleasure in obliging everybody. If little Harry, while eating his dinner, saw a poor wretch who wanted food, he was sure to give him half, and sometimes the whole; nay, so very kind was he to everything, that he would never go into the fields to take the eggs of poor birds, or their young ones, nor practice any other sort of sport which gave pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as we are ourselves, though they have no words to express their sufferings. Once, indeed, Harry was caught twirling a cockchafer round, which he had fastened by a crooked pin to a long piece of thread: but this was through ignorance and want of thought; for, as soon as his father told him that the poor helpless insect felt as much, or more than he would do were a knife thrust through his hand, he burst into tears, and took the poor insect home, where he fed him during a fortnight upon fresh leaves; and, when perfectly recovered, he turned him out to enjoy liberty and the

fresh air. Ever since that time, Harry had been so careful and considerate, that he would step out of the way for fear of hurting a worm, and employed himself in doing kind offices to all the animals in the neighborhood. He used to pat and stroke the horses as they were at work, and fill his pockets with acorns for the pigs. If he walked in the fields, he was sure to gather green boughs for the sheep, who were so fond of him that they followed him wherever he went. In the winter time, when the ground was covered with frost and snow, and the poor little birds could get at no food, he would often go supperless to bed, that he might feed the robin redbreasts. Even toads, and frogs, and spiders, and all such disagreeable things, which most people destroy wherever they find them, were perfectly safe with Harry: he used to say they had a right to live as well as we, and that it was cruel and unjust to kill creatures only because we did not like them.

These sentiments made Harry a great favorite with everybody, particularly with the clergyman of the parish, who became so fond of him that he taught him to read and write, and had him almost always with him. Indeed, it was not surprising that Mr. Barlow showed so particular an affection for him; for besides learning with the greatest readiness everything that was taught him, little Harry was the most honest, obliging creature in the world. Whatever he was desired to do, he was never discontented, nor did he ever grumble. And then you might believe Harry in everything he said; for though he could have gained a plum cake by telling an untruth, and was certain that speaking the truth would expose

him to a severe whipping, he never hesitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children who place their whole happiness in eating; for give him only a morsel of dry bread for his dinner, and he would be satisfied, though you placed sweetmeats, and fruit, and every other nicety, in his way.

Master Merton became acquainted with this little boy in the following manner: — As he and the maid were walking in the fields on a fine summer's morning, diverting themselves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and running after butterflies, a large snake suddenly started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. The fright they were both in at this accident may be imagined; the maid ran away shrieking for help, while the child, in an agony of terror, did not dare to stir from the spot where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near, came running up, and asked what was the matter? Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry sensible of what had happened. Harry, who, though young, was a boy of a most courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened; and instantly seizing the snake by the neck with as much dexterity as resolution, tore him from Tommy's leg, and threw him off to a great distance.

Just as this happened, Mrs. Merton, and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place, as Tommy was recovering his spirits and thanking his brave little deliverer. Her first emotions were to catch her darling up in her arms, and after giving

him a thousand kisses, to ask him whether he had received any hurt.

"No," said Tommy, "indeed I have not, mamma; but I believe that nasty ugly beast would have bitten me if that little boy had not come and pulled him off."

"And who are you, my dear," said she, "to whom we are all so obliged?"

"Harry Sandford, madam."

"Well, my child, you are a dear, brave little creature, and you shall go home and dine with us."

"No, thank you, madam; my father will want me."

"And who is your father, my sweet boy?"

"Farmer Sandford, madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill."

"Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth: will you?"

"If you please, madam, if I may have my own father and mother, too."

Mrs. Merton instantly despatched a servant to the farmer's; and taking little Harry by the hand, she led him to the mansion, where she found Mr. Merton, whom she entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger and Harry's bravery.

Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was carried through costly apartments, where everything that could please the eye, or contribute to convenience, was assembled. He saw large looking-glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains of the finest silk; and the very plates and knives and forks were silver. At dinner he was placed close to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits, and engaged

him to eat with the most endearing kindness; but, to the astonishment of everybody, he appeared neither pleased nor surprised at anything he saw. Mrs. Merton could not conceal her disappointment; for, as she had always been accustomed to a great degree of finery herself, she had expected it should make the same impression upon everybody else. At last, seeing him eye a small silver cup with great attention, out of which he had been drinking, she asked him whether he should not like to have such a fine thing to drink out of; and added, that though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would with great pleasure give it to his little friend.

"Yes, that I will," said Tommy; "for you know, mamma, I have a much finer one than that made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver."

"Thank you with all my heart," said little Harry; "but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home."

"How!" said Mrs. Merton; "does your father eat and drink out of silver?"

"I don't know, madam, what you call this; but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, just such as the cows wear upon their heads."

"The child is a simpleton, I think," said Mrs. Merton. "And why are they better than silver ones?"

"Because," said Harry, "they never make us uneasy."

"Make you uneasy, my child!" said Mrs. Merton, "what do you mean?"

"Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks just like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it, and looked as though you had been

just ready to drop. Now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it."

"I protest," said Mrs. Merton to her husband, "I do not know what to say to this boy, he makes such strange observations."

The fact was, that during dinner one of the servants had let fall a large piece of plate, which, as it was very valuable, had made Mrs. Merton not only look very uneasy, but give the man a severe scolding for his carelessness.

After dinner Mrs. Merton filled a large glass of wine, and giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up; but he thanked her, and said he was not thirsty.

"But, my dear," said she, "this is very sweet and pleasant, and as you are a good boy, you may drink it up."

"Ay! but, madam, Mr. Barlow says that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are thirsty; and that we must eat and drink only such things as are easily met with; otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get them. And this was the way that the Apostles did, who were all very good men."

Mr. Merton laughed at this.

"And pray," said he, "little man, do you know who the Apostles were?"

"Oh yes, sir, to be sure I do!"

"And who were they?"

"Why, sir, there was a time when people had grown so very wicked that they did not care what they did; and the great folk were all proud, and minded nothing but eating, drinking, and sleeping, and amusing themselves; and

took no care of the poor, and would not give a morsel of bread to hinder a beggar from starving; and the poor were all lazy, and loved to be idle better than to work; and little boys were disobedient to their parents, and their parents took no care to teach them anything that was good; and all the world was very bad, very bad indeed. And then there came a very good man indeed, — a man from heaven, whose name was Christ; and he went about doing good to everybody, and curing people of all sorts of diseases, and taught them what they ought to do: and he chose out twelve other very good men, and called them Apostles; and these Apostles went about the world doing as he did, and teaching people as he taught them. And they never minded what they ate or drank, but lived upon dry bread and water; and when anybody offered them money, they would not take it, but told them to be good, and give it to the poor and the sick: and so they made the world a great deal better. And therefore it is not fit to mind what we live upon, but we should take what we can get, and be contented; just as the beasts and birds do, who lodge in the open air, and live upon herbs, and drink nothing but water; and yet they are strong, and active, and healthy."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Merton, "this little man is a great philosopher; and we should be much obliged to Mr. Barlow if he would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great boy, and it is time that he should know something. What say you, Tommy, should you like to be a philosopher?"

"Indeed, papa, I don't know what a philosopher is; but I should like to be a king; because he 's finer and

richer than anybody else, and has nothing to do, and everybody waits upon him, and is afraid of him."

"Well said, my dear," replied Mrs. Merton; and rose and kissed him; "and a king you deserve to be with such a spirit; and here 's a glass of wine for you for making such a pretty answer. And should not you like to be a king, too, little Harry?"

"Indeed, madam, I don't know what that is; but I hope I shall soon be big enough to go to plow, and get my own living; and then I shall want nobody to wait upon me."

"What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen!" whispered Mrs. Merton to her husband, looking rather contemptuously upon Harry.

"I am not sure," said Mr. Merton, "that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son: but should not you like to be rich, my dear?" said he, turning to Harry.

"No, indeed, sir."

"No, simpleton," said Mrs. Merton; "and why not?"

"Because the only rich man I ever saw is Squire Chase who lives hard by; and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuses the poor; and they say he does all this because he 's rich; but everybody hates him, though they dare not tell him so to his face: and I would not be hated for anything in the world."

"But should you not like to have a fine laced coat, and a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you?"

"As to that, madam, one coat is as good as another,

if it will but keep one warm; and I don't want to ride, because I can walk wherever I choose; and, as to servants, I should have nothing for them to do, if I had a hundred of them."

Mrs. Merton continued to look at him with a sort of contemptuous astonishment, but did not ask him any more questions.

In the evening little Harry was sent home to his father; who asked him what he had seen at the great house, and how he liked being there?

"Why," replied Harry, "they were all very kind to me, for which I 'm much obliged to them; but I had rather have been at home, for I never was so troubled in all my life to get a dinner. There was one man to take away my plate, and another to give me drink, and another to stand behind my chair, just as though I had been lame or blind and could not have waited upon myself; and then there was so much to do with putting this thing on, and taking another off, I thought it would never have been over: and, after dinner, I was obliged to sit two whole hours without ever stirring, while the lady was talking to me, not as Mr. Barlow does, but wanting me to love fine clothes, and to be a king, and to be rich, that I might be hated like Squire Chase."

TOMMY DECIDES TO STUDY ARITHMETIC

By Thomas Day

THE little boys returned to a diversion they had been amusing themselves with for several days, — the forming a prodigious snowball. They had begun by making a small globe of snow with their hands, which they turned over and over, till, by continually collecting fresh matter, it grew so large that they were unable to roll it any farther. Here Tommy observed that their labors must end, "for it was impossible to turn it any longer." "No," said Harry, "I know a remedy for that." So he ran and fetched a couple of thick sticks, about five feet long, and giving one of them to Tommy, he took the other himself. He then desired Tommy to put the end of his stick under the mass, while he did the same on his side, and then, lifting at the other end, they rolled the heap forward with the utmost ease.

Tommy was extremely surprised at this, and said, "How can this be? We are not a bit stronger than we were before, and yet now we are able to roll this snowball along with ease, which we could not even stir before."

"That is very true," answered Harry, "but it is owing to these sticks. This is the way that the laborers move the largest trees, which, without this contrivance, they would not be able to stir." "I am very much surprised

at this," said Tommy; "I never should have imagined that the sticks would have given us more strength than we had before."

Just as he had said this, by a violent effort both their sticks broke short in the middle. "This is no great loss," observed Tommy, "for the ends will do just as well as the whole sticks."

They then tried to force the ball again with the truncheons which remained in their hands; but, to the new surprise of Tommy, they found they were unable to effect their object. "That is very curious indeed," said Tommy; "I find that only long sticks are of any use." "That," said Harry, "I could have told you before; but I had a mind you should find it out yourself. The longer the stick is, provided it be sufficiently strong, and you can manage it, the more easily will you succeed." "This is really very strange," replied Tommy: "but I see some of Mr. Barlow's laborers at work a little way off; let us go to them, and request them to cut us two longer sticks, that we may try their effect."

They then went up to the men who were at work, but here a new subject of admiration presented itself to Tommy's mind. There was a root of a prodigious oak tree, so large and heavy, that half a dozen horses would scarcely have been able to draw it along; besides, it was so tough and knotty, that the sharpest axe could hardly make any impression upon it. This a couple of old men were attempting to cleave in pieces, in order to make billets for Mr. Barlow's fire.

Tommy, who thought their strength totally disproportionate to such an undertaking, could not help pitying

them, and observing that certainly Mr. Barlow "did not know what they were about, or he would have prevented such poor weak old men from fatiguing themselves about what they never could perform." "Do you think so?" replied Harry; "what would you then say, if you were to see me, little as I am, perform this wonderful task, with the assistance of one of these good people?" So he took up a wooden mallet, — an instrument which, although much larger, resembles a hammer, — and began beating the root, which he did for some time, without making the least impression. Tommy, who imagined that for this time his friend Harry was caught, began to smile, and told him "that he would break a hundred mallets to pieces before he made the least impression upon the wood." "Say you so?" answered Harry, smiling; "then I believe I must try another method." So he stooped down, and picked up a small piece of rough iron, about six inches long, which Tommy had not observed before, as it lay upon the ground. This iron was broad at the top, but gradually sloped all the way down, till it came to a thin edge at the bottom. Harry then took it up, and with a few blows drove it a little way into the body of the root. The old man and he then struck alternately with their mallets upon the head of the iron, till the root began to gape and crack on every side, and the iron was totally buried in the wood.

"There," said Harry, "this first wedge has done its business very well; two or three more will finish it." He then took up another larger wedge, and inserting the bottom of it between the wood and the top of the former one, which was now completely buried in the root, began

to beat upon it as he had done before. The root now cracked, and split on every side of the wedges, till a prodigious cleft appeared quite down to the bottom. Thus did Harry proceed, still continuing his blows, and inserting new and larger wedges, as fast as he had driven the former down, till he had completely effected what he had undertaken, and entirely separated the immense mass of wood into two unequal parts.

Harry then said, "Here is a very large log, but I think you and I can carry it in to mend the fire; and I will show you something else that will surprise you." So he took a pole of about ten feet long, and hung the log upon it by a piece of cord which he found there; then he asked Tommy which end of the pole he choose to carry? Tommy, who thought it would be most convenient to have the weight near him, chose that end of the pole near which the weight was suspended, and put it upon his shoulder, while Harry took the other end. But when Tommy attempted to move, he found that he could hardly bear the pressure; however, as he saw Harry walk briskly away under his share of the load, he determined not to complain.

As they were walking in this manner, Mr. Barlow met them; and seeing poor Tommy laboring under his burden, asked him who had loaded him in that manner? Tommy said it was Harry. Upon this Mr. Barlow smiled, and said, "Well, Tommy, this is the first time I ever saw your friend Harry attempt to impose upon you; but he is making you carry about three times the weight which he supports himself." Harry replied "that Tommy had chosen that himself, and that he should directly have in-

formed him of his mistake, but that he had been so surprised at seeing the common effects of a lever, that he wished to teach him some other facts about it;" then, shifting the ends of the pole, so as to support that part which Tommy had done before, he asked him "if he found his shoulder anything easier than before?" "Indeed, I do," replied Tommy; "but I cannot conceive how, for we carry the same weight between us that we did before, and just in the same manner." "Not quite in the same manner," answered Mr. Barlow; "for, if you observe, the log is a great deal farther from your shoulder than from Harry's; by which means he now supports just as much as you did before, and you, on the contrary, as little as he did when I met you." "This is very extraordinary, indeed," said Tommy; "I find there are a great many things that I did not know, nor even my mamma, nor any of the fine ladies that come to our house." "Well," replied Mr. Barlow, "if you have acquired so much useful knowledge already, what may you expect to do in a few years more?"

Mr. Barlow then led Tommy into the house, and showed him a stick of about four feet long, with a scale hung at each end. "Now," said he, "if you place this stick over the back of a chair, so that it may rest exactly upon the middle, you see the two scales will just balance each other. So, if I put into each of them an equal weight they will still remain suspended. In this method we weigh everything that is bought; only, for the greater convenience, the beam of the scale, which is the same thing as this stick, is generally hung up to something else by its middle. But let us now move the stick, and see

what will be the consequence." Mr. Barlow then pushed the stick along in such a manner that, when it rested upon the back of the chair, there were three feet of it on one side, and only one on the other. That side which was the longer instantly came to the ground as heavier. "You see," said Mr. Barlow, "if we would now balance them, we must put a greater weight on the shorter side;" so he kept adding weights, till Tommy found that one pound on the longer side would exactly balance three on the shorter; for as much as the longer side exceeded the shorter in length, so much did the weight which was hung at that end require to exceed that on the longer side.

"This," said Mr. Barlow, "is what they call a *lever*, and all the sticks that you have been using to-day are only levers of a different construction. By these short trials you may conceive the prodigious advantage which they are of to men; for thus can one man move a weight which half a dozen would not be able to move with their hands alone; thus may a little boy like you do more than the strongest man could effect, who might not be acquainted with these secrets. As to that instrument by which you were so surprised that Harry could cleave such a vast body of wood, it is called a *wedge*, and is almost equally useful with the lever. The whole force of it consists in its being gradually narrower and narrower, till at last it ends in a thin edge capable of penetrating the smallest chink. By this we are enabled to overthrow the largest oaks, to cleave their roots, almost as hard as iron itself, and even to split the solid rocks." "All this," said Tommy, "is wonderful indeed! and I need

not ask the use of these instruments, because I see it plainly in the experiments I have made to-day."

"One thing more," added Mr. Barlow; "as we are upon this subject, I will show you." So he led them into the yard, to the bottom of his granary, where stood a heavy sack of corn. "Now," said Mr. Barlow, "if you are so stout a fellow as you imagine, take up this sack of corn, and carry it up the ladder into the granary." "That," replied Tommy, laughing, "is impossible; and I doubt, sir, whether you could do it yourself." "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "we will at least try what is to be done." He then led them up into the granary, and showing them a middle-sized wheel with a handle fixed upon it, desired the boys to turn it round. They began to turn it with some little difficulty; and Tommy could hardly believe his eyes, when, presently after, he saw the sack of corn, which he had despaired of moving, mounted up into the granary, and safely landed upon the floor. "You see," said Mr. Barlow, "here is another ingenious contrivance, by which the weakest person may perform the work of the strongest. This is called the *wheel* and *axis*. You see this wheel, which is not very large, turns round an axle which goes into it, and is much smaller; and at every turn, the rope to which the weight is fixed that you want to move, is twisted round the axle. Now, just as much as the breadth of the whole wheel is greater than that of the axle which it turns round, so much greater is the weight that the person who turns it can move, than he could do without it!" "Well," said Tommy, "I see it is a fine thing, indeed, to acquire knowledge; for by these means one not only increases

one's understanding, but one's bodily strength. But are there no more, sir, of these ingenious contrivances? for I should like to understand them all." "Yes," answered Mr. Barlow, "there are more; and all of them you shall be perfectly acquainted with in time; but for this purpose, you should be able to write, and comprehend something of arithmetic." — *Tommy.* What is arithmetic, sir? — *Mr. Barlow.* That is not so easy to make you understand at once; I will, however, try to explain it. Do you see the grains of wheat, which lie scattered in the window? — *T.* Yes, sir. — *Mr. B.* Can you count how many there are? — *T.* There are just five-and-twenty of them. — *Mr. B.* Very well. Here is another parcel; how many grains are there? — *T.* Just fourteen. — *Mr. B.* If there are fourteen grains in one heap, and twenty-five in the other, how many grains are there in all? or, how many do fourteen and twenty-five make?

Tommy was unable to answer, and Mr. Barlow proposed the same question to Harry, who answered that together they made thirty-nine. "Again," said Mr. Barlow, "I will put the two heaps together; and then how many will there be?" — *T.* Thirty-nine. — *Mr. B.* Now look, I have just taken away nineteen from the number; how many do you think remain? — *T.* I will count them. — *Mr. B.* And cannot you tell without counting? How many are there, Harry? — *Harry.* Twenty, sir. — *Mr. B.* All this is properly the art of arithmetic; which is the same as that of counting, only it is done in a much shorter and easier way, without the trouble of having the things always before you. Thus,

for instance, if you wanted to know how many barley-corns were in this sack, you would perhaps be a week in counting the whole number. — *T.* Indeed, I believe I should. — *Mr. B.* If you understood arithmetic, you might do it in five minutes. — *T.* That is extraordinary, indeed; I can hardly conceive it possible. — *Mr. B.* A bushel of corn weighs about fifty pounds: this sack contains four bushels; so that there are just two hundred pounds' weight in all. Now every pound contains sixteen ounces; and sixteen times two hundred makes thirty-two hundred ounces. So that you have nothing to do but to count the number of grains in a single ounce, and there will be thirty-two hundred times that number in the sack. — *T.* I declare this is curious, indeed; and I should like to learn arithmetic. Will Harry and you teach me, sir? — *Mr. B.* You know we are always ready to improve you. But before we leave this subject, I must tell you a little story. There was a gentleman who was extremely fond of beautiful horses, and did not grudge to give the highest prices for them. One day a horse courser came to him, and showed him one so handsome that he thought it superior to all he had ever seen before. He mounted him, and found his paces equally excellent; for, though he was full of spirit, he was gentle and tractable as could be wished. So many perfections delighted the gentleman, and he eagerly demanded the price. The horse courser answered, that he would abate nothing of two hundred guineas; the gentleman, although he admired the horse, would not consent to give it; and they were just on the point of parting. As the man was turning his back, the gentleman called out to him, and said,

"Is there no possible way of our agreeing? for I would give you anything in reason for such a beautiful creature." "Why," replied the dealer, who was a shrewd fellow, and perfectly understood calculation, "if you do not like to give me two hundred guineas, will you give me a farthing for the first nail the horse has in his shoe, two farthings for the second, four for the third, and so go doubling throughout the whole twenty-four? for there are no more than twenty-four nails in all his shoes." The gentleman gladly accepted the condition, and ordered the horse to be led away to his stables. — *T.* This fellow must have been a very great blockhead, to ask two hundred guineas, and then to take a few farthings for his horse. — *Mr. B.* The gentleman was of the same opinion; however, the horse courser added, "I do not mean, sir, to tie you down to this last proposal, which, upon consideration, you may like as little as the first; all that I require is, that, if you are dissatisfied with your bargain, you will promise to pay me down the two hundred guineas which I first asked." This the gentleman willingly agreed to, and then called the steward to calculate the sum, for he was too much of a gentleman to be able to do it himself. The steward sat down with his pen and ink, and after some time gravely wished his master joy, and asked him "in what part of England the estate was situated that he was going to purchase. "Are you mad?" replied the gentleman: "it is not an estate, but a horse, that I have just bargained for; and here is the owner of him, to whom I am going to pay the money." "If there be any madness, sir," replied the steward, "it certainly is not on my side: the sum you have ordered

me to calculate comes just to seventeen thousand four hundred and seventy-six pounds, besides some shillings and pence, and surely no man in his senses would give this price for a horse." The gentleman was more surprised than he had ever been before, to hear the assertion of his steward; but when, upon examination, he found it no more than the truth, he was very glad to compound for his foolish agreement, by giving the horse courser the two hundred guineas, and dismissing him. — *T.* This is quite incredible, that a farthing just doubled a few times, should amount to such a prodigious sum: however, I am determined to learn arithmetic, that I may not be imposed upon in this manner; for I think a gentleman must look very silly under such circumstances.

MOSES GOES TO THE FAIR

FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

By Oliver Goldsmith

AS the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

. . . [As night draws near, the Vicar expresses surprise that Moses remains so long at the fair.]

"Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I 'll warrant we 'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I 'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without an horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then." "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are: a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice: "and you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone

will sell for double the money." "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper, varnished over." "What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!" "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire." "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us; as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying, that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value.

The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD REBELS

FROM MALLEVILLE

By Jacob Abbott

WHEN the boys came, two or three of them together, to propose to Beechnut that they should go up into the woods and encamp, the next Saturday afternoon, he said in reply, —

"Yes; I should like that very much. Give notice to all the boys that are going, to meet here at one o'clock, and I will organize them. They must bring their sleds, and every boy must bring as much as he will want to eat, himself, and no more."

"What shall they bring?" said Arthur.

"Just what they please," replied Beechnut — "cooked or not cooked. If it is not cooked, we can cook it in the woods by our camp-fire. Every boy must wrap up his ration in a piece of paper, and write his name upon the outside. I shall appoint a quartermaster to take care of the stores when you get here. Is Parker going?"

"Yes," said Arthur; "he wants to go."

"Well, tell him to get a company ready, and to have them all armed and equipped, for an advance guard, or a rear guard. He may take such boys as he chooses, but not more than four. Who has got some flags?"

"I have got two," said Arthur.

"And Phonny has got one," said Beechnut. "That will be enough. Bring your two flags, and tell the boys to be sure and be here before one o'clock."

The boys, having received these instructions, went away.

The next Saturday, the boys began to assemble long before the time appointed, so highly interested were they in the expedition. Beechnut conducted them, when all had arrived, to the great gateway behind the house, which led to the pasture road, as this was a convenient place for organizing the expedition.

He then proceeded to make the arrangements which he had previously determined upon in his own mind. He appointed Parker commander-in-chief of the forces, and directed him to call out his men, and arrange them two and two for a rear guard. He then said that he must have a corps of pioneers, that is, men to go before and prepare the way, so far as any preparation might be necessary, and remove any difficulties and obstructions which might hinder the progress of the expedition. He appointed Arthur to command this corps, and asked him to choose four good strong, able-bodied boys to go with him on this service. Arthur selected the boys, called them aside, and marshaled them two and two in order of march.

"Now for the quartermaster's department," said Beechnut.

Saying this, he looked around among the boys that were left, in order to select from them in his own mind one who appeared the strongest and most active, for quartermaster. The name of the boy whom he fixed

upon was Golf. Golf was a large and somewhat clumsy boy, and, though good-natured and accommodating in spirit and in character, he was not a very great favorite among the other boys. This was partly on account of a certain roughness in his appearance and manners, which was not very agreeable, though it was generally quite harmless in its effects.

Golf had accordingly not been chosen, either by Arthur for a pioneer, or by Parker for one of the rear guard, and he looked as if he felt a little neglected. This confirmed Beechnut in his determination to make him quartermaster.

"We want," — continued Beechnut, looking around upon the boys who were left, as if making a selection, — "we want now a good capable boy for quartermaster. He must take care of all the stores and provisions. He and his assistants will have plenty of hard work to do in hauling the baggage trains, and so they must be capable men. Golf, I appoint you quartermaster. Choose now, from the boys that are left, four good men for assistants."

Golf seemed highly pleased with his appointment, and looking around with a scrutinizing eye, he chose four assistants. There were now three boys left, the three smallest. Phonny was one. The names of the other two were James and Jeremiah.

"That is right," said Beechnut. "These three are the standard bearers."

So he gave the flags to the three small boys, and appointed them their stations. James was to march with the pioneers, and Phonny with the rear guard. The

third boy, Jeremiah, was to march in the centre of the column, directly before Beechnut himself.

Beechnut then directed the quartermaster to send two of his men with one of the sleds back to the barn to obtain and bring two or three buffalo skins, which he told him he would find hung up there. Golf was to take them down, fold them up carefully in a square form, and lash them upon the sled with a cord, and then come back to the rendezvous.

"I 'll go myself," said Golf.

"No," said Beechnut, "you must obey the orders; send two of your men. I have got other work for you to do."

So Golf designated two of his men for the required service, and they went away toward the barn.

"Now," said Beechnut, addressing Golf again, "send another man into the yard near the house, and there, under the great apple tree, he will find a sled with a box fastened upon it; let him bring it here."

Golf accordingly sent a messenger for this sled. As soon as he returned with it, Beechnut directed all the boys to carry the parcels containing their provisions to Golf, in order that he might put them in this box, packing them all safely. Golf performed the duty of receiving and stowing these parcels with great zeal and fidelity, and by the time this work was completed the other boys came back with the sled and the buffaloes. Then Beechnut said he believed that they were all ready to be formed in order of march. He accordingly stationed the pioneers along the road in a column two by two, with their captain at the head, and the standard bearer in the middle.

Then came Beechnut himself, with Jeremiah his standard bearer. Next came the quartermaster's department, with the loaded sleds. Each sled was drawn by two men. Golf himself marched at the head of them, and was to assist in going up steep ascents, or in surmounting any other obstructions or difficulties which might occur on the way. After the quartermaster and the train of baggage, came the rear guard, with Parker at the head of them. Thus the column was formed.

When all was ready Beechnut took out a small brass hunting horn from his pocket.

"This is my trumpet," said he. "Whenever I blow one short blast, it is a signal for you to stop. If I blow two blasts, it means that you must march on. If I blow one long blast, it means that you must all come together to my standard, wherever it is. I shall have occasion to blow the long blast when you are scattered about in the woods, after we get to our encampment, and I want to call you together again. If I blow a great many short blasts, it means that you must retreat. You can remember it because it sounds like people running. If I blow these blasts very quick and short, it means that the enemy is close upon us, and you must run for your lives."

"Now let us see," continued Beechnut, "whether you remember. What does one short blast mean?"

"Halt," said the boys.

"Two?" said Beechnut.

"March on," said the boys.

"A long blast?" said Beechnut.

"Assemble." "Meet." "Come to you," said the boys, answering variously.

"And a great many short blasts?" said Beechnut.

"We must run for our lives," said the boys.

"Very well," said Beechnut. "And now we will begin."

So saying, he put the trumpet to his lips and blew the signal for marching, which consisted of two short sounds; and immediately the long column put itself in motion, the pioneers advancing at the head, and the rest following in regular order. The standard bearers waved the banners in the air.

Malleville had been watching all this process of organization from one of the windows of the house. Phonny invited her to join the party when it was first formed, but she said she did not like to go with all those boys. She, however, took a great interest in the plan and in all the arrangements; and after the column was formed and commenced its march, she watched it as it went up the pasture road, following the long procession with her eyes until it passed around the foot of the precipice, and the last soldier of the rear guard had disappeared.

The command had a great variety of adventures on their way up into the woods. Beechnut several times blew his trumpet to stop the column on one pretext or another, and then, after a moment's pause to let the men rest, he would blow the signal for an advance, and so put the column in motion again. He would stop, too, very frequently at points where there was something remarkable in the spot itself, or in the scenery around it, and

calling the place by some distinguished name which the boys had been familiar with in their geographies, he would call for three cheers in honor of it, which the boys would give with great energy, waving their caps in the air and making the woods and hills around ring with their vociferations. Thus he kept his company in a state of continual animation and excitement all the way.

When they reached the woods, Beechnut chose a place for the encampment in the margin of a grove of trees, where there was a small opening looking toward the south and west. The sun shone into this opening very pleasantly. Beechnut began at once to make preparations for building the fire, and set the boys at work collecting logs, and sticks, and fragments of decayed stumps and roots, from the vicinity. This was a somewhat difficult task, as the logs, and fragments of stumps, were often partly enveloped in snow and frozen down. Nearly all of the boys engaged in the work with great alacrity. Parker, however, who very often felt above employing himself in any useful labor, did not seem inclined to do his share. He walked away very independently and took his seat upon a rock that was near, together with another younger boy named Thomas, whose temperament and character were somewhat similar to his own, and there he sat quite at his ease.

"Parker," said Golf, at length, in a somewhat rude and complaining tone, "why don't you come and help us get some wood? Do you think that all the rest of us are going to work for you?"

"Do you attend to your own business," said Parker, "and I will attend to mine."

Golf then came to Beechnut and complained of Parker's "laziness," as he termed it, and called upon Beechnut to make him do his share of the work.

"No," said Beechnut, "never mind; if he is not willing to do his part, let him go. We can build a fire big enough for ourselves and for him, too."

The boys looked at Parker and began to be very much dissatisfied with him, and he, perceiving that they were forming and expressing unfavorable opinions respecting his conduct, instead of being convinced that he was in the wrong and returning to his duty, only began to cherish unfriendly feelings against them in return.

"I 'll let them know," said he to his companion, Thomas, "that I will do as I have a mind to."

So saying, he rose from the seat where he had been sitting, and walked very deliberately toward the fire; for while these things had been taking place the boys had collected quite a little pile of fuel, and the quartermaster had kindled a blaze under one side of it. Parker accordingly walked to the fire with a very haughty and independent air, and taking the sled which had the buffalo skins upon it, he drew up to the best place before the fire, and sat down upon the buffaloes, which being folded up in a square form, like a bale, made a very soft and comfortable seat. Thomas, who had followed him, stood by his side.

"There!" said one of the small boys to Beechnut, who was at a little distance from the fire, gathering fuel, "now he has got all our buffaloes."

Golf looked toward Parker, and when he saw what he had done, he exclaimed gruffly, —

"Get off of that sled, Parker, and let me have those buffaloes — I 'm quartermaster."

Parker made no reply. In fact he took no notice of Golf whatever.

By this time a general feeling of excitement and indignation was beginning to manifest itself among the whole party. Beechnut, perceiving that the case was becoming somewhat serious, went to the fire, followed by the other boys.

"Parker," said he, "have you taken your seat upon that bundle of buffaloes to prevent our having them?"

Parker did not answer.

"We brought those buffaloes up here," continued Beechnut, "to spread upon the snow around our fire, to sit upon. We want them, and we have a right to them. You ought to get up and give them to us."

"Well," said Parker, "I will, by and by, when I have done warming my feet."

Thomas laughed a little, when Parker said this. The other boys looked perfectly grave.

Beechnut hesitated a moment, as if he were a little perplexed, and then he turned around to go away, saying, "Boys! come with me."

The boys all followed him excepting Thomas. He remained with Parker.

Beechnut led the boys off to a smooth and open part of the ground, where they could consult toegther, out of Parker's hearing. When he stopped, the boys gathered around him.

"Well, boys," said he; "we have got into a difficulty. What do you think we had better do?"

The boys did not answer. At length one said, "I think he ought to give us our buffalo skins."

"Yes," said Beechnut; "that is very plain. But what shall we do?"

No one seemed to know.

"There is one comfort for us," said Beechnut, "and that is that *we* have not done anything wrong ourselves, yet; and we will try not to do anything wrong. We will let the wrong be all on his side — the whole of it — from the beginning to the end. But what can we do that will be *right?*"

"We can take the buffaloes away from him," said one of the boys.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "I think that would be right. We have a right to our own buffaloes. We can go and pull them away from under him, and tumble him out upon the ground."

"Yes," said several of the boys; "let us do that."

"Another plan," continued Beechnut; "we can go and make him a prisoner, for a rebel as he is. He is spoiling our pleasures and robbing us of our property. We can go and seize him and tie him to a tree, and keep him there a prisoner, until we are ready to go down; and then we can let him go."

"But Thomas would go and untie him," said Arthur.

"If he attempts to do that," replied Beechnut, "we can tie him, too. There are enough of us, and we are strong enough, to tie them both."

"Well!" said a great many of the boys, "let us do that."

"There is another plan," said Beechnut. "We can all resolve that we will not speak a word to either of them

all the afternoon. We can go back to the fire, and go on with our business, and pay no attention to them at all — not answer any of their questions, or speak to them, or pay any attention to them whatever."

Several of the more peaceable of the boys thought that this would be a good plan.

"There is one other plan," said Beechnut; "and that is, to overlook the thing entirely. We can go back to the fire, and treat Parker and Thomas just as if nothing had happened, and as if they were both doing right; that is, get some hemlock branches to spread down upon the snow, and leave Parker to sit upon the buffaloes as long as he pleases; and, in the meantime, talk to them both so far as there is any occasion, just as if nothing had happened."

Some of the boys preferred one plan, and some another. At last they asked Beechnut which they thought it was best for them to adopt.

"I think they are all good plans," replied Beechnut; "but I think the last is the best. At any rate, that is the one which we will adopt. Let us go back to the fire, and see who will be most good-natured, and act the most as if nothing had happened."

While the boys had been holding this consultation, Parker, from his seat upon the buffalo robes, had been watching them with great curiosity and interest. He knew very well that they were consulting respecting him, and wondered what measures Beechnut would decide to adopt. He felt self-condemned for his conduct, and was half inclined to get up and go away, leaving the property which he had so unjustly seized, to its rightful owners.

He was on the point of doing this, in fact, when Beechnut and his party came to the end of their consultation, and began to advance toward the fire; but Thomas put his good intentions to flight, by saying, —

"There! they are coming to take the buffaloes away from you."

This declaration touched Parker's pride. He was resolved that they should not take the buffaloes away, if he could prevent it. So he kept his seat, and said to Thomas, —

"I should like to see them try."

The boys came up to the vicinity of the fire, and there, without taking any special notice of Parker and Thomas, and without, on the other hand, exhibiting any appearance of a desire to avoid them, went to work breaking off the small branches from the spruce and hemlock trees around, and strewing them upon the ground and upon the snow, on the windward side of the fire. Parker watched this operation a minute or two, until he saw what the boys were doing, and inferred from it that they had decided to leave him to himself, and then he began to feel that he had placed himself in a very foolish and ridiculous position.

He was greatly perplexed to know what to do. To continue to sit where he was, all the time, seemed very awkward and absurd. To get up and go to work helping the boys strew hemlock branches on the ground appeared, if possible, more absurd still. He thought of simply getting up and going away from the sled of buffaloes; but there was no particular place to go to, and nothing particular to do. While he was in the

midst of these perplexities, Beechnut, looking around upon the carpet of branches and boughs which the boys had made, said, in a tone of satisfaction, —

"There! that will do very well. Now, quartermaster, go to the baggage train and get out the rations, and let your assistants distribute them to the men."

The paper parcels were accordingly taken out of the box, and by dint of a great deal of going to and fro, and calling of different names, delivered to their respective owners. The scene was, in fact, very much like that of the distribution of the trunks and baggage on the arrival of a train of cars at a city railroad station. In the midst of the distribution, Golf came toward the fire with Parker's parcel in his hand. Thomas had gone to the box to procure his. Golf approached, saying, —

"Here, Parker, here is your ration."

Receiving his ration under these circumstances made Parker feel worse instead of better. The boys gathered around the fire and began to open their parcels. Some took out apples and put them down before the fire to roast. Others made holes in the embers, and put in potatoes which they had brought with them, and then covered them over again. Some began to toast their bread; and one boy had a small pie in a tin pan, which his mother, as she happened to be making pies that day, made up for him just before he came away. He said that he was going to bake it, if he could only find a place for an oven.

Parker felt very uncomfortable and ill at ease. Presently he watched his opportunity, when he thought the boys were not observing him particularly, and rising

from his seat, assuming all the time as careless and unconcerned an air as possible, he began to saunter away.

Presently he came back to the fire in another direction, and sat down among the boys. They answered him when he spoke, and spoke to him themselves occasionally, acting toward him in fact precisely as if nothing had happened. He himself had a great mind to tell them that they might have their buffaloes, but he was a little ashamed to speak of the subject. He hoped that when they saw that he had abandoned them, they would take them themselves, of their own accord.

In a few minutes, however, Beechnut seeing that Parker had left the sled, said, —

"Parker, have you done with those buffaloes?"

"Yes," said Parker, hanging his head.

"Well, boys, then we will take them and spread them upon these boughs to make softer seats for us."

But the boys said that the seats were soft enough, and they decided that they would make a throne for Beechnut with them. So they went to the box in which the provisions had been brought up, took it off from the sled, and placed it upon its side against a small tree near the fire. They spread the buffaloes upon this seat, and insisted that Beechnut should have it for his throne.

Things being thus arranged, the boys went on with the work of preparing their dinners or warming their feet by the fire, while Beechnut sat upon his throne and amused them by inventing and relating to them various entertaining stories. The trees sheltered them from the

wind, and yet, as the place was open toward the south, the sun shone in upon them, making the encampment very warm and pleasant, independently of the influence of the fire.

The difficulty with Parker was gradually forgotten, and the boys enjoyed themselves very much in preparing and eating their dinners. Parker joined with them by degrees in the conversation, but he did not, as he ought to have done, freely acknowledge that he had done wrong. If he had thus acknowledged his fault, all unpleasant thoughts connected with the affair would soon have been forgotten. As it was, however, the afternoon passed away very pleasantly, until at length the time came for packing the baggage again and setting out on the return home. The boys were somewhat dispersed when Beechnut decided to return, many of them having gone into the woods in the neighborhood of the encampment. Beechnut blew a long blast with his horn, to call them together, and then gave the necessary orders for packing the baggage and preparing to march.

"And now," said he, "I suppose I must appoint a new captain of the guard, for my old captain has rebelled and deserted."

"No," said Parker, "I have not deserted."

"Why, suppose an officer refuses to obey orders, and leaves the ranks, don't you think he is a deserter, even though he does not go away, but remains loitering about the company?"

"I don't know," said Parker hesitatingly. "I'm not a deserter."

"Are you willing to be tried?" said Beechnut. "If you are willing to be tried, we 'll have a court-martial."

"Yes, yes," said all the boys, "let us have a court-martial."

"No," replied Parker moodily. "I am not going to be tried."

"Very well," said Beechnut. "Then you are dismissed. You cannot join any of our parties again till you have been tried by a court-martial for this rebellion."

BUSY IDLENESS

By Jane Taylor

MRS. DAWSON being obliged to leave home for six weeks, her daughters, Charlotte and Caroline, received permission to employ the time of her absence as they pleased; that is, she did not require of them the usual strict attention to particular hours and particular studies, but allowed them to choose their own employments, — only recommending them to make a good use of the license, and apprising them, that, on her return, she should require an exact account of the manner in which the interval had been employed.

The carriage that conveyed their mother away was scarcely out of hearing, when Charlotte, delighted with her freedom, hastened upstairs to the schoolroom, where she looked around on books, globes, maps, drawings, to select some new employment for the morning. Long before she had decided upon any, her sister had quietly seated herself at her accustomed station, thinking that she could do nothing better than finish the French exercise she had begun the day before. Charlotte, however, declined attending to French that day, and after much indecision, and saying "I have a great mind to" three several times without finishing the sentence, she at last took down a volume of Cowper,

and read in different parts for about half an hour. Then throwing it aside, she said she had a great mind to put the bookshelves in order, — a business which she commenced with great spirit. But in the course of her laudable undertaking, she met with a manuscript in shorthand; whereupon she exclaimed to her sister, "Caroline, don't you remember that old Mr. Henderson once promised he would teach us shorthand? How much I should like to learn! Only, mamma thought we had not time. But now, this would be such a good opportunity. I am sure I could learn it well in six weeks; and how convenient it would be! One could take down sermons, or anything; and I could make Rachel learn, and then how very pleasant it would be to write to each other in shorthand! Indeed, it would be convenient in a hundred ways." So saying, she ran upstairs, without any further delay, and putting on her hat and spencer, set off to old Mr. Henderson's.

Mr. Henderson happened to be at dinner. Nevertheless, Charlotte obtained admittance on the plea of urgent business; but she entered his apartment so much out of breath, and in such apparent agitation, that the old gentleman, rising hastily from table, and looking anxiously at her over his spectacles, inquired in a tremulous tone what was the matter. When, therefore, Charlotte explained her business, he appeared a little disconcerted; but having gently reproved her for her undue eagerness, he composedly resumed his knife and fork, though his hand shook much more than usual during the remainder of his meal. However, being very good-natured, as soon as he had dined he cheerfully gave Charlotte her first

lesson in shorthand, promising to repeat it regularly every morning.

Charlotte returned home in high glee. She at this juncture considered shorthand as one of the most useful, and decidedly the most interesting of acquirements; and she continued to exercise herself in it all the rest of the day. She was exceedingly pleased at being able already to write two or three words which neither her sister nor even her father could decipher. For three successive mornings Charlotte punctually kept her appointment with Mr. Henderson; but on the fourth she sent a shabby excuse to her kind master; and, if the truth must be told, he from that time saw no more of his scholar. Now the cause of this desertion was twofold: first, and principally, her zeal for shorthand, which for the last eight-and-forty hours had been sensibly declining in its temperature, was, on the above morning, within half a degree of freezing point; and, second, a new and far more arduous and important undertaking had by this time suggested itself to her mind. Like many young persons of desultory inclinations, Charlotte often amused herself with writing verses; and it now occurred to her that an abridged history of England in verse was still a desideratum in literature. She commenced this task with her usual diligence; but was somewhat discouraged in the outset by the difficulty of finding a rhyme to Saxon, whom she indulged the unpatriotic wish that the Danes had laid a tax on. But, though she got over this obstacle by a new construction of the line, she found these difficulties occur so continually that she soon felt a more thorough disgust at this employment than at the preced-

ing one. So the epic stopped short, some hundred years before the Norman conquest. Difficulty, which quickens the ardor of industry, always damps, and generally extinguishes, the false zeal of caprice and versatility.

Charlotte's next undertaking was, to be sure, a rapid descent from the last in the scale of dignity. She now thought, that, by working very hard during the remainder of the time, she should be able to accomplish a patch-work counterpane, large enough for her own little tent bed; and the ease of this employment formed a most agreeable contrast in her mind with the extreme difficulty of the last. Accordingly, as if commissioned with a search warrant, she ransacked all her mother's drawers, bags, and bundles in quest of new pieces; and these spoils proving very insufficient, she set off to tax all her friends, and to tease all the linen drapers in the town for their odds and ends, urging that she wanted some particularly. As she was posting along the street on this business, she espied at a distance a person whom she had no wish to encounter, namely, old Mr. Henderson. To avoid the meeting she crossed over. But this manœuvre did not succeed; for no sooner had they come opposite to each other, than, to her great confusion, he called out across the street, in his loud and tremulous voice, and shaking his stick at her, "How d' ye do, Miss Shorthand? I thought how it would be! Oh, fie! Oh, fie!"

Charlotte hurried on; and her thoughts soon returned to the idea of the splendid radiating star which she designed for the centrepiece of her counterpane. While she was arranging the different patterns, and forming the alterations of light and shade, her interest continued

nearly unabated; but when she came to the practical part of sewing piece to piece with unvarying sameness, it began, as usual, to flag. She sighed several times, and cast many disconsolate looks at the endless hexagons and octagons, before she indulged any distinct idea of relinquishing her task. At length, however, it did forcibly occur to her that, after all, she was not obliged to go on with it; and that, really, patchwork was a thing that was better done by degrees, when one happens to want a job, than to be finished all at once. So, with this thought (which would have been a very good one if it had occurred in proper time), she suddenly drew out her needle, thrust all her pieces, arranged and unarranged, into a drawer, and began to meditate a new project.

Fortunately, just at this juncture some young ladies of their acquaintance called upon Charlotte and Caroline. They were attempting to establish a society amongst their young friends for working for the poor, and came to request their assistance. Caroline very cheerfully entered into the design; but as for Charlotte, nothing could exceed the forwardness of her zeal. She took it up so warmly that Caroline's appeared, in comparison, only lukewarm. It was proposed that each member of the society should have an equal proportion of the work to do at her own house; but when the articles came to be distributed, Charlotte, in the heat of her benevolence, desired that a double portion might be allotted to her. Some of the younger ones admired her industrious intentions, but the better judging advised her not to undertake too much at once. However, she would not be satisfied till her request was complied with. When the

parcels of work arrived, Charlotte with exultation seized the larger one, and without a minute's delay commenced her charitable labors. The following morning she rose at four o'clock, to resume the employment; and not a little self-complacency did she feel, when, after nearly two hours' hard work, she still heard Caroline breathing in a sound sleep. But, alas! Charlotte soon found that work is work, of whatever nature, or for whatever purpose. She now inwardly regretted that she had asked for more than her share; and the cowardly thought that after all she was not obliged to do it next occurred to her. For the present, therefore, she squeezed all the things, done and undone, into what she called her "Dorcas bag;" and to banish unpleasant thoughts, she opened the first book that happened to lie within reach. It proved to be "An Introduction to Botany." Of this she had not read more than a page and a half before she determined to collect some specimens herself; and having found a blank copy book she hastened into the garden, where, gathering a few common flowers, she proceeded to dissect them, not, it is to be feared, with much scientific nicety. Perhaps as many as three pages of this copy book were bespread with her specimens before she discovered that botany was a dry study.

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the subsequent ephemeral undertakings which filled up the remainder of the six weeks. At the expiration of that time Mrs. Dawson returned. On the next morning after her arrival she reminded her daughters of the account she expected of their employments during her absence, and desired them to set out on two tables in the school-

room everything they had done that could be exhibited, together with the books they had been reading. Charlotte would gladly have been excused her part of the exhibition; but this was not permitted; and she reluctantly followed her sister to make the preparation.

When the two tables were spread, their mother was summoned to attend. Caroline's, which was first examined, contained, first, her various exercises in the different branches of study, regularly executed the same as usual. And there were papers placed in the books she was reading in school hours, to show how far she had proceeded in them. Besides these, she had read in her leisure time, in French, Florian's "Numa Pompilius;" and in English, Mrs. More's "Practical Piety," and some part of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." All the needlework which had been left to do or not, at her option, was neatly finished; and her parcel of linen for the poor was also completely and well done. The only instance in which Caroline had availed herself of her mother's license, was that she had prolonged her drawing lessons a little every day, in order to present her mother with a pretty pair of screens, with flowers copied from nature. These were, last of all, placed on the table with an affectionate note, requesting her acceptance of them.

Mrs. Dawson, having carefully examined this table, proceeded to the other, which was quite piled up with different articles. Here, amid the heap, were her three pages of shorthand; several scraps of paper containing fragments of her poetical history; the piece (not large enough for a doll's cradle) of her patchwork counterpane; her botanical specimens; together with the large

unfinished pile out of the Dorcas bag, — many of the articles of which were begun, but not one quite finished. There was a baby's cap with no border, a frock body without sleeves, and the skirt only half hemmed at the bottom; and slides, tapes, and buttonholes were all, without exception, omitted. After these, followed a great variety of thirds, halves, and quarters of undertakings, each perhaps good in itself, but quite useless in its unfinished state.

The examination being at length ended, Mrs. Dawson retired, without a single comment, to her dressing-room; where, in about an hour afterwards, she summoned the girls to attend her. Here also were two tables laid out, with several articles on each. Their mother then leading Caroline to the first, told her that, as the reward of her industry and perseverance, the contents of the table were her own. Here, with joyful surprise, she beheld, first, a little gold watch, which Mrs. Dawson said she thought a suitable present for one who had made a good use of her time; a small telescope next appeared; and lastly, Paley's "Natural Theology," neatly bound. Charlotte was then desired to take possession of the contents of the other table, which were considerably more numerous. The first prize she drew out was a very beautiful French fan; but upon opening it, it stretched out in an oblong shape, for want of the pin to confine the sticks at bottom. Then followed a new parasol; but when unfurled there was no catch to confine it, so that it would not remain spread. A penknife handle without a blade, and the blade without the handle, next presented themselves to her astonished gaze. In great

confusion she then unrolled a paper which discovered a telescope apparently like her sister's; but on applying it to her eye, she found it did not contain a single lens, — so that it was no better than a roll of pasteboard. She was, however, greatly encouraged to discover that the last remaining article was a watch; for, as she heard it tick, she felt no doubt that this at least was complete; but upon examination she discovered that there was no hour hand, the minute hand alone pursuing its lonely and useless track.

Charlotte, whose conscience had very soon explained to her the moral of all this, now turned from the tantalizing table in confusion, and burst into an agony of tears. Caroline wept also; and Mrs. Dawson, after an interval of silence, thus addressed her daughters: —

"It is quite needless for me to explain my reasons for making you such presents, Charlotte. I assure you your papa and I have had a very painful employment the past hour in spoiling them all for you. If I had found on your table in the schoolroom any one thing that had been properly finished, you would have received one complete present to answer it; but this you know was not the case. I should be very glad if this disappointment should teach you what I have hitherto vainly endeavored to impress upon you, — that as all those things, pretty or useful as they are in themselves, are rendered totally useless for want of completeness, so exertion without perseverance is no better than busy idleness. That employment does not deserve the name of industry which requires the stimulus of novelty to keep it going. Those who will only work so long as they are amused will

do no more good in the world, either to themselves or others, than those who refuse to work at all. If I had required you to pass the six weeks of my absence in bed or in counting your fingers, you would, I suppose, have thought it a sad waste of time; and yet I appeal to you whether (with the exception of an hour or two of needlework) the whole mass of articles on your table could produce anything more useful. And thus, my dears, may life be squandered away, in a succession of busy nothings.

"I have now a proposal to make to you. These presents, which you are to take possession of as they are, I advise you to lay by carefully. Whenever you can show me anything that you have begun, and voluntarily finished, you may at the same time bring with you one of these things, beginning with those of least value, to which I will immediately add the part that is deficient. Thus, by degrees, you may have them all completed; and if by this means you should acquire the wise and virtuous habit of perseverance, it will be far more valuable to you than the richest present you could possibly receive."

THE BARRING OUT, OR PARTY SPIRIT

By Maria Edgeworth

THE mother of mischief," says an old proverb, "is no bigger than a midge's wing."

At Doctor Middleton's school there was a great tall dunce of the name of Fisher, who never could be taught how to look out a word in the dictionary. He used to torment everybody with — "Do pray help me! I can't make out this one word." The person who usually helped him in his distress was a very clever, good-natured boy, of the name of De Grey, who had been many years under Dr. Middleton's care, and who, by his abilities and good conduct, did him great credit. The doctor certainly was both proud and fond of him; but he was so well beloved, or so much esteemed, by his companions, that nobody had ever called him by the odious name of favorite, until the arrival of a new scholar of the name of Archer.

Till Archer came, the ideas of *favorites* and *parties* were almost unknown at Dr. Middleton's; but he brought all these ideas fresh from a great public school, at which he had been educated — at which he had acquired a sufficient quantity of Greek and Latin, and a super-abundant quantity of party spirit. His aim, the moment he came to a new school, was to get to the head of it, or

at least to form the strongest party. His influence, for he was a boy of considerable abilities, was quickly felt, though he had a powerful rival, as he thought proper to call him, in De Grey; and, with *him*, a rival was always an enemy. De Grey, so far from giving him any cause of hatred, treated him with a degree of cordiality which would probably have had an effect upon Archer's mind, if it had not been for the artifices of Fisher.

It may seem surprising that a *great dunce* should be able to work upon a boy like Archer, who was called a great genius; but when genius is joined to a violent temper, instead of being united to good sense, it is at the mercy even of dunces.

Fisher was mortally offended one morning by De Grey's refusing to translate his whole lesson for him. He went over to Archer, who, considering him as a partisan deserting from the enemy, received him with open arms, and translated his whole lesson, without expressing *much* contempt for his stupidity. From this moment Fisher forgot all De Grey's former kindness, and considered only how he could in his turn mortify the person whom he felt to be so much his superior.

De Grey and Archer were now reading for a premium, which was to be given in their class. Fisher betted on Archer's head, who had not sense enough to despise the bet of a blockhead. On the contrary, he suffered him to excite the spirit of rivalship in its utmost fury by collecting the bets of all the school; so that this premium now became a matter of the greatest consequence, and Archer, instead of taking the means to secure a judgment in his favor, was listening to the opinions of all his companions.

It was a prize which was to be won by his own exertions; but he suffered himself to consider it as an affair of chance. The consequence was, that he trusted to chance; his partisans lost their wagers, and he the premium — and his temper.

"Mr. Archer," said Dr. Middleton, after the grand affair was decided, "you have done all that genius alone could do; but you, De Grey, have done all that genius and industry united could do."

"Well!" cried Archer, with affected gayety, as soon as the doctor had left the room — "well, I 'm content with *my* sentence. Genius alone for me; industry for those who *want* it," added he, with a significant look at De Grey.

Fisher applauded this as a very spirited speech; and, by insinuations that Dr. Middleton "always gave the premium to De Grey," and "that those who had lost their bets might thank themselves for it, for being such simpletons as to bet against the favorite," he raised a murmur highly flattering to Archer amongst some of the most credulous boys; whilst others loudly proclaimed their belief in Dr. Middleton's impartiality. These warmly congratulated De Grey. At this Archer grew more and more angry, and when Fisher was proceeding to speak nonsense *for* him, pushed forward into the circle to De Grey, crying, "I wish, Mr. Fisher, you would let me fight my own battles!"

"And *I* wish," said young Townsend, who was fonder of diversions than of premiums, or battles, or of anything else — "*I* wish that we were not to have any battles; after having worked like horses, don't set about to fight

like dogs. Come," said he, tapping De Grey's shoulder, "let us see your new playhouse, do — it 's a holiday, and let us make the most of it. Let us have the 'School for Scandal,' do; and I 'll play Charles for you, and you, De Grey, shall be *my little Premium*. Come, do open this new playhouse of yours to-night."

"Come, then!" said De Grey; and he ran across the playground to a waste building at the farthest end of it, in which, at the earnest request of the whole community, and with the permission of Dr. Middleton, he had with much pain and ingenuity erected a theatre.

"The new theatre is going to be opened! Follow the manager! Follow the manager!" echoed a multitude of voices.

"*Follow the manager!*" echoed very disagreeably in Archer's ear; but as he could not be *left alone*, he was also obliged to follow the manager. The moment that the door was unlocked, the crowd rushed in; the delight and wonder expressed at the sight were great, and the applause and thanks which were bestowed upon the manager were long and loud.

Archer at least thought them long, for he was impatient till his voice could be heard. When at length the acclamations had spent themselves, he walked across the stage with a knowing air, and looking round contemptuously, —

"And is *this* your famous playhouse?" cried he. "I wish you had, any of you, seen the playhouse *I* have been used to?"

These words made a great and visible change in the feelings and opinions of the public. "Who would be a

servant of the public? or who would toil for popular applause?" A few words spoken in a decisive tone by a new voice operated as a charm, and the playhouse was in an instant metamorphosed in the eyes of the spectators. All gratitude for the past was forgotten, and the expectation of something better justified to the capricious multitude their disdain of what they had so lately pronounced to be excellent.

Every one now began to criticise. One observed "that the green curtain was full of holes, and would not draw up." Another attacked the scenes. "Scenes! they were not like real scenes — Archer must know best, because he was used to these things." So everybody crowded to hear something of the *other* playhouse. They gathered round Archer to hear the description of his playhouse, and at every sentence insulting comparisons were made. When he had done, his auditors looked round, sighed, and wished that Archer had been their manager. They turned from De Grey as from a person who had done them an injury. Some of his friends — for he had friends who were not swayed by the popular opinion — felt indignation at this ingratitude, and were going to express their feelings; but De Grey stopped them, and begged that he might speak for himself.

"Gentlemen," said he, coming forward, as soon as he felt that he had sufficient command of himself; "my friends, I see you are discontented with me and my playhouse. I have done my best to please you; but if anybody else can please you better, I shall be glad of it. I did not work so hard for the glory of being your manager. You have my free leave to tear down —" Here his voice

faltered, but he hurried on — "You have my free leave to tear down all my work as fast as you please. Archer, shake hands first, however, to show that there 's no malice in the case."

Archer, who was touched by what his rival said, stopped the hand of his new partisan, Fisher, and cried, "No, Fisher! no! — no pulling down. We can alter it. There is a great deal of ingenuity in it, considering."

In vain Archer would now have recalled the public to reason, — the time for reason was past: enthusiasm had taken hold of their minds. "Down with it! Down with it! Archer forever!" cried Fisher, and tore down the curtain. The riot once begun, nothing could stop the little mob, till the whole theatre was demolished. The love of power prevailed in the mind of Archer; he was secretly flattered by the zeal of his *party*, and he mistook their love of mischief for attachment to himself. De Grey looked on superior. "I said I could bear to see all this, and I can," said he; "now it is all over." And now it was all over, there was silence. The rioters stood still to take breath, and to look at what they had done. There was a blank space before them.

In this moment of silence there was heard something like a female voice. "Hush! What strange voice is that?" said Archer. Fisher caught fast hold of his arm. Everybody looked round to see where the voice came from. It was dusk. Two window shutters at the farthest end of the building were seen to move slowly inwards. De Grey, and, in the same instant, Archer, went forward; and, as the shutters opened, there appeared through the hole the dark face and shriveled hands of a very old

gypsy. She did not speak; but she looked first at one and then at another. At length she fixed her eyes on De Grey. "Well, my good woman," said he, "what do you want with me?" "Want! — nothing — with *you*," said the old woman; "do you want nothing with *me?*" "Nothing," said De Grey. Her eye immediately turned upon Archer — "*You* want something with me," said she, with emphasis. "I — what do I want?" replied Archer. "No," said she, changing her tone, "you want nothing — nothing will you ever want, or I am much mistaken in that *face*."

In that *watch chain*, she should have said, for her quick eye had espied Archer's watch chain. He was the only person in the company who had a watch, and she therefore judged him to be the richest.

"Had you ever your fortune told, sir, in your life?" "Not I," said he, looking at De Grey, as if he was afraid of his ridicule, if he listened to the gypsy. "Not you! No! for you will make your own fortune, and the fortune of all that belong to you!"

"There 's good news for my friends," cried Archer. "And I 'm one of them, remember that," cried Fisher. "And I," "And I," joined a number of voices. "Good luck to them!" cried the gypsy; "good luck to them all!"

Then, as soon as they had acquired sufficient confidence in her good-will, they pressed up to the window. "There," cried Townsend, as he chanced to stumble over the carpenter's mitre box, which stood in the way, "there 's a good omen for me. I 've stumbled on the mitre box; I shall certainly be a bishop."

Happy he who had sixpence, for he bid fair to be a

judge upon the bench. And happier he who had a shilling, for he was in the high road to be one day upon the woolsack, Lord High Chancellor of England. No one had half a crown, or no one would surely have kept it in his pocket upon such an occasion, for he might have been an archbishop, a king, or what he pleased.

Fisher, who like all weak people was extremely credulous, had kept his post immovable in the front row all the time, his mouth open, and his stupid eyes fixed upon the gypsy, in whom he felt implicit faith.

Those who have least confidence in their own powers, and who have least expectation from the success of their own exertions, are always most disposed to trust in fortune tellers and fortune. They hope to *win*, when they cannot *earn;* and as they can never be convinced by those who speak sense, it is no wonder they are always persuaded by those who talk nonsense.

"I have a question to put," said Fisher, in a solemn tone. "Put it, then," said Archer; "what hinders you?" "But they will hear me," said he, looking suspiciously at De Grey. "*I* shall not hear you," said De Grey, "I am going." Everybody else drew back, and left him to whisper his question in the gypsy's ear. "What is become of my Livy?" "Your *sister* Livy, do you mean?" said the gypsy. "No, my *Latin* Livy."

The gypsy paused for information. "It had a leaf torn out in the beginning, and *I hate Dr. Middleton*—" "Written in it," interrupted the gypsy. "Right — the very book!" cried Fisher, with joy. "But how *could* you know it was Dr. Middleton's name? I thought I had scratched it, so that nobody could make it out." "No-

body *could* make it out but *me*," replied the gypsy. "But never think to deceive me," said she, shaking her head at him in a manner that made him tremble. "I don't deceive you indeed, I tell you the whole truth. I lost it a week ago." "True." "And when shall I find it?" "Meet me here at this hour to-morrow evening, and I will answer you. No more! I must be gone. Not a word more to-night."

She pulled the shutters towards her, and left the youth in darkness. All his companions were gone. He had been so deeply engaged in this conference that he had not perceived their departure. He found all the world at supper, but no entreaties could prevail upon him to disclose his secret. Townsend rallied in vain. As for Archer, he was not disposed to destroy by ridicule the effect which he saw that the old woman's predictions in his favor had had upon the imagination of many of his little partisans. He had privately slipped two good shillings into the gypsy's hand to secure her; for he was willing to pay any price for *any* means of acquiring power.

The watch chain had not deceived the gypsy, for Archer was the richest person in the community. His friends had imprudently supplied him with more money than is usually trusted to boys of his age. Dr. Middleton had refused to give him a larger monthly allowance than the rest of his companions; but he brought to school with him secretly the sum of five guineas. This appeared to his friends and to himself an inexhaustible treasure.

Riches and talents would, he flattered himself, secure to him that ascendency of which he was so ambitious.

"Am I your manager or not?" was now his question. "I scorn to take advantage of a hasty moment; but since last night you have had time to consider. If you desire me to be your manager, you shall see what a theatre I will make for you. In this purse," said he, showing through the network a glimpse of the shining treasure — "in this purse is Aladdin's wonderful lamp. Am I your manager? Put it to the vote."

It was put to the vote. About ten of the most reasonable of the assembly declared their gratitude and high approbation of their old friend, De Grey; but the numbers were in favor of the new friend. And as no metaphysical distinctions relative to the idea of a majority had ever entered their thoughts, the most numerous party considered themselves as now beyond dispute in the right. They drew off on one side in triumph, and their leader, who knew the consequence of a name in party matters, immediately distinguished his partisans by the gallant name of *Archers*, stigmatizing the friends of De Grey by the odious epithet of Greybeards.

Amongst the Archers was a class not very remarkable for their mental qualifications, but who, by their bodily activity, and by the peculiar advantages annexed to their way of life, rendered themselves of the highest consequence, especially to the rich and enterprising.

The judicious reader will apprehend that I allude to the persons called day scholars. Amongst these, Fisher was distinguished by his knowledge of all the streets and shops in the adjacent town; and, though a dull scholar, he had such reputation as a man of business that whoever had commissions to execute at the confectioner's

was sure to apply to him. Some of the youngest of his employers had, it is true, at times complained that he made mistakes of halfpence and pence in their accounts; but as these affairs could never be brought to a public trial, Fisher's character and consequence were undiminished, till the fatal day when his Aunt Barbara forbade his visits to the confectioner's; or rather, till she requested the confectioner, who had his private reasons for obeying her, not *to receive* her nephew's visits, as he had made himself sick at his house, and Mrs. Barbara's fears for his health were incessant.

Though his visits to the confectioner's were thus at an end, there were many other shops open to him; and with officious zeal he offered his services to the new manager, to purchase whatever might be wanting for the theatre.

Since his father's death Fisher had become a boarder at Dr. Middleton's, but his frequent visits to his Aunt Barbara afforded him opportunities of going into the town. The carpenter, De Grey's friend, was discarded by Archer, for having said "*lackadaisy!*" when he saw that the old theatre was pulled down. A new carpenter and paper-hanger, recommended by Fisher, were appointed to attend, with their tools, for orders, at two o'clock. Archer, impatient to show his ingenuity and his generosity, gave his plan and his orders in a few minutes, in a most decided manner. "These things," he observed, "should be done with some spirit."

To which the carpenter readily assented, and added that "gentlemen of spirit never looked to the *expense*, but always to the *effect*." Upon this principle Mr. Chip set to work with all possible alacrity. In a few hours'

time he promised to produce a grand effect. High expectations were formed. Nothing was talked of but the new playhouse; and so intent upon it was every head, that no lessons could be got. Archer was obliged, in the midst of his various occupations, to perform the part of grammar and dictionary for twenty different people.

"O ye Athenians!" he exclaimed, "how hard do I work to obtain your praise!"

Impatient to return to the theatre, the moment the hours destined for instruction, or, as they are termed by schoolboys, school hours, were over, each prisoner started up with a shout of joy.

"Stop one moment, gentlemen, if you please," said Dr. Middleton, in an awful voice. "Mr. Archer, return to your place. Are you all here?" The names of all the boys were called over, and when each had answered to his name, Dr. Middleton said, —

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to interrupt your amusements; but, till you have contrary orders from me, no one, on pain of my serious displeasure, must go into *that* building" (pointing to the place where the theatre was erecting). "Mr. Archer, your carpenter is at the door. You will be so good as to dismiss him. I do not think proper to give my reasons for these orders; but you who *know* me," said the doctor, and his eye turned towards De Grey, "will not suspect me of caprice. I depend, gentlemen, upon your obedience."

To the dead silence with which these orders were received, succeeded in a few minutes a universal groan. "So!" said Townsend, "all our diversion is over." "So," whispered Fisher in the manager's ear, "this is

some trick of the Greybeards. Did you not observe how he looked at De Grey?"

Fired by this thought, which had never entered his mind before, Archer started from his reverie, and striking his hand upon the table, swore that he "would not be outwitted by any Greybeard in Europe — no, nor by all of them put together. The Archers were surely a match for them. He would stand by them, if they would stand by him," he declared, with a loud voice, "against the whole world, and Dr. Middleton himself, with '*Little Premium*' at his right hand."

Everybody admired Archer's spirit, but was a little appalled at the sound of standing against Dr. Middleton.

"Why not?" resumed the indignant manager. "Neither Dr. Middleton nor any doctor upon earth shall treat me with injustice. This, you see, is a stroke at me and my party, and I won't bear it."

"Oh, you are mistaken!" said De Grey, who was the only one who dared to oppose reason to the angry orator. "It cannot be a stroke aimed at 'you and your party,' for he does not know that you *have* a party."

"I'll make him know it, and I'll make *you* know it, too," said Archer. "Before I came here you reigned alone; now your reign is over, Mr. De Grey. Remember my majority this morning, and your theatre last night."

"He has remembered it," said Fisher. "You see, the moment he was not to be our manager, we were to have no theatre, no playhouse, no plays. We must all sit down with our hands before us — all for '*good reasons*' of Dr. Middleton's, which he does not vouchsafe to tell us."

"I won't be governed by any man's reasons that he won't tell me," cried Archer. "He cannot have good reasons, or why not tell them?" "Nonsense!" said De Grey. "*We shall not suspect him of caprice!*" "Why not?" "Because we who know him have never known him capricious." "Perhaps not. *I* know nothing about him," said Archer. "No," said De Grey; "for that very reason *I* speak who do know him. Don't be in a passion, Archer." "I will be in a passion. I won't submit to tyranny. I won't be made a fool of by a few soft words. You don't know me, De Grey. I 'll go through with what I 've begun. I am manager, and I will be manager; and you shall see my theatre finished in spite of you, and *my* party triumphant."

"Party," repeated De Grey. "I cannot imagine what is in the word 'party' that seems to drive you mad. We never heard of parties till you came amongst us."

"No; before I came, I say, nobody dared oppose you; but *I* dare; and I tell you to your face, Take care of me — a warm friend and a bitter enemy is my motto." "I am not your enemy! I believe you are out of your senses, Archer!" said he, laughing. "Out of my senses! No; you are my enemy! Are you not my rival? Did you not win the premium? Did not you want to be manager? Answer me, are not you, in one word, a Greybeard?" "You called me a Greybeard, but my name is De Grey," said he, still laughing. "Laugh on!" cried the other furiously. "Come, *Archers*, follow me. *We* shall laugh by and by, I promise you." At the door Archer was stopped by Mr. Chip. "Oh, Mr. Chip, I am ordered to discharge you." "Yes, sir; and here 's a little bill —"

"Bill, Mr. Chip! why, you have not been at work for two hours!" "Not much over, sir; but if you 'll please to look into it, you 'll see 't is for a few things you ordered. The stuff is all laid out and delivered. The paper and the festoon bordering for the drawing-room scene is cut out, and left yander within." "Yander within! I wish you had not been in such a confounded hurry — six-and-twenty shillings!" cried he; "but I can't stay to talk about it now. I 'll tell you, Mr. Chip," said Archer, lowering his voice, "what you must do for me, my good fellow."

Then, drawing Mr. Chip aside, he begged him to pull down some of the woodwork which had been put up, and to cut it into a certain number of wooden bars, of which he gave him the dimensions, with orders to place them all, when ready, under a haystack, which he pointed out.

Mr. Chip scrupled and hesitated, and began to talk of "*the doctor*." Archer immediately began to talk of the bill, and throwing down a guinea and a half, the conscientious carpenter pocketed the money directly, and made his bow.

"Well, Master Archer," said he, "there 's no refusing you nothing. You have such a way of talking one out of it. You manage me just like a child."

"Ay, ay!" said Archer, knowing that he had been cheated, and yet proud of managing a carpenter, "ay, ay! I know the way to manage everybody. Let the things be ready in an hour's time; and hark 'e! leave your tools by mistake behind you, and a thousand of twenty-penny nails. Ask no questions, and keep your

own counsel like a wise man. Off with you, and take care of '*the doctor.*'"

"Archers, Archers, to the Archers' tree! Follow your leader," cried he, sounding his well-known whistle as a signal. His followers gathered round him, and he, raising himself upon the mount at the foot of the tree, counted his numbers, and then, in a voice lower than usual, addressed them thus: "My friends, is there a Greybeard amongst us? If there is, let him walk off at once, he has my free leave." No one stirred. "Then we are all Archers, and we will stand by one another. Join hands, my friends." They all joined hands. "Promise me not to betray me, and I will go on. I ask no security but your honor." They all gave their honor to be secret and *faithful*, as he called it, and he went on. "Did you ever hear of such a thing as *a 'Barring Out,'* my friends?" They had heard of such a thing, but they had only heard of it.

Archer gave the history of a "Barring Out," in which he had been concerned at his school, in which the boys stood out against the master, and gained their point at last, which was a week's more holidays at Easter. "But if *we* should not succeed," said they, "Dr. Middleton is so steady; he never goes back from what he has said." "Did you ever try to push him back? Let us be steady and he 'll tremble. Tyrants always tremble when —" "Oh," interrupted a number of voices, "but he is not a tyrant, is he?" "All schoolmasters are tyrants, are not they?" replied Archer; "and is not he a schoolmaster?" To this logic there was no answer; but, still reluctant, they asked "what they should *get* by a Bar-

ring Out?" "Get! — everything! — what we want! — which is everything to lads of spirit — victory and liberty! Bar him out till he repeals his tyrannical law; till he lets us into our own theatre again, or till he tells us his '*good reasons*' against it." "But perhaps he has reasons for not telling us." "Impossible!" cried Archer; "that's the way we are always to be governed by a man in a wig, who says he has good reasons, and can't tell them. Are you fools? Go! go back to De Grey! I see you are all Greybeards. Go! Who goes first?" Nobody would go *first*. "I will have nothing to do with ye, if ye are resolved to be slaves!" "We won't be slaves!" they all exclaimed at once. "Then," said Archer, "stand out in the right and be free."

"*The right.*" It would have taken up too much time to examine what "the right" was. Archer was always sure that "*the right*" was what his party chose to do; that is, what he chose to do himself; and such is the influence of numbers upon each other, in conquering the feelings of shame and in confusing the powers of reasoning, that in a few minutes "the right" was forgotten, and each said to himself, "To be sure, Archer is a very clever boy, and he can't be mistaken;" or, "To be sure, Townsend thinks so, and he would not do anything to get us into a scrape;" or, "To be sure, everybody will agree to this but myself, and I can't stand out alone, to be pointed at as a Greybeard and a slave. Everybody thinks it is right, and everybody can't be wrong."

By some of these arguments, which passed rapidly through the mind without his being conscious of them, each boy decided, and deceived himself — what none

would have done alone, none scrupled to do as a party. It was determined, then, that there should be a Barring Out. The arrangement of the affair was left to their new manager, to whom they all pledged implicit obedience. Obedience, it seems, is necessary, even from rebels to their ringleaders; not reasonable, but implicit obedience.

Scarcely had the assembly adjourned to the ball alley, when Fisher, with an important length of face, came up to the manager, and desired to speak one word to him. "My advice to you, Archer, is, to do nothing in this till we have consulted *you know who*, about whether it's right or wrong." "'*You know who*'! Whom do you mean? Make haste, and don't make so many faces, for I 'm in a hurry. Who is '*You know who*'?" "The old woman," said Fisher gravely, —"the gypsy." "You may consult the old woman," said Archer, bursting out a-laughing, "about what 's right and wrong, if you please, but no old woman shall decide for me." "No; but you don't *take* me," said Fisher; "you don't *take* me. By right and wrong, I mean lucky and unlucky." "Whatever *I* do will be lucky," replied Archer; "my gypsy told you that already." "I know, I know," said Fisher, "and what she said about your friends being lucky — that went a great way with many," added he, with a sagacious nod of his head, "I can tell you *that* — more than you think. Do you know," said he, laying hold of Archer's button, "I 'm in the secret? There are nine of us have crooked our little fingers upon it, not to stir a step till we get her advice; and she has appointed me to meet her about particular business of my own at eight. So I 'm to consult her and to bring her answer."

Archer knew too well how to govern fools to attempt to reason with them; and, instead of laughing any longer at Fisher's ridiculous superstition, he was determined to take advantage of it. He affected to be persuaded of the wisdom of the measure; looked at his watch; urged him to be exact to a moment; conjured him to remember exactly the words of the oracle; and, above all things, to demand the lucky hour and minute when the Barring Out should begin. With these instructions Archer put his watch into the solemn dupe's hand, and left him to count the seconds till the moment of his appointment, whilst he ran off himself to prepare the oracle.

At a little gate which looked into a lane, through which he guessed that the gypsy must pass, he stationed himself, saw her, gave her half a crown and her instructions, made his escape, and got back unsuspected to Fisher, whom he found in the attitude in which he had left him, watching the motion of the minute hand.

Proud of his secret commission, Fisher slouched his hat, he knew not why, over his face, and proceeded towards the appointed spot. To keep, as he had been charged by Archer, within the letter of the law, he stood *behind* the forbidden building, and waited some minutes.

Through a gap in the hedge the old woman at length made her appearance, muffled up, and looking cautiously about her. "There 's nobody near us!" said Fisher, and he began to be a little afraid. "What answer," said he, recollecting himself, "about my Livy?" "Lost! lost! lost!" said the gypsy, lifting up her hands; "never, never, never to be found! But no matter for that now: that is

not your errand to-night; no tricks with me; speak to me of what is next your heart."

Fisher, astonished, put his hand upon his heart, told her all that she knew before, and received the answers that Archer had dictated: "That the Archers should be lucky as long as they stuck to their manager and to one another; that the Barring Out should end in woe, if not begun precisely as the clock should strike nine on Wednesday night; but if begun in that *lucky* moment, and all obedient to their *lucky* leader, all should end well."

A thought, a provident thought, now struck Fisher; for even he had some foresight where his favorite passion was concerned. "Pray, in our Barring Out shall we be starved?" "No," said the gypsy, "not if you trust to me for food, and if you give me money enough. Silver won't do for so many; gold is what must cross my hand." "I have no gold," said Fisher, "and I don't know what you mean by so many. I 'm only talking of number one, you know. I must take care of that first."

So, as Fisher thought it was possible that Archer, clever as he was, might be disappointed in his supplies, he determined to take secret measures for himself. His Aunt Barbara's interdiction had shut him out of the confectioner's shop; but he flattered himself that he could outwit his aunt; he therefore begged the gypsy to procure him twelve buns by Thursday morning, and bring them secretly to one of the windows of the schoolroom.

As Fisher did not produce any money when he made this proposal, it was at first absolutely rejected; but a bribe at length conquered his difficulties; and the bribe

which Fisher found himself obliged to give — for he had no pocket money left of his own, he being as much *restricted* in that article as Archer was *indulged* — the bribe that he found himself obliged to give to quiet the gypsy was half a crown, which Archer had intrusted to him to buy candles for the theatre. "Oh," thought he to himself, "Archer 's so careless about money, he will never think of asking me for the half crown again; and now he 'll want no candles for the *theatre*, or, at any rate, it will be some time first; and maybe Aunt Barbara may be got to give me that much at Christmas; then, if the worst comes to the worst, one can pay Archer. My mouth waters for the buns, and have 'em I must now."

So, for the hope of twelve buns, he sacrificed the money which had been intrusted to him. Thus the meanest motives, in mean minds, often prompt to the commission of those great faults to which one would think nothing but some violent passion could have tempted.

The ambassador having thus, in his opinion, concluded his own and the public business, returned well satisfied with the result, after receiving the gypsy's reiterated promise to tap *three times* at the window on Thursday morning.

The day appointed for the Barring Out at length arrived; and Archer, assembling the confederates, informed them that all was prepared for carrying their design into execution; that he now depended for success upon their punctuality and courage. He had, within the last two hours, got all their bars ready to fasten the doors and window shutters of the schoolroom; he had, with the assistance of two of the day scholars who were of the

party, sent into the town for provisions, at his own expense, which would make a handsome supper for that night; he had also negotiated with some cousins of his, who lived in the town, for a constant supply in future. "Bless me," exclaimed Archer, suddenly stopping in this narration of his services, "there's one thing, after all, I 've forgot; we shall be undone without it. Fisher, pray did you ever buy the candles for the playhouse?" "No, to be sure," replied Fisher, extremely frightened; "you know you don't want candles for the playhouse now." "Not for the playhouse, but for the Barring Out. We shall be in the dark, man. You must run this minute, run." "For candles?" said Fisher, confused; "how many? — what sort?" "Stupidity!" exclaimed Archer, "you are a pretty fellow at a dead lift! Lend me a pencil and a bit of paper, do; I 'll write down what I want myself! Well, what are you fumbling for?" "For money!" said Fisher, coloring. "Money, man! Did n't I give you half a crown the other day?" "Yes," replied Fisher, stammering; "but I was n't sure that that might be enough." "Enough! yes, to be sure it will. I don't know what you are *at*." "Nothing, nothing," said Fisher; "here, write upon this, then," said Fisher, putting a piece of paper into Archer's hand, upon which Archer wrote his orders. "Away, away!" cried he.

Away went Fisher. He returned; but not until a considerable time afterwards. They were at supper when he returned. "Fisher always comes in at supper time," observed one of the Greybeards carelessly. "Well, and would you have him come in *after* supper time?" said Townsend, who always supplied his party with ready

wit. "I 've got the candles," whispered Fisher, as he passed by Archer to his place. "And the tinder box?" said Archer. "Yes; I got back from my Aunt Barbara under pretense that I must study for repetition day an hour later to-night. So I got leave. Was not that clever?"

A dunce always thinks it clever to cheat even by *sober lies.* How Mr. Fisher procured the candles and the tinder box without money and without credit we shall discover further on.

Archer and his associates had agreed to stay the last in the schoolroom; and as soon as the Greybeards were gone out to bed, he, as the signal, was to shut and lock one door, Townsend the other. A third conspirator was to strike a light, in case they should not be able to secure a candle. A fourth was to take charge of the candles as soon as lighted; and all the rest were to run to their bars, which were secreted in a room; then to fix them to the common fastening bars of the window, in the manner in which they had been previously instructed by the manager. Thus each had his part assigned, and each was warned that the success of the whole depended upon their order and punctuality.

Order and punctuality, it appears, are necessary even in a Barring Out; and even rebellion must have its laws.

The long-expected moment at length arrived. De Grey and his friends, unconscious of what was going forward, walked out of the schoolroom as usual at bed-time. The clock began to strike nine. There was one Greybeard left in the room, who was packing up some of his books, which had been left about by accident. It is impossible to describe the impatience with which he

was watched, especially by Fisher and the nine who depended upon the gypsy oracle.

When he had got all his books together under his arm, he let one of them fall; and whilst he stooped to pick it up, Archer gave the signal. The doors were shut, locked, and double-locked in an instant. A light was struck, and each ran to his post. The bars were all in the same moment put up to the windows, and Archer, when he had tried them all, and seen that they were secure, gave a loud "Huzza!" in which he was joined by all the party most manfully — by all but the poor Greybeard, who, the picture of astonishment, stood stock-still in the midst of them with his books under his arm; at which spectacle Townsend, who enjoyed the *frolic* of the fray more than anything else, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. "So, my little Greybeard," said he, holding a candle full in his eyes, "what think you of all this? How came you amongst the wicked ones?" "I don't know, indeed," said the little boy, very gravely; "you shut me up amongst you. Won't you let me out?" "Let you out! No, no, my little Greybeard," said Archer, catching hold of him and dragging him to the window bars. "Look ye here — touch these — put your hand to them — pull, push, kick — put a little spirit into it, man — kick like an Archer, if you can; away with ye. It 's a pity that the king of the Greybeards is not here to admire me. I should like to show him our fortifications. But come, my merry men all, now to the feast. Out with the table into the middle of the room. Good cheer, my jolly Archers! I 'm your manager!"

Townsend, delighted with the bustle, rubbed his

hands and capered about the room, whilst the preparations for the feast were hurried forward. "Four candles! — Four candles on the table. Let 's have things in style when we are about it, Mr. Manager," cried Townsend. "Places! — Places! There 's nothing like a fair scramble, my boys. Let every one take care of himself. Hallo, Greybeard! I 've knocked Greybeard down here in the scuffle. Get up again, my lad, and see a little life."

"No, no," cried Fisher, "he shan't *sup* with us." "No, no," cried the manager, "he shan't *live* with us; a Greybeard is not fit company for Archers." "No, no," cried Townsend, "evil communication corrupts good manners."

So with one unanimous hiss they hunted the poor little gentle boy into a corner; and having pent him up with benches, Fisher opened his books for him, which he thought the greatest mortification, and set up a candle beside him. "There, now he looks like a Greybeard as he is!" cried they. "Tell me what 's the Latin for cold roast beef?" said Fisher exultingly, and they returned to their feast.

Long and loud they reveled. They had a few bottles of cider. "Give me the corkscrew, the cider shan't be kept till it 's sour," cried Townsend, in answer to the manager, who, when he beheld the provisions vanishing with surprising rapidity, began to fear for the morrow. "Hang to-morrow!" cried Townsend, "let Greybeards think of to-morrow; Mr. Manager, here 's your good health."

The Archers all stood up as their cups were filled, to drink the health of their chief with a universal cheer.

But at the moment that the cups were at their lips, and as Archer bowed to thank the company, a sudden shower from above astonished the whole assembly. They looked up, and beheld the rose of a watering engine, whose long neck appeared through a trap-door in the ceiling. "Your good health, Mr. Manager!" said a voice, which was known to be the gardener's; and in the midst of their surprise and dismay the candles were suddenly extinguished; the trap-door shut down; and they were left in utter darkness.

"The *Devil!*" said Archer. "Don't swear, Mr. Manager," said the same voice from the ceiling; "I hear every word you say." "Mercy upon us!" exclaimed Fisher. "The clock," added he, whispering, "must have been wrong, for it had not done striking when we began. Only, you remember, Archer, it had just done before you had done locking your door." "Hold your tongue, blockhead!" said Archer. "Well, boys! were ye never in the dark before? You are not afraid of a shower of rain, I hope. Is anybody drowned?" "No," said they, with a faint laugh; "but what shall we do here in the dark all night long, and all day to-morrow? We can't unbar the shutters." "It 's a wonder *nobody* ever thought of the trap-door!" said Townsend.

The trap-door had indeed escaped the manager's observation. As the house was new to him, and the ceiling being newly whitewashed, the opening was scarcely perceptible. Vexed to be out-generaled, and still more vexed to have it remarked, Archer poured forth a volley of incoherent exclamations and reproaches against those who were thus so soon discouraged by a

trifle; and groping for the tinder box, he asked if anything could be easier than to strike a light again.[1] The light appeared. But at the moment that it made the tinder box visible, another shower from above, aimed, and aimed exactly, at the tinder box, drenched it with water, and rendered it totally unfit for further service. Archer in a fury dashed it to the ground. And now for the first time he felt what it was to be the unsuccessful head of a party. He heard in his turn the murmurs of a discontented, changeable populace; and recollecting all his bars and bolts and ingenious contrivances, he was more provoked at their blaming him for this one only oversight than he was grieved at the disaster itself.

"Oh, my hair is all wet!" cried one dolefully. "Wring it, then," said Archer. "My hand 's cut with your broken glass," cried another. "Glass!" cried a third; "mercy! is there broken glass? and it 's all about, I suppose, amongst the supper; and I had but one bit of bread all the time." "Bread!" cried Archer, "eat if you want it. Here 's a piece, here, and no glass near it." "It 's all wet, and I don't like dry bread by itself; that 's no feast."

"Heyday! What, nothing but moaning and grumbling! If these are the joys of *a Barring Out*," cried Townsend, "I 'd rather be snug in my bed. I expected that we should have sat up till twelve o'clock, talking, and laughing, and singing." "So you may still; what hinders you?" said Archer. "Sing, and we 'll join you, and I should be glad those fellows overhead heard us singing. Begin, Townsend —

[1] Lucifer matches were then unknown. — Ed.

'Come, now, all ye social Powers,
Spread your influence o'er us' —

Or else —

'Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never will be slaves.'"

Nothing can be more melancholy than forced merriment. In vain they roared in chorus. In vain they tried to appear gay. It would not do. The voices died away, and dropped off one by one. They had each provided himself with a greatcoat to sleep upon; but now, in the dark, there was a peevish scrambling contest for the coats, and half the company, in very bad humor, stretched themselves upon the benches for the night.

There is great pleasure in bearing anything that has the appearance of hardship, as long as there is any glory to be acquired by it; but when people feel themselves foiled, there is no further pleasure in endurance; and if, in their misfortune, there is any mixture of the ridiculous, the motives for heroism are immediately destroyed. Dr. Middleton had probably considered this in the choice he made of his first attack.

Archer, who had spent the night as a man who had the cares of government upon his shoulders, rose early in the morning, whilst everybody else was fast asleep. In the night he had resolved the affair of the trap-door, and a new danger had alarmed him. It was possible that the enemy might descend upon them through the trap-door. The room had been built high to admit a free circulation of air. It was twenty feet, so that it was in vain to think of reaching to the trap-door.

As soon as the daylight appeared, Archer rose softly,

that he might *reconnoitre*, and devise some method of guarding against this new danger. Luckily there were round holes in the top of the window shutters, which admitted sufficient light for him to work by. The remains of the soaked feast, wet candles, and broken glass spread over the table in the middle of the room looked rather dismal this morning.

"A pretty set of fellows I have to manage!" said Archer, contemplating the group of sleepers before him. "It is well they have somebody to think for them. Now if I wanted — which, thank goodness, I don't — but if I did want to call a cabinet council to my assistance, whom could I pitch upon? — not this stupid snorer, who is dreaming of gypsies, if he is dreaming of anything," continued Archer, as he looked into Fisher's open mouth. "This next chap is quick enough; but, then, he is so fond of having everything his own way. And this curl-pated monkey, who is grinning in his sleep, is all tongue and no brains. Here are brains, though nobody would think it, in this lump," said he, looking at a fat, rolled-up, heavy-breathing sleeper; "but what signify brains to such a lazy dog? I might kick him for my football this half-hour before I should get him awake. This lank-jawed harlequin beside him is a handy fellow, to be sure; but then, if he has hands, he has no head — and he 'd be afraid of his own shadow, too, by this light, he is such a coward! And Townsend, why, he has puns in plenty; but when there 's any work to be done, he 's the worst fellow to be near one in the world — he can do nothing but laugh at his own puns. This poor little fellow that we hunted into the corner has more sense

than all of them put together; but then he is a Greybeard."

Thus speculated the chief of a party upon his sleeping friends. And how did it happen that he should be so ambitious to please and govern this set, when for each individual of which it was composed he felt such supreme contempt? He had formed them into a *party*, had given them a name, and he was at their head. If these be not good reasons, none better can be assigned for Archer's conduct.

"I wish ye could all sleep on," said he; "but I must waken ye, though you will be only in my way. The sound of my hammering must waken them; so I may as well do the thing handsomely, and flatter some of them by pretending to ask their advice."

Accordingly, he pulled two or three to waken them. "Come, Townsend, waken, my boy! Here 's some diversion for you — up! up!"

"Diversion!" cried Townsend; "I 'm your man! I 'm up — *up to anything.*"

So, under the name of *diversion*, Archer set Townsend to work at four o'clock in the morning. They had nails, a few tools, and several spars still left from the wreck of the playhouse. These, by Archer's directions, they sharpened at one end, and nailed them to the ends of several forms.

All hands were now called to clear away the supper things, and to erect these forms perpendicularly under the trap-door; and with the assistance of a few braces, a *chevaux-de-frise* was formed, upon which nobody could venture to descend. At the farthest end of the room

they likewise formed a penthouse of the tables, under which they proposed to breakfast, secure from the pelting storm, if it should again assail them through the trap-door. They crowded under the penthouse as soon as it was ready, and their admiration of its ingenuity paid the workmen for the job.

"Lord! I shall like to see the gardener's phiz through the trap-door, when he beholds the spikes under him!" cried Townsend. "Now for breakfast!" "Ay, now for breakfast," said Archer, looking at his watch; "past eight o'clock, and my town boys not come! I don't understand this!"

Archer had expected a constant supply of provisions from two boys who lived in the town, who were cousins of his, and who had promised to come every day, and put food in at a certain hole in the wall, in which a ventilator usually turned. This ventilator Archer had taken down, and had contrived it so that it could be easily removed and replaced at pleasure; but, upon examination, it was now perceived that the hole had been newly stopped up by an iron back, which it was impossible to penetrate or remove.

"It never came into my head that anybody would ever have thought of the ventilator but myself!" exclaimed Archer, in great perplexity. He listened and waited for his cousins; but no cousins came, and at a late hour the company were obliged to breakfast upon the scattered fragments of the last night's feast. That feast had been spread with such imprudent profusion, that little now remained to satisfy the hungry guests.

Archer, who well knew the effect which the appre-

hension of a scarcity would have upon his associates, did everything that could be done by a bold countenance and reiterated assertions to persuade them that his cousins would certainly come at last, and that the supplies were only delayed. The delay, however, was alarming.

Fisher alone heard the manager's calculations and saw the public fears unmoved. Secretly rejoicing in his own wisdom, he walked from window to window, slyly listening for the gypsy's signal. "There it is!" cried he, with more joy sparkling in his eyes than had ever enlightened them before. "Come this way, Archer; but don't tell anybody. Hark! do ye hear those three taps at the window? This is the old woman with twelve buns for me. I 'll give you one whole one for yourself, if you will unbar the window for me."

"Unbar the window!" interrupted Archer; "no, that I won't, for you or the gypsy either; but I have heard enough to get your buns without that. But stay; there is something of more consequence than your twelve buns. I must think for ye all, I see, regularly."

So he summoned a council, and proposed that every one should subscribe, and trust the subscription to the gypsy, to purchase a fresh supply of provisions. Archer laid down a guinea of his own money for his subscription; at which sight all the company clapped their hands, and his popularity rose to a high pitch with their renewed hopes of plenty. Now, having made a list of their wants, they folded the money in the paper, put it into a bag, which Archer tied to a long string, and, having broken the pane of glass behind the round hole in the window shutter, he let down the bag to the gypsy. She

promised to be punctual, and having filled the bag with Fisher's twelve buns, they were drawn up in triumph, and everybody anticipated the pleasure with which they should see the same bag drawn up at dinner time. The buns were a little squeezed in being drawn through the hole in the window shutter, but Archer immediately sawed out a piece of the shutter, and broke the corresponding panes in each of the other windows, to prevent suspicion, and to make it appear that they had all been broken to admit air.

What a pity that so much ingenuity should have been employed to no purpose!

It may have surprised the intelligent reader that the gypsy was so punctual to her promise to Fisher, but we must recollect that her apparent integrity was only cunning; she was punctual that she might be employed again, that she might be intrusted with the contribution which, she foresaw, must be raised amongst the famishing garrison. No sooner had she received the money than her end was gained.

Dinner time came; it struck three, four, five, six. They listened with hungry ears, but no signal was heard. The morning had been very long, and Archer had in vain tried to dissuade them from devouring the remainder of the provisions before they were sure of a fresh supply. And now those who had been the most confident were the most impatient of their disappointment.

Archer, in the division of the food, had attempted, by the most scrupulous exactness, to content the public, and he was both astonished and provoked to perceive that his impartiality was impeached. So differently do

people judge in different situations! He was the first person to accuse his master of injustice, and the least capable of bearing such an imputation upon himself from others. He now experienced some of the joys of power, and the delight of managing unreasonable numbers.

"Have not I done everything I could to please you? Have not I spent my money to buy you food? Have not I divided the last morsel with you? I have not tasted one mouthful to-day! Did not I set to work for you at sunrise? Did not I lie awake all night for you? Have not I had all the labor and all the anxiety? Look round and see *my* contrivances, *my* work, *my* generosity! And, after all, you think me a tyrant, because I want you to have common sense. Is not this bun which I hold in my hand my own? Did not I earn it by my own ingenuity from that selfish dunce (pointing to Fisher), who could never have gotten one of his twelve buns, if I had not shown him how? Eleven of them he has eaten since morning for his own share, without offering any one a morsel; but I scorn to eat even what is justly my own, when I see so many hungry creatures longing for it. I was not going to touch this last morsel myself. I only begged you to keep it till supper time, when perhaps you 'll want it more, and Townsend, who can't bear the slightest thing that crosses his own whims, and who thinks there 's nothing in this world to be minded but his own diversion, calls me a *tyrant*. You all of you promised to obey me. The first thing I ask you to do for your own good, and when, if you had common sense, you must know I can want nothing but your good, you rebel against me. Traitors! fools! ungrateful fools!"

Archer walked up and down, unable to command his emotion, whilst, for the moment, the discontented multitude was silenced.

"Here," said he, striking his hand upon the little boy's shoulder, "here 's the only one amongst you who has not uttered one word of reproach or complaint, and he has had but one bit of bread — a bit that I gave him myself this day. Here!" said he, snatching the bun, which nobody had dared to touch, "take it — it 's mine — I give it to you, though you are a Greybeard; you deserve it. Eat it, and be an Archer. You shall be my captain; will you?" said he, lifting him up in his arm above the rest.

"I like you now," said the little boy courageously; "but I love De Grey better; he has always been my friend, and he advised me never to call myself any of those names, Archer or Greybeard; so I won't. Though I am shut in here, I have nothing to do with it. I love Dr. Middleton; he was never unjust to *me*, and I dare say that he has very good reasons, as De Grey said, for forbidding us to go into that house. Besides, it 's his own."

Instead of admiring the good sense and steadiness of this little lad, Archer suffered Townsend to snatch the untasted bun out of his hands. He flung it at a hole in the window, but it fell back. The Archers scrambled for it, and Fisher ate it.

Archer saw this, and was sensible that he had not done handsomely in suffering it. A few moments ago he had admired his own generosity, and though he had felt the injustice of others, he had not accused himself of any. He turned away from the little boy, and sitting down at

one end of the table, hid his face in his hands. He continued immovable in this posture for some time.

"Lord!" said Townsend; "it was an excellent joke!" "Pooh!" said Fisher; "what a fool, to think so much about a bun!" "Never mind, Mr. Archer, if you are thinking about me," said the little boy, trying gently to pull his hands from his face.

Archer stooped down and lifted him up upon the table, at which sight the partisans set up a general hiss. "He has forsaken us! He deserts his party! He wants to be a Greybeard! After he has got us all into this scrape, he will leave us!"

"I am not going to leave you," cried Archer. "No one shall ever accuse me of deserting my party. I 'll stick by the Archers, right or wrong, I tell you, to the last moment. But this little fellow — take it as you please, mutiny if you will, and throw me out of the window; call me traitor! coward! Greybeard! — this little fellow is worth you all put together, and I 'll stand by him against any one who dares to lay a finger upon him; and the next morsel of food that I see shall be his. Touch him who dares!"

The commanding air with which Archer spoke and looked, and the belief that the little boy deserved his protection, silenced the crowd. But the storm was only hushed.

No sound of merriment was now to be heard — no battledore and shuttlecock — no ball, no marbles. Some sat in a corner, whispering their wishes that Archer would unbar the doors and give up. Others, stretching their arms, and gaping as they sauntered up and down

the room, wished for air, or food, or water. Fisher and his nine, who had such firm dependence upon the gypsy, now gave themselves up to utter despair. It was eight o'clock, growing darker and darker every minute, and no candles, no light, could they have. The prospect of another long dark night made them still more discontented.

Townsend, at the head of the yawners, and Fisher, at the head of the hungry malcontents, gathered round Archer and the few yet unconquered spirits, demanding "how long he meant to keep them in this dark dungeon, and whether he expected that they should starve themselves for his sake."

The idea of *giving up* was more intolerable to Archer than all the rest. He saw that the majority, his own convincing argument, was against him. He was therefore obliged to condescend to the arts of persuasion. He flattered some with hopes of food from the town boys. Some he reminded of their promises; others he praised for former prowess; and others he shamed by the repetition of their high vaunts in the beginning of the business.

It was at length resolved that at all events they *would hold out*. With this determination they stretched themselves again to sleep, for the second night, in weak and weary obstinacy.

Archer slept longer and more soundly than usual the next morning, and when he awoke, he found his hands tied behind him! Three or four boys had just got hold of his feet, which they pressed down, whilst the trembling hands of Fisher were fastening the cord round them.

With all the force which rage could inspire, Archer struggled and roared to "*his Archers!*" — his friends,

his party — for help against the traitors. But all kept aloof. Townsend, in particular, stood laughing and looking on. "I beg your pardon, Archer, but really you look so droll. All alive and kicking! Don't be angry. I 'm so weak, I cannot help laughing to-day."

The packthread cracked. "His hands are free! He 's loose!" cried the least of the boys, and ran away, whilst Archer leaped up, and seizing hold of Fisher with a powerful grasp, sternly demanded "what he meant by this."

"Ask my party," said Fisher, terrified; "they set me on; ask my party."

"Your party!" cried Archer, with a look of ineffable contempt; "you reptile! — *your* party? Can such a thing as *you* have a party?"

"To be sure!" said Fisher, settling his collar, which Archer in his surprise had let go; "to be sure! Why not? Any man who chooses it may have a party as well as yourself, I suppose. I have nine Fishermen."

At these words, spoken with much sullen importance, Archer, in spite of his vexation, could not help laughing. "Fishermen!" cried he, "*Fishermen!*" "And why not Fishermen as well as Archers?" cried they. "One party is just as good as another; it is only a question which can get the upper hand; and we had your hands tied just now."

"That 's right, Townsend," said Archer, "laugh on, my boy! Friend or foe, it 's all the same to you. I know how to value your friendship now. You are a mighty good fellow when the sun shines; but let a storm come, and how you slink away!"

ARCHER LEAPED UP, AND SEIZING HOLD OF FISHER WITH A POWERFUL GRASP, STERNLY DEMANDED, "WHAT HE MEANT BY THIS?"

At this instant, Archer felt the difference between *a good companion* and a good friend, a difference which some people do not discover till late in life.

"Have I no friend? — no real friend amongst you all? And could ye stand by and see my hands tied behind me like a thief's? What signifies such a party — all mute?"

"We want something to eat," answered the Fishermen. "What signifies *such* a party, indeed? and *such* a manager, who can do nothing for one?"

"And have *I* done nothing?"

"Don't let 's hear any more prosing," said Fisher; "we are too many for you. I 've advised my party, if they 've a mind not to be starved, to give you up for the ringleader, as you were; and Dr. Middleton will not let us all off, I dare say." So, depending upon the sullen silence of the assembly, he again approached Archer with a cord. A cry of "No, no, no! Don't tie him," was feebly raised.

Archer stood still, but the moment Fisher touched him, he knocked him to the ground, and turning to the rest, with eyes sparkling with indignation, "Archers!" cried he. A voice at this instant was heard at the door. It was De Grey's voice. "I have got a large basket of provisions for your breakfast." A general shout of joy was sent forth by the voracious public. "Breakfast! Provisions! A large basket! De Grey forever! Huzza!"

De Grey promised, upon his honor, that if he would unbar the door nobody should come in with him, and no advantage should be taken of them. This promise was enough even for Archer. "I will let him in," said he, "myself; for I 'm sure he 'll never break his word." He pulled away the bar; the door opened; and having bar-

gained for the liberty of Melsom, the little boy who had been shut in by mistake, De Grey entered with his basket of provisions, when he locked and barred the door instantly.

Joy and gratitude sparkled in every face when he unpacked his basket and spread the table with a plentiful breakfast. A hundred questions were asked him at once. "Eat first," said he, "and we will talk afterwards." This business was quickly despatched by those who had not tasted food for a long while. Their curiosity increased as their hunger diminished. "Who sent us breakfast? Does Dr. Middleton know?" were questions reiterated from every mouth.

"He does know," answered De Grey; "and the first thing I have to tell you is, that I am your fellow-prisoner. I am to stay here till you give up. This was the only condition on which Dr. Middleton would allow me to bring you food, and he will allow no more."

Every one looked at the empty basket. But Archer, in whom half-vanquished party spirit revived with the strength he had got from his breakfast, broke into exclamations in praise of De Grey's magnanimity, as he now imagined that De Grey had become one of themselves.

"And you will join us, will you? That's a noble fellow!" "No," answered De Grey calmly; "but I hope to persuade, or rather to convince you, that you ought to join me." "You would have found it no hard task to have persuaded or convinced us, whichever you pleased," said Townsend, "if you had appealed to Archers fasting; but Archers feasting are quite other animals. Even

Cæsar himself, after breakfast, is quite another thing!" added he, pointing to Archer. "You may speak for yourself, Mr. Townsend," replied the insulted hero, "but not for me, or for Archers in general, if you please. We unbarred the door upon the faith of De Grey's promise — *that* was not giving up. And it would have been just as difficult, I promise you, to persuade or convince me either that I should give up against my honor before breakfast as after."

This spirited speech was applauded by many, who had now forgotten the feelings of famine. Not so Fisher, whose memory was upon this occasion very distinct.

"What nonsense!" and the orator paused for a synonymous expression, but none was at hand. "What nonsense and — nonsense is here! Why, don't you remember that dinner time, and supper time, and breakfast time will come again? So what signifies mouthing about persuading and convincing? We will not go through again what we did yesterday! Honor me no honor. I don't understand it. I 'd rather be flogged at once, as I have been many 's the good time for a less thing. I say, we 'd better all be flogged at once, which must be the end of it sooner or later, than wait here to be without dinner, breakfast, and supper, all only because Mr. Archer won't give up because of his honor and nonsense!"

Many prudent faces amongst the Fishermen seemed to deliberate at the close of this oration, in which the arguments were brought so "home to each man's business and bosom."

"But," said De Grey, "when we yield, I hope it will not be merely to get our dinner, gentlemen. When we

yield, Archer — " "Don't address yourself to me," interrupted Archer, struggling with his pride; "you have no further occasion to try to win me. I have no power, no party, you see! And now I find that I have no friends, I don't care what becomes of myself. I suppose I 'm to be given up as a ringleader. Here 's this Fisher, and a party of his Fishermen, were going to tie me hand and foot, if I had not knocked him down, just as you came to the door, De Grey; and now perhaps you will join Fisher's party against me."

De Grey was going to assure him that he had no intention of joining any party, when a sudden change appeared on Archer's countenance. "Silence!" cried Archer, in an imperious tone, and there was silence. Some one was heard to whistle the beginning of a tune, that was perfectly new to everybody present except to Archer, who immediately whistled the conclusion. "There!" cried he, looking at De Grey with triumph; "that's a method of holding secret correspondence, whilst a prisoner, which I learned from 'Richard Cœur de Lion.' I know how to make use of everything. Hallo! friend! are you there at last?" cried he, going to the ventilator. "Yes, but we are barred out here." "Round to the window then, and fill our bag. We 'll let it down, my lad, in a trice; bar me out who can!"

Archer let down the bag with all the expedition of joy, and it was filled with all the expedition of fear. "Pull away! make haste, for heaven's sake!" said the voice from without; "the gardener will come from dinner, else, and we shall be caught. He mounted guard all yesterday at the ventilator; and though I watched and watched till

it was darker than pitch, I could not get near you. I don't know what has taken him out of the way now. Make haste, pull away!" The heavy bag was soon pulled up. "Have you any more?" said Archer. "Yes, plenty. Let down quick! I 've got the tailor's bag full, which is three times as large as yours, and I 've changed clothes with the tailor's boy; so nobody took notice of me as I came down the street."

"There's my own cousin!"exclaimed Archer, "there's a noble fellow! there 's my own cousin, I acknowledge. Fill the bag, then." Several times the bag descended and ascended; and at every unlading of the crane, fresh acclamations were heard. "I have no more!" at length the boy with the tailor's bag cried. "Off with you, then; we 've enough, and thank you."

A delightful review was now made of their treasure. Busy hands arranged and sorted the heterogeneous mass. Archer, in the height of his glory, looked on, the acknowledged master of the whole. Townsend, who, in his prosperity as in adversity, saw and enjoyed the comic foibles of his friends, pushed De Grey, who was looking on with a more good-natured and more thoughtful air. "Friend," said he, "you look like a great philosopher, and Archer a great hero." "And you, Townsend," said Archer, "may look like a wit, if you will; but you will never be a hero." "No, no," replied Townsend; "wits were never heroes, because they are wits. You are out of your wits, and therefore may set up for a hero." "Laugh, and welcome. I 'm not a tyrant. I don't want to restrain anybody's wit; but I cannot say I admire puns." "Nor I either," said the time-serving Fisher,

sidling up to the manager, and picking the ice off a piece of plum cake, "nor I either; I hate puns. I can never understand Townsend's *puns*. Besides, anybody can make puns; and one does n't want wit, either, at all times; for instance, when one is going to settle about dinner, or business of consequence. Bless us all, Archer!" continued he, with sudden familiarity, "*what a sight of good things are here!* I 'm sure we are much obliged to you and your cousin. I never thought he 'd have come. Why, now we can hold out as long as you please. Let us see," said he, dividing the provisions upon the table; "we can hold out to-day, and all to-morrow, and part of next day, maybe. Why, now we may defy the doctor and the Greybeards. The doctor will surely give up to us; for, you see, he knows nothing of all this, and he 'll think we are starving all this while; and he 'd be afraid, you see, to let us starve quite, in reality, for three whole days, because of what would be said in the town. My Aunt Barbara, for one, would be *at him* long before that time was out; and besides, you know, in that case, he 'd be hanged for murder, which is quite another thing, in law, from a *Barring Out*, you know."

Archer had not given to this harangue all the attention which it deserved, for his eye was fixed upon De Grey. "What is De Grey thinking of?" he asked impatiently. "I am thinking," said De Grey, "that Dr. Middleton must believe that I have betrayed his confidence in me. The gardener was ordered away from his watchpost for one half-hour when I was admitted. This half-hour the gardener has made nearly an hour. I never would have come near you if I had foreseen all this. Dr.

Middleton trusted me, and now he will repent of his confidence in me." "De Grey!" cried Archer, with energy, "he shall not repent of his confidence in you — nor shall you repent of coming amongst us. You shall find that we have some honor as well as yourself, and I will take care of your honor as if it were my *own!*" "Heyday!" interrupted Townsend; "are heroes allowed to change sides, pray? And does the chief of the Archers stand talking sentiment to the chief of the Greybeards? In the middle of his own party, too!" "Party!" repeated Archer disdainfully; "I have done with parties! I see what parties are made of! I have felt the want of a friend, and I am determined to make one if I can." "That you may do," said De Grey, stretching out his hand.

"Unbar the doors! unbar the windows!" exclaimed Archer. "Away with all these things! I give up for De Grey's sake. He shall not lose his credit on my account." "No," said De Grey, "you shall not give up for my sake." "Well, then, I 'll give up to do what is *honorable*," said Archer. "Why not to do what is *reasonable?*" said De Grey. "*Reasonable!* Oh, the first thing that a man of spirit should think of is, what is *honorable.*" "But how will he find out *what is* honorable, unless he can reason?" replied De Grey. "Oh," said Archer, "his own feelings always tell him what is honorable." "Have not *your feelings*," asked De Grey, "changed within these few hours?" "Yes, with circumstances," replied Archer; "but, right or wrong, as long as I think it honorable to do so and so, I 'm satisfied." "But you cannot think anything honorable, or the contrary," ob-

served De Grey, "without reasoning; and as to what you call feeling, it 's only a quick sort of reasoning." "The quicker the better," said Archer. "Perhaps not," said De Grey; "we are apt to reason best when we are not in quite so great a hurry." "But," said Archer, "we have not always time enough to reason *at first*." "You must, however, acknowledge," replied De Grey, smiling, "that no man but a fool thinks it honorable to be in the wrong *at last*. Is it not, therefore, best to begin by reasoning to find out the right *at first?*" "To be sure," said Archer. "And did you reason with yourself at first? And did you find out that it was right to bar Dr. Middleton out of his own schoolroom, because he desired you not to go into one of his own houses?" "No," replied Archer; "but I should never have thought of heading a Barring Out, if he had not shown partiality; and if you had flown into a passion with me openly at once for pulling down your scenery, which would have been quite natural, and not have gone slyly and forbid us the house out of revenge, there would have been none of this work." "Why," said De Grey, "should you suspect me of such a mean action, when you have never seen or known me do anything mean, and when in this instance you have no proofs?" "Will you give me your word and honor now, De Grey, before everybody here, that you did not do what I suspected?" "I do assure you, upon my honor, I never, indirectly, spoke to Dr. Middleton about the playhouse." "Then," said Archer, "I 'm as glad as if I had found a thousand pounds! Now you are my friend, indeed." "And Dr. Middleton — why should you suspect him without reason any more than me?"

"As to that," said Archer, "he is your friend, and you are right to defend him; and I won't say another word against him. Will that satisfy you?" "Not quite." "Not quite! Then, indeed, you are unreasonable!" "No," replied De Grey; "for I don't wish you to yield out of friendship to me, any more than to honor. If you yield to reason, you will be governed by reason another time." "Well, but then don't triumph over me, because you have the best side of the argument." "Not I! How can I?" said De Grey; "for now you are on *the best side* as well as myself, are not you? So we may triumph together."

"You are a good friend!" said Archer; and with great eagerness he pulled down the fortifications, whilst every hand assisted. The room was restored to order in a few minutes, the shutters were thrown open, the cheerful light let in. The windows were thrown up, and the first feeling of the fresh air was delightful. The green playground opened before them, and the hopes of exercise and liberty brightened the countenances of these voluntary prisoners.

But, alas! they were not yet at liberty. The idea of Dr. Middleton, and the dread of his vengeance, smote their hearts. When the rebels had sent an ambassador with their surrender, they stood in pale and silent suspense, waiting for their doom.

"Ah!" said Fisher, looking up at the broken panes in the windows, "the doctor will think the most of *that* — he 'll never forgive us for that."

"Hush! here he comes!" His steady step was heard approaching nearer and nearer. Archer threw open the

door, and Dr. Middleton entered. Fisher instantly fell on his knees. "It is no delight to me to see people on their knees. Stand up, Mr. Fisher. I hope you are all conscious that you have done wrong?" "Sir," said Archer, "they are conscious that they have done wrong, and so am I. I am the ringleader. Punish me as you think proper. I submit. Your punishments, your vengeance, ought to fall on me alone!"

"Sir," said Dr. Middleton calmly, "I perceive that whatever else you may have learned in the course of your education, you have not been taught the meaning of the word punishment. Punishment and vengeance do not with us mean the same thing. *Punishment* is pain given with the reasonable hope of preventing those on whom it is inflicted from doing, *in future*, what will hurt themselves or others. *Vengeance* never looks to the *future*, but is the expression of anger for an injury that is past. I feel no anger; you have done me no injury."

Here many of the little boys looked timidly up to the windows. "Yes, I see that you have broken my windows; that is a small evil." "Oh, sir! How good! How merciful!" exclaimed those who had been most panic struck. "He forgives us!"

"Stay," resumed Dr. Middleton; "I cannot forgive you. I shall never revenge, but it is my duty to punish. You have rebelled against the just authority which is necessary to conduct and govern you whilst you have not sufficient reason to govern and conduct yourselves. Without obedience to the laws," added he, turning to Archer, "as men, you cannot be suffered in society. You, sir, think yourself a man, I observe; and you think it the

part of a man not to submit to the will of another. I have no pleasure in making others, whether men or children, submit to my *will;* but my reason and experience are superior to yours. Your parents, at least, think so, or they would not have intrusted me with the care of your education. As long as they do intrust you to my care, and as long as I have any hopes of making you wiser and better by punishment, I shall steadily inflict it whenever I judge it to be necessary, and I judge it to be necessary *now*. This is a long sermon, Mr. Archer, not preached to show my own eloquence, but to convince your understanding. Now, as to your punishment!"

"Name it, sir," said Archer; "whatever it is, I will cheerfully submit to it." "Name it yourself," said Dr. Middleton, "and show me that you now understand the nature of punishment."

Archer, proud to be treated like a reasonable creature, and sorry that he had behaved like a foolish schoolboy, was silent for some time, but at length replied "that he would rather not name his own punishment." He repeated, however, that he trusted he should bear it well, whatever it might be.

"I shall, then," said Dr. Middleton, "deprive you, for two months, of pocket money, as you have had too much, and have made a bad use of it."

"Sir," said Archer, "I brought five guineas with me to school. This guinea is all that I have left."

Dr. Middleton received the guinea which Archer offered him with a look of approbation, and told him that it should be applied to the repairs of the schoolroom. The rest of the boys waited in silence for the doctor's

sentence against them, but not with those looks of abject fear with which boys usually expect the sentence of a schoolmaster.

"You shall return from the playground, all of you," said Dr. Middleton, "one quarter of an hour sooner, for two months to come, than the rest of your companions. A bell shall ring at the appointed time. I give you an opportunity of recovering my confidence by your punctuality."

"Oh, sir! we will come the instant, the very instant the bell rings; you shall have confidence in us," cried they eagerly.

"I deserve your confidence, I hope," said Dr. Middleton; "for it is my first wish to make you all happy. You do not know the pain that it has cost me to deprive you of food for so many hours."

Here the boys, with one accord, ran to the place where they had deposited their last supplies. Archer delivered them up to the doctor, proud to show that they were not reduced to obedience merely by necessity.

"The reason," resumed Dr. Middleton, having now returned to the usual benignity of his manner — "the reason why I desired that none of you should go to that building," pointing out of the window, "was this: I had been informed that a gang of gypsies had slept there the night before I spoke to you, one of whom was dangerously ill of a putrid fever. I did not choose to mention my reason to you or your friends. I have had the place cleaned, and you may return to it when you please. The gypsies were yesterday removed from the town."

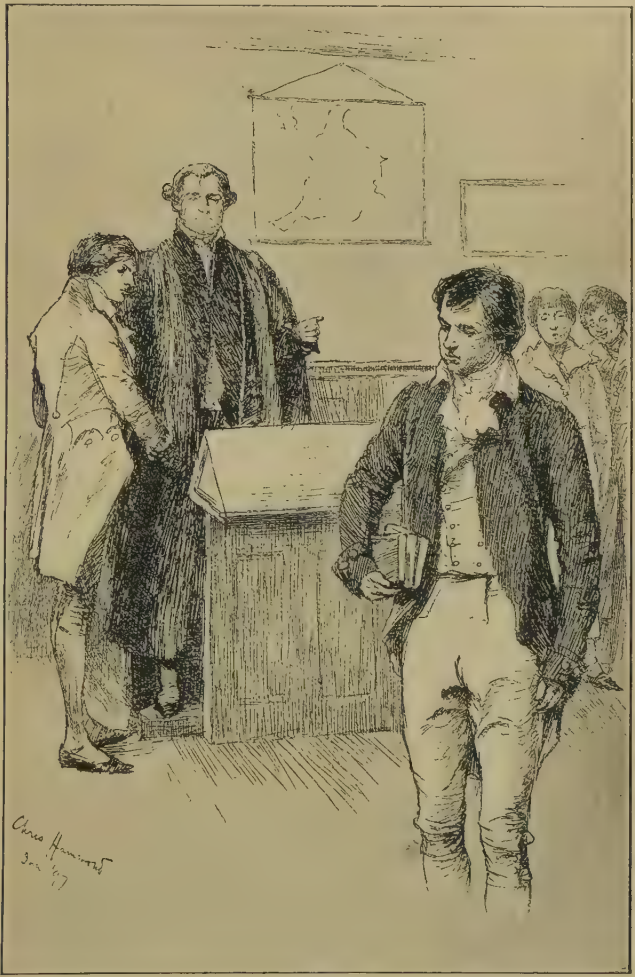
"De Grey, you were in the right," whispered Archer, "and it was I that was *unjust*."

"The old woman," continued the doctor, "whom you employed to buy food has escaped the fever, but she has not escaped a jail, whither she was sent yesterday, for having defrauded you of your money."

"Mr. Fisher," said Dr. Middleton, "as to you, I shall not punish you: I have no hope of making you either wiser or better. Do you know this paper?" — the paper appeared to be a bill for candles and a tinder box. "I desired him to buy those things, sir," said Archer, coloring. "And did you desire him not to pay for them?" "No," said Archer, "he had half a crown on purpose to pay for them." "I know he had, but he chose to apply it to his private use, and gave it to the gypsy to buy twelve buns for his own eating. To obtain credit for the tinder box and candles, he made use of *this* name," said he, turning to the other side of the bill, and pointing to De Grey's name, which was written at the end of a copy of one of De Grey's exercises.

"I assure you, sir —" cried Archer. "You need not assure me, sir," said Dr. Middleton; "I cannot suspect a boy of your temper of having any part in so base an action. When the people in the shop refused to let Mr. Fisher have the things without paying for them, he made use of De Grey's name, who was known there. Suspecting some mischief, however, from the purchase of the tinder box, the shopkeeper informed me of the circumstance. Nothing in this whole business gave me half so much pain as I felt, for a moment, when I suspected that De Grey was concerned in it." A loud cry, in

which Archer's voice was heard most distinctly, declared De Grey's innocence. Dr. Middleton looked round at their eager, honest faces with benevolent approbation. "Archer," said he, taking him by the hand, "I am heartily glad to see that you have got the better of your party spirit. I wish you may keep such a friend as you have now beside you; one such friend is worth two such parties. As for you, Mr. Fisher, depart; you must never return hither again." In vain he solicited Archer and De Grey to intercede for him. Everybody turned away with contempt; and he sneaked out, whimpering in a doleful voice, "What shall I say to my Aunt Barbara?"



EVERYBODY TURNED AWAY, AND HE SNEAKED OUT WHIMPERING IN A DOLEFUL VOICE, "WHAT SHALL I SAY TO MY AUNT BARBARA?"

SIMPLE SUSAN

By Maria Edgeworth

CHAPTER I

Waked, as her custom was, before the day,
To do the observance due to sprightly May.
DRYDEN.

IN a retired hamlet on the borders of Wales, between Oswestry and Shrewsbury, it is still the custom to celebrate the first of May.

The children of the village, who look forward to this rural festival with joyful eagerness, usually meet on the last day of April to make up their nosegays for the morning and to choose their queen. Their customary place of meeting is at a hawthorn which stands in a little green nook, open on one side to a shady lane, and separated on the other side by a thick sweetbrier and hawthorn hedge from the garden of an attorney.

This attorney began the world with nothing, but he contrived to scrape together a good deal of money, everybody knew how. He built a new house at the entrance of the village, and had a large well-fenced garden; yet, notwithstanding his fences, he never felt himself secure. Such were his litigious habits and his suspicious temper that he was constantly at variance with his simple and peaceable neighbors. Some pig, or dog, or goat, or goose was forever trespassing. His complaints and his extor-

tions wearied and alarmed the whole hamlet. The paths in his fields were at length unfrequented, his stiles were blocked up with stones, or stuffed with brambles and briers, so that not a gosling could creep under, or a giant get over them. Indeed, so careful were even the village children of giving offense to this irritable man of the law, that they would not venture to fly a kite near his fields lest it should entangle in his trees or fall upon his meadow.

Mr. Case, for this was the name of our attorney, had a son and a daughter, to whose education he had not time to attend, as his whole soul was intent upon accumulating for them a fortune. For several years he suffered his children to run wild in the village; but suddenly, on his being appointed to a considerable agency, he began to think of making his children a little genteel. He sent his son to learn Latin; he hired a maid to wait upon his daughter Barbara, and he strictly forbade her *thenceforward* to keep company with any of the poor children who had hitherto been her playfellows. They were not sorry for this prohibition, because she had been their tyrant rather than their companion. She was vexed to observe that her absence was not regretted, and she was mortified to perceive that she could not humble them by any display of airs and finery.

There was one poor girl, amongst her former associates, to whom she had a peculiar dislike, — Susan Price, a sweet-tempered, modest, sprightly, industrious lass, who was the pride and delight of the village. Her father rented a small farm, and, unfortunately for him, he lived near Attorney Case.

Barbara used often to sit at her window, watching Susan at work. Sometimes she saw her in the neat garden raking the beds or weeding the borders; sometimes she was kneeling at her beehive with fresh flowers for her bees; sometimes she was in the poultry yard scattering corn from her sieve amongst the eager chickens; and in the evening she was often seated in a little honeysuckle arbor, with a clean, light, three-legged deal table before her, upon which she put her plain work.

Susan had been taught to work neatly by her good mother, who was very fond of her, and to whom she was most gratefully attached.

Mrs. Price was an intelligent, active, domestic woman; but her health was not robust. She earned money, however, by taking in plain work; and she was famous for baking excellent bread and breakfast cakes. She was respected in the village, for her conduct as a wife and as a mother, and all were eager to show her attention. At her door the first branch of hawthorn was always placed on May morning, and her Susan was usually Queen of the May.

It was now time to choose the queen. The setting sun shone full upon the pink blossoms of the hawthorn when the merry group assembled upon their little green. Barbara was now walking in sullen state in her father's garden. She heard the busy voices in the lane, and she concealed herself behind the high hedge, that she might listen to their conversation.

"Where 's Susan?" were the first unwelcome words which she overheard. "Ay, where 's Susan?" repeated Philip, stopping short in the middle of a new tune that he

was playing on his pipe. "I wish Susan would come! I want her to sing me this same tune over again; I have not it yet."

"And I wish Susan would come, I 'm sure," cried a little girl, whose lap was full of primroses. "Susan will give me some thread to tie up my nosegays, and she 'll show me where the fresh violets grow; and she has promised to give me a great bunch of her double cowslips to wear to-morrow. I wish she would come."

"Nothing can be done without Susan! She always shows us where the nicest flowers are to be found in the lanes and meadows," said they. "She must make up the garlands; and she shall be Queen of the May!" exclaimed a multitude of little voices.

"But she does not come!" said Philip.

Rose, who was her particular friend, now came forward to assure the impatient assembly "that she would answer for it Susan would come as soon as she possibly could, and that she probably was detained by business at home."

The little electors thought that all business should give way to theirs, and Rose was despatched to summon her friend immediately.

"Tell her to make haste," cried Philip. "Attorney Case dined at the Abbey to-day — luckily for us. If he comes home and finds us here, maybe he 'll drive us away; for he says this bit of ground belongs to his garden: though that is not true, I 'm sure; for Farmer Price knows, and says it was always open to the road. The attorney wants to get our playground, so he does. I wish he and his daughter Bab, or Miss Barbara, as she

must now be called, were a hundred miles off out of our way, I know. No later than yesterday she threw down my ninepins in one of her ill humors, as she was walking by with her gown all trailing in the dust."

"Yes," cried Mary, the little primrose girl, "her gown is always trailing. She does not hold it up nicely, like Susan; and with all her fine clothes she never looks half so neat. Mamma says she wishes I may be like Susan, when I grow up to be a great girl, and so do I. I should not like to look conceited as Barbara does, if I was ever so rich."

"Rich or poor," said Philip, "it does not become a girl to look conceited, much less *bold*, as Barbara did the other day, when she was at her father's door without a hat upon her head, staring at the strange gentleman who stopped hereabout to let his horse drink. I know what he thought of Bab by his looks, and of Susan too; for Susan was in her garden, bending down a branch of the laburnum tree, looking at its yellow flowers, which were just come out; and when the gentleman asked her how many miles it was from Shrewsbury, she answered him so modest! — not bashful, like as if she had never seen nobody before, but just right; and then she pulled on her straw hat, which was fallen back with her looking up at the laburnum, and she went her ways home; and the gentleman says to me, after she was gone, 'Pray, who is that neat, modest girl —?' But I wish Susan would come," cried Philip, interrupting himself.

Susan was all this time, as her friend Rose rightly guessed, busy at home. She was detained by her father's returning later than usual. His supper was

ready for him nearly an hour before he came home; and Susan swept up the ashes twice, and twice put on wood to make a cheerful blaze for him; but at last, when he did come in, he took no notice of the blaze or of Susan; and when his wife asked him how he did, he made no answer, but stood with his back to the fire, looking very gloomy. Susan put his supper upon the table, and set his own chair for him; but he pushed away the chair and turned from the table, saying, — "I shall eat nothing, child! Why have you such a fire to roast me at this time of the year?"

"You said yesterday, father, I thought, that you liked a little cheerful wood fire in the evening; and there was a great shower of hail; your coat is quite wet, we must dry it."

"Take it, then, child," said he, pulling it off; "I shall soon have no coat to dry. And take my hat, too," said he, throwing it upon the ground.

Susan hung up his hat, put his coat over the back of a chair to dry, and then stood anxiously looking at her mother, who was not well: she had this day fatigued herself with baking; and now, alarmed by her husband's moody behavior, she sat down pale and trembling. He threw himself into a chair, folded his arms, and fixed his eyes upon the fire.

Susan was the first who ventured to break silence. Happy the father who has such a daughter as Susan! — her unaltered sweetness of temper, and her playful affectionate caresses, at last somewhat dissipated her father's melancholy.

He could not be prevailed upon to eat any of the supper

"SHUT THE GATE," SAID BARBARA, "YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS IN OUR GARDEN; AND AS FOR YOUR HEN, I SHALL KEEP IT: IT IS ALWAYS FLYING IN HERE AND PLAGUING US, AND MY FATHER SAYS IT IS A TRESPASSER: AND HE TOLD ME I MIGHT CATCH IT AND KEEP IT THE NEXT TIME IT GOT IN, AND IT IS IN NOW"

which had been prepared for him; however, with a faint smile, he told Susan that he thought he could eat one of her guinea hen's eggs. She thanked him, and with that nimble alacrity which marks the desire to please, she ran to her neat chicken yard; but, alas! her guinea hen was not there — it had strayed into the attorney's garden. She saw it through the paling, and timidly opening the little gate, she asked Miss Barbara, who was walking slowly by, to let her come in and take her guinea hen. Barbara, who was at this instant reflecting, with no agreeable feelings, upon the conversation of the village children, to which she had recently listened, started when she heard Susan's voice, and with a proud, ill-humored look and voice, refused her request.

"Shut the gate," said Barbara, "you have no business in *our* garden; and as for your hen, I shall keep it; it is always flying in here and plaguing us, and my father says it is a trespasser; and he told me I might catch it and keep it the next time it got in, and it is in now." Then Barbara called to her maid, Betty, and bid her catch the mischievous hen.

"Oh, my guinea hen! my pretty guinea hen!" cried Susan, as they hunted the frightened, screaming creature from corner to corner.

"Here we have got it!" said Betty, holding it fast by the legs.

"Now pay damages, Queen Susan, or good-by to your pretty guinea hen," said Barbara, in an insulting tone.

"Damages! what damages?" said Susan; "tell me what I must pay." "A shilling," said Barbara. "Oh, if sixpence would do!" said Susan; "I have but sixpence

of my own in the world, and here it is." "It won't do," said Barbara, turning her back. "Nay, but hear me," cried Susan; "let me at least come in to look for its eggs. I only want *one* for my father's supper; you shall have all the rest." "What 's your father, or his supper to us? is he so nice that he can eat none but guinea hen's eggs?" said Barbara. "If you want your hen and your eggs, pay for them, and you 'll have them." "I have but sixpence, and you say that won't do," said Susan, with a sigh, as she looked at her favorite, which was in the maid's grasping hands, struggling and screaming in vain.

Susan retired disconsolate. At the door of her father's cottage she saw her friend Rose, who was just come to summon her to the hawthorn bush.

"They are all at the hawthorn, and I am come for you. We can do nothing without *you*, dear Susan," cried Rose, running to meet her, at the moment she saw her. "You are chosen Queen of the May — come, make haste. But what is the matter? why do you look so sad?"

"Ah!" said Susan, "don't wait for me; I can't come to you; but," added she, pointing to the tuft of double cowslips in the garden, "gather those for poor little Mary. I promised them to her; and tell her the violets are under a hedge just opposite the turnstile, on the right as we go to church. Good-by! never mind me; I can't come. I can't stay, for my father wants me."

"But don't turn away your face; I won't keep you a moment; only tell me what 's the matter," said her friend, following her into the cottage.

"Oh, nothing, not much," said Susan; "only that I wanted the egg in a great hurry for father, it would not

have vexed me. To be sure, I should have clipped my guinea hen's wings, and then she could not have flown over the hedge; but let us think no more about it, now," added she, twinkling away a tear.

When Rose, however, learned that her friend's guinea hen was detained prisoner by the attorney's daughter, she exclaimed, with all the honest warmth of indignation, and instantly ran back to tell the story to her companions.

"Barbara! ay; like father, like daughter," cried Farmer Price, starting from the thoughtful attitude in which he had been fixed, and drawing his chair closer to his wife.

"You see something is amiss with me, wife — I 'll tell you what it is." As he lowered his voice, Susan, who was not sure that he wished she should hear what he was going to say, retired from behind his chair. "Susan, don't go; sit you down here, my sweet Susan," said he, making room for her upon his chair. "I believe I was a little cross when I came in first to-night; but I had something to vex me, as you shall hear.

"About a fortnight ago, you know, wife," continued he, "there was a balloting in our town for the militia. Now at that time I wanted but ten days of forty years of age, and the attorney told me I was a fool for not calling myself plump forty. But the truth is the truth, and it is what I think fittest to be spoken at all times, come what will of it. So I was drawn for a militiaman; but when I thought how loath you and I would be to part, I was main glad to hear that I could get off by paying eight or nine guineas for a substitute — only I had not the nine

guineas; for, you know, we had bad luck with our sheep this year, and they died away one after another. But that was no excuse; so I went to Attorney Case, and, with a power of difficulty, I got him to lend me the money, for which, to be sure, I gave him something, and left my lease of our farm with him, as he insisted upon it, by way of security for the loan. Attorney Case is too many for me. He has found what he calls a *flaw* in my lease; and the lease, he tells me, is not worth a farthing, and that he can turn us all out of our farm to-morrow if he pleases; and sure enough he will please; for I have thwarted him this day, and he swears he 'll be revenged of me. Indeed, he has begun with me badly enough already. I 'm not come to the worst part of my story yet — "

Here Farmer Price made a dead stop; and his wife and Susan looked up in his face, breathless with anxiety.

"It must come out," said he, with a short sigh; "I must leave you in three days, wife."

"Must you?" said his wife, in a faint, resigned voice. "Susan, love, open the window." Susan ran to open the window, and then returned to support her mother's head. When she came a little to herself she sat up, begged that her husband would go on, and that nothing might be concealed from her. Her husband had no wish indeed to conceal anything from a wife he loved so well; but, firm as he was, and steady to his maxim, that the truth was the thing the fittest to be spoken at all times, his voice faltered, and it was with great difficulty that he brought himself to speak the whole truth at this moment.

The fact was this. Case met Farmer Price as he was

coming home, whistling, from a new-plowed field. The attorney had just dined at *The Abbey*. The Abbey was the family seat of an opulent baronet in the neighborhood, to whom Mr. Case had been agent. The baronet died suddenly, and his estate and title devolved to a younger brother, who was now just arrived in the country, and to whom Mr. Case was eager to pay his court, in hopes of obtaining his favor. Of the agency he flattered himself that he was pretty secure; and he thought that he might assume a tone of command towards the tenants, especially towards one who was some guineas in debt, and in whose lease there was a flaw.

Accosting the farmer in a haughty manner, the attorney began with, "So, Farmer Price, a word with you, if you please. Walk on here, man, beside my horse, and you 'll hear me. You have changed your opinion, I hope, about that bit of land, — that corner at the end of my garden?" "As how, Mr. Case?" said the farmer. "As how, man! Why, you said something about its not belonging to me, when you heard me talk of inclosing it the other day." "So I did," said Price, "and so I do."

Provoked and astonished at the firm tone in which these words were pronounced, the attorney was upon the point of swearing that he would have his revenge; but, as his passions were habitually attentive to the *letter* of the law, he refrained from any hasty expression, which might, he was aware, in a court of justice, be hereafter brought against him.

"My good friend, Mr. Price," said he, in a soft voice, and pale with suppressed rage. He forced a smile. "I 'm under the necessity of calling in the money I lent you

some time ago, and you will please to take notice that it must be paid to-morrow morning. I wish you a good-evening. You have the money ready for me, I dare say."

"No," said the farmer, "not a guinea of it; but John Simpson, who was my substitute, has not left our village yet. I 'll get the money back from him, and go myself, if so be it must be so, into the militia — so I will."

The attorney did not expect such a determination, and he represented, in a friendly, hypocritical tone to Price, that he had no wish to drive him to such an extremity; that it would be the height of folly in him *to run his head against a wall for no purpose.* "You don't mean to take the corner into your own garden, do you, Price?" said he. "I," said the farmer, "God forbid! it 's none of mine; I never take what does not belong to me." "True, right, very proper, of course," said Mr. Case; "but then you have no interest in life in the land in question?" "None." "Then why so stiff about it, Price? All I want of you to say —" "To say that black is white, which I won't do, Mr. Case. The ground is a thing not worth talking of; but it 's neither yours nor mine. In my memory, since the *new* lane was made, it has always been open to the parish; and no man shall inclose it with my good-will. Truth is truth, and must be spoken; justice is justice, and should be done, Mr. Attorney."

"And law is law, Mr. Farmer, and shall have its course, to your cost," cried the attorney, exasperated by the dauntless spirit of this village Hampden.

Here they parted. The glow of enthusiasm, the pride of virtue, which made our hero brave, could not render him insensible. As he drew nearer home, many melan-

choly thoughts pressed upon his heart. He passed the door of his own cottage with resolute steps, however, and went through the village in search of the man who had engaged to be his substitute. He found him, told him how the matter stood; and luckily the man, who had not yet spent the money, was willing to return it, as there were many others drawn for the militia, who, he observed, would be glad to give him the same price, or more, for his services.

The moment Price got the money, he hastened to Mr. Case's house, walked straightforward into his room, and laying the money down upon his desk, "There, Mr. Attorney, are your nine guineas; count them; now I have done with you."

"Not yet," said the attorney, jingling the money triumphantly in his hand. "We 'll give you a taste of the law, my good sir, or I 'm mistaken. You forgot the flaw in your lease, which I have safe in this desk."

"Ah, my lease," said the farmer, who had almost forgot to ask for it till he was thus put in mind of it by the attorney's imprudent threat.

"Give me my lease, Mr. Case. I 've paid my money; you have no right to keep the lease any longer, whether it is a bad one or a good one."

"Pardon me," said the attorney, locking his desk and putting the key into his pocket; "possession, my honest friend," cried he, striking his hand upon the desk, "is nine points of the law. Good-night to you. I cannot in conscience return a lease to a tenant in which I know there is a capital flaw. It is my duty to show it to my employer; or, in other words, to your new landlord,

whose agent I have good reasons to expect I shall be. You will live to repent your obstinacy, Mr. Price. Your servant, sir."

Price retired with melancholy feelings, but not intimidated. Many a man returns home with a gloomy countenance, who has not quite so much cause for vexation.

When Susan heard her father's story, she quite forgot her guinea hen, and her whole soul was intent upon her poor mother, who, notwithstanding her utmost exertion, could not support herself under this sudden stroke of misfortune.

In the middle of the night Susan was called up; her mother's fever ran high for some hours; but towards morning it abated, and she fell into a soft sleep with Susan's hand locked fast in hers.

Susan sat motionless, and breathed softly, lest she should disturb her. The rushlight, which stood beside the bed, was now burnt low; the long shadow of the tall wicker chair flitted, faded, appeared, and vanished, as the flame rose and sank in the socket. Susan was afraid that the disagreeable smell might waken her mother; and, gently disengaging her hand, she went on tiptoe to extinguish the candle. All was silent: the gray light of the morning was now spreading over every object; the sun rose slowly, and Susan stood at the lattice window, looking through the small leaded, cross-barred panes at the splendid spectacle. A few birds began to chirp; but, as Susan was listening to them, her mother started in her sleep, and spoke unintelligibly. Susan hung up a white apron before the window to keep out the light, and just then she heard the sound of music at a distance in the

village. As it approached nearer, she knew that it was Philip playing upon his pipe and tabor. She distinguished the merry voices of her companions "caroling in honor of the May," and soon she saw them coming towards her father's cottage, with branches and garlands in their hands. She opened quick, but gently, the latch of the door, and ran out to meet them.

"Here she is! — here's Susan!" they exclaimed joyfully. "Here 's the Queen of the May." "And here 's her crown!" cried Rose, pressing forward; but Susan put her finger upon her lips, and pointed to her mother's window. Philip's pipe stopped instantly.

"Thank you," said Susan, "my mother is ill; I can't leave her, you know." Then gently putting aside the crown, her companions bid her say who should wear it for her.

"Will you, dear Rose?" said she, placing the garland upon her friend's head. "It's a charming May morning," added she, with a smile; "good-by. We shan't hear your voices or the pipe when you have turned the corner into the village; so you need only stop till then, Philip."

"I shall stop for all day," said Philip; "I 've no mind to play any more."

"Good-by, poor Susan. It is a pity you can't come with us," said all the children; and little Mary ran after Susan to the cottage door.

"I forgot to thank you," said she, "for the double cowslips; look how pretty they are, and smell how sweet the violets are in my bosom, and kiss me quick, for I shall be left behind." Susan kissed the little breathless girl, and returned softly to the side of her mother's bed.

"How grateful that child is to me for a cowslip only! How can I be grateful enough to such a mother as this?" said Susan to herself, as she bent over her sleeping mother's pale countenance.

Her mother's unfinished knitting lay upon a table near the bed, and Susan sat down in her wicker arm-chair, and went on with the row, in the middle of which her hand stopped the preceding evening. "She taught me to knit, she taught me everything that I know," thought Susan, "and the best of all, she taught me to love her, to wish to be like her."

Her mother, when she awakened, felt much refreshed by her tranquil sleep, and observing that it was a delightful morning, said "that she had been dreaming she heard music; but that the drum frightened her, because she thought it was the signal for her husband to be carried away by a whole regiment of soldiers, who had pointed their bayonets at him. But that was but a dream, Susan; I awoke, and knew it was a dream, and I then fell asleep, and have slept soundly ever since."

How painful it is to awake to the remembrance of misfortune! Gradually as this poor woman collected her scattered thoughts, she recalled the circumstances of the preceding evening. She was too certain that she had heard from her husband's own lips the words, "*I must leave you in three days;*" and she wished that she could sleep again, and think it all a dream.

"But he 'll want, he 'll want a hundred things," said she, starting up. "I must get his linen ready for him. I 'm afraid it 's very late. Susan, why did you let me lie so long?"

"Everything shall be ready, dear mother; only don't hurry yourself," said Susan. And indeed her mother was ill able to bear any hurry, or to do any work this day. Susan's affectionate, dexterous, sensible activity was never more wanted, or more effectual. She understood so readily, she obeyed so exactly; and when she was left to her own discretion, judged so prudently, that her mother had little trouble and no anxiety in directing her. She said that Susan never did too little or too much.

Susan was mending her father's linen, when Rose tapped softly at the window, and beckoned to her to come out. She went out. "How does your mother do, in the first place?" said Rose. "Better, thank you." "That 's well, and I have a little bit of good news for you besides — here," said she, pulling out a glove, in which there was money; "we 'll get the guinea hen back again — we have all agreed about it. This is the money that has been given to us in the village this May morning. At every door they gave silver. See how generous they have been — twelve shillings, I assure you. Now we are a match for Miss Barbara. You won't like to leave home; I 'll go to Barbara, and you shall see your guinea hen in ten minutes."

Rose hurried away, pleased with her commission, and eager to accomplish her business. Miss Barbara's maid, Betty, was the first person that was visible at the attorney's house. Rose insisted upon seeing Miss Barbara herself, and she was shown into a parlor to the young lady, who was reading a dirty novel, which she put under a heap of law papers as they entered.

"Dear, how you *startled* me! Is it only you?" said

she to her maid; but as soon as she saw Rose behind the maid, she put on a scornful air. "Could not ye say I was not at home, Betty? Well, my good girl, what brings you here? Something to borrow or beg, I suppose."

May every ambassador — every ambassador in as good a cause — answer with as much dignity and moderation as Rose replied to Barbara upon the present occasion. She assured her that the person from whom she came did not send her either to beg or borrow; that she was able to pay the full value of that for which she came to ask; and, producing her well-filled purse, "I believe that this is a very good shilling," said she. "If you don't like it, I will change it, and now you will be so good as to give me Susan's guinea hen. It is in her name I ask for it."

"No matter in whose name you ask for it," replied Barbara, "you will not have it. Take up your shilling, if you please. I would have taken a shilling yesterday, if it had been paid at the time properly; but I told Susan that if it was not paid then, I should keep the hen, and so I shall, I promise her. You may go back, and tell her so."

The attorney's daughter had, whilst Rose opened her negotiation, measured the depth of her purse with a keen eye; and her penetration discovered that it contained at least ten shillings. With proper management she had some hopes that the guinea hen might be made to bring in at least half the money.

Rose, who was of a warm temper, not quite so fit a match as she had thought herself for the wily Barbara, incautiously exclaimed, "Whatever it costs us, we are

determined to have Susan's favorite hen; so, if one shilling won't do, take two; and if two won't do, why, take three."

The shillings sounded provoking upon the table, as she threw them down one after another; and Barbara coolly replied, "Three won't do." "Have you no conscience, Miss Barbara? Then take four." Barbara shook her head. A fifth shilling was instantly proffered; but Bab, who now saw plainly that she had the game in her own hands, preserved a cold, cruel silence. Rose went on rapidly, bidding shilling after shilling, till she had completely emptied her purse. The twelve shillings were spread upon the table. Barbara's avarice was moved; she consented for this ransom to liberate her prisoner.

Rose pushed the money towards her; but just then, recollecting that she was acting for others more than for herself, and doubting whether she had full powers to conclude such an extravagant bargain, she gathered up the public treasure, and with newly-recovered prudence observed that she must go back to consult her friends. Her generous little friends were amazed at Barbara's meanness, but with one accord declared that they were most willing, for their parts, to give up every farthing of the money. They all went to Susan in a body, and told her so. "There 's our purse," said they; "do what you please with it." They would not wait for one word of thanks, but ran away, leaving only Rose with her to settle the treaty for the guinea hen.

There is a certain manner of accepting a favor, which shows true generosity of mind. Many know how to give,

but few know how to accept a gift properly. Susan was touched, but not astonished, by the kindness of her young friends, and she received the purse with as much simplicity as she would have given it.

"Well," said Rose, "shall I go back for the guinea hen?" "The guinea hen!" said Susan, starting from a reverie into which she had fallen, as she contemplated the purse. "Certainly I *do* long to see my pretty guinea hen once more; but I was not thinking of her just then — I was thinking of my father."

Now Susan had heard her mother often, in the course of this day, wish that she had but money enough in the world to pay John Simpson for going to serve in the militia instead of her husband. "This, to be sure, will go but a little way," thought Susan; "but still it may be of some use to my father." She told her mind to Rose, and concluded by saying, decidedly, that "if the money was given to her to dispose of as she pleased, she would give it to her father."

"It is all yours, my dear good Susan," cried Rose, with a look of warm approbation. "This is so like you! — but I 'm sorry that Miss Bab must keep your guinea hen. I would not be her for all the guinea hens, or guineas either, in the whole world. Why, I 'll answer for it, the guinea hen won't make her happy; and you 'll be happy *even* without, because you are good. Let me come and help you to-morrow," continued she, looking at Susan's work, "if you have any more mending work to do; I never liked work till I worked with you. I won't forget my thimble or my scissors," added she, laughing; "though I used to forget them when I was a giddy

girl. I assure you I am a great hand at my needle, now — try me."

Susan assured her friend that she did not doubt the powers of her needle, and that she would most willingly accept of her services, but that *unluckily* she had finished all her needle-work that was immediately wanted.

"But do you know," said she, "I shall have a great deal of business to-morrow; but I won't tell you what it is that I have to do, for I am afraid I shall not succeed; but if I do succeed, I 'll come and tell you directly, because you will be so glad of it."

Susan, who had always been attentive to what her mother taught her, and who had often assisted her when she was baking bread and cakes for the family at the Abbey, had now formed the courageous, but not presumptuous, idea that she could herself undertake to bake a batch of bread. One of the servants from the Abbey had been sent all round the village in the morning in search of bread, and had not been able to procure any that was tolerable. Mrs. Price's last baking failed for want of good barm. She was not now strong enough to attempt another herself; and when the brewer's boy came with eagerness to tell her that he had some fine fresh yeast, she thanked him, but sighed, and said it would be of no use to her. Accordingly Susan went to work with much prudent care, and when her bread the next morning came out of the oven, it was excellent; at least her mother said so, and she was a good judge. It was sent to the Abbey; and as the family there had not tasted any good bread since their arrival in the country, they also

were earnest and warm in its praise. Inquiries were made from the housekeeper, and they heard, with some surprise, that this excellent bread was made by a young girl only twelve years old.

The housekeeper, who had known Susan from a child, was pleased to have an opportunity in speaking in her favor. "She is the most industrious little creature, ma'am, in the world," said she to her mistress. "Little I can't so well call her now, since she 's grown tall and slender to look at; and glad I am she is grown up likely to look at; for handsome is that handsome does. She thinks no more of her being handsome than I do myself; yet she has as proper a respect for herself, ma'am, as you have; and I always see her neat, and with her mother, ma'am, or fit people, as a girl should be. As for her mother, she dotes upon her, as well she may; for I should myself if I had half such a daughter; and then she has two little brothers; and she 's as good to them, and, my boy Philip says, taught 'em to read more than the school-mistress, all with tenderness and good nature; but I beg your pardon, ma'am, I cannot stop myself when I once begin to talk of Susan."

"You have really said enough to excite my curiosity," said her mistress; "pray send for her immediately; we can see her before we go out to walk."

The benevolent housekeeper despatched her boy Philip for Susan, who never happened to be in such an *untidy* state as to be unable to obey a summons without a long preparation. She had, it is true, been very busy; but orderly people can be busy and neat at the same time. She put on her usual straw hat, and accompanied Rose's

mother, who was going with a basket of cleared muslin to the Abbey.

The modest simplicity of Susan's appearance, and the artless good sense and propriety of the answers she gave to all the questions that were asked her, pleased the ladies at the Abbey, who were good judges of character and manners.

Sir Arthur Somers had two sisters, sensible, benevolent women. They were not of that race of fine ladies who are miserable the moment they come to *the country;* nor yet were they of that bustling sort, who quack and direct all their poor neighbors, for the mere love of managing, or the want of something to do. They were judiciously generous; and whilst they wished to diffuse happiness, they were not peremptory in requiring that people should be happy precisely their own way. With these dispositions, and with a well-informed brother, who, though he never wished to direct, was always willing to assist in their efforts to do good, there were reasonable hopes that these ladies would be a blessing to the poor villagers amongst whom they were now settled.

As soon as Miss Somers had spoken to Susan, she inquired for her brother; but Sir Arthur was in his study, and a gentleman was with him on business.

Susan was desirous of returning to her mother, and the ladies therefore would not detain her. Miss Somers told her, with a smile, when she took leave, that she would call upon her in the evening at six o'clock.

It was impossible that such a grand event as Susan's visit to the Abbey could long remain unknown to Barbara Case and her gossiping maid. They watched eagerly

for the moment of her return, that they might satisfy their curiosity. "There she is, I declare, just come into her garden," cried Bab; "I 'll run in and get it all out of her in a minute."

Bab could descend, without shame, whenever it suited her purposes, from the height of insolent pride to the lowest meanness of fawning familiarity.

Susan was gathering some marigolds and some parsley for her mother's broth.

"So, Susan," said Bab, who came close up to her before she perceived it, "how goes the world with you to-day?" "My mother is rather better to-day, she says, ma'am — thank you," replies Susan, coldly but civilly. "*Ma'am!* dear, how polite we are grown of a sudden!" cried Bab, winking at her maid. "One may see you 've been in good company this morning — hey, Susan? Come, let 's hear about it." "Did you see the ladies themselves, or was it only the housekeeper sent for you?" said the maid. "What room did you go into?" continued Bab. "Did you see Miss Somers, or Sir Arthur?" "Miss Somers." "La! she saw Miss Somers! Betty, I must hear about it. Can't you stop gathering those things for a minute and chat a bit with us, Susan?" "I can't stay, indeed, Miss Barbara; for my mother's broth is just wanted, and I 'm in a hurry." Susan ran home.

"Lord, her head is full of broth now," said Bab to her maid; "and she has not a word for herself, though she has been abroad. My papa may well call her *Simple Susan;* for simple she is, and simple she will be, all the world over. For my part, I think she 's little better than

a downright simpleton. But, however, simple or not, I 'll get what I want out of her. She 'll be able to speak, maybe, when she has settled the grand matter of the broth. I 'll step in and ask to see her mother, that will put her in a good humor in a trice."

Barbara followed Susan into the cottage, and found her occupied with the grand affair of the broth. "Is it ready?" said Bab, peeping into the pot that was over the fire. "Dear, how savory it smells! I 'll wait till you go in with it to your mother, for I must ask her how she does myself." "Will you please to sit down then, miss?" said Simple Susan, with a smile; for at this instant she forgot the guinea hen. "I have but just put the parsley into the broth; but it soon will be ready."

During this interval Bab employed herself, much to her own satisfaction, in cross-questioning Susan. She was rather provoked indeed that she could not learn exactly how each of the ladies was dressed, and what there was to be for dinner at the Abbey; and she was curious beyond measure to find out what Miss Somers meant by saying that she would call at Mr. Price's cottage at six o'clock in the evening. "What do you think she could mean?" "I thought she meant what she said," replied Susan, "that she would come here at six o'clock." "Ay, that 's as plain as a pikestaff," said Barbara; "but what else did she mean, think you? People, you know, don't always mean exactly, downright, neither more nor less than what they say." "Not always," said Susan, with an arch smile, which convinced Barbara that she was not quite a simpleton. "*Not always*," repeated Barbara, coloring; "oh, then I suppose you have some

guess at what Miss Somers meant." "No," said Susan, "I was not thinking about Miss Somers, when I said not always." "How nice that broth does look," resumed Barbara, after a pause.

Susan had now poured the broth into a basin, and as she strewed over it the bright orange marigolds, it looked very tempting. She tasted it, and added now a little salt, and now a little more, till she thought it was just to her mother's taste. "Oh, *I* must taste it," said Bab, taking the basin up greedily. "Won't you take a spoon?" said Susan, trembling at the large mouthfuls which Barbara sucked up with a terrible noise. "Take a spoonful, indeed!" exclaimed Barbara, setting down the basin in high anger. "The next time I taste your broth you shall affront me, if you dare! The next time I set my foot in this house, you shall be as saucy to me as you please." And she flounced out of the house, repeating, "*Take a spoon, pig*, was what you meant to say."

Susan stood in amazement at the beginning of this speech; but the concluding words explained to her the mystery.

Some years before this time, when Susan was a very little girl, and could scarcely speak plain, as she was eating a basin of bread and milk for her supper at the cottage door, a great pig came up and put his nose into the basin. Susan was willing that the pig should have some share of the bread and milk; but as she ate with a spoon and he with his large mouth, she presently discovered that he was likely to have more than his share; and in a simple tone of expostulation she said to him,

"Take a *poon*, pig."[1] The saying became proverbial in the village. Susan's little companions repeated it, and applied it upon many occasions, whenever any one claimed more than his share of anything good. Barbara, who was then not Miss Barbara, but plain Bab, and who had played with all the poor children in the neighborhood, was often reproved in her unjust methods of division by Susan's proverb. Susan, as she grew up, forgot the childish saying; but the remembrance of it rankled in Barbara's mind, and it was to this that she suspected Susan had alluded, when she recommended a spoon to her, whilst she was swallowing the basin of broth.

"La, miss," said Barbara's maid, when she found her mistress in a passion upon her return from Susan's, "I only wondered you did her the honor to set your foot within her doors. What need have you to trouble her for news about the Abbey folks, when your own papa has been there all the morning, and is just come in, and can tell you everything?"

Barbara did not know that her father meant to go to the Abbey that morning, for Attorney Case was mysterious even to his own family about his morning rides. He never chose to be asked where he was going, or where he had been; and this made his servants more than commonly inquisitive to trace him.

Barbara, against whose apparent childishness and real cunning he was not sufficiently on his guard, had often the art of drawing him into conversation about his visits. She ran into her father's parlor; but she knew, the mo-

[1] This is a true anecdote.

ment she saw his face, that it was no time to ask questions; his pen was across his mouth, and his brown wig pushed oblique upon his contracted forehead. The wig was always pushed crooked whenever he was in a brown, or rather a black, study. Barbara, who did not, like Susan, bear with her father's testy humor from affection and gentleness of disposition, but who always humored him from artifice, tried all her skill to fathom his thoughts; and when she found that *it* would not do, she went to tell her maid so, and to complain that her father was so cross there was no bearing him.

It is true that Attorney Case was not in the happiest mood possible; for he was by no means satisfied with his morning's work at the Abbey. Sir Arthur Somers, the *new man*, did not suit him, and he began to be rather apprehensive that he should not suit Sir Arthur. He had sound reasons for his doubts.

Sir Arthur Somers was an excellent lawyer, and a perfectly honest man. This seemed to our attorney a contradiction in terms; in the course of his practice the case had not occurred; and he had no precedents ready to direct his proceedings. Sir Arthur was also a man of wit and eloquence, yet of plain dealing and humanity. The attorney could not persuade himself to believe that his benevolence was anything but enlightened cunning, and his plain dealing he one minute dreaded as the masterpiece of art, and the next despised as the characteristic of folly. In short, he had not yet decided whether he was an honest man or a knave. He had settled accounts with him for his late agency, and had talked about sundry matters of business. He constantly perceived,

however, that he could not impose upon Sir Arthur; but the idea that he could know all the mazes of the law, and yet prefer the straight road, was incomprehensible.

Mr. Case having paid Sir Arthur some compliments on his great legal abilities, and his high reputation at the bar, he coolly replied, "I have left the bar." The attorney looked in unfeigned astonishment that a man who was actually making £3000 per annum at the bar should leave it.

"I am come," said Sir Arthur, "to enjoy that kind of domestic life in the country which I prefer to all others, and amongst people whose happiness I hope to increase." At this speech the attorney changed his ground, flattering himself that he should find his man averse to business, and ignorant of country affairs. He talked of the value of land, and of new leases.

Sir Arthur wished to enlarge his domain, and to make a ride round it. A map of it was lying upon the table, and Farmer Price's garden came exactly across the new road for the ride. Sir Arthur looked disappointed; and the keen attorney seized the moment to inform him that "Price's whole land was at his disposal."

"At my disposal! how so?" cried Sir Arthur eagerly; "it will not be out of lease, I believe, these ten years. I 'll look into the rent-roll again; perhaps I am mistaken."

"You are mistaken, my good sir, and you are not mistaken," said Mr. Case, with a shrewd smile. "In one sense, the land will not be out of lease these ten years, and in another it is out of lease at this present time. To come to the point at once, the lease is, *ab origine*, null

and void. I have detected a capital flaw in the body of it. I pledge my credit upon it, sir, it can't stand a single term in law or equity."

The attorney observed that at these words Sir Arthur's eye was fixed with a look of earnest attention. "Now I have him," said the cunning tempter to himself.

"Neither in law nor equity," repeated Sir Arthur, with apparent incredulity. "Are you sure of that, Mr. Case?" "Sure! As I told you before, sir, I 'd pledge my whole credit upon the thing — I 'd stake my existence." "*That's something,*" said Sir Arthur, as if he was pondering upon the matter.

The attorney went on with all the eagerness of a keen man, who sees a chance at one stroke of winning a rich friend and of ruining a poor enemy. He explained, with legal volubility and technical amplification, the nature of the mistake in Mr. Price's lease. "It was, sir," said he, "a lease for the life of Peter Price, Susanna his wife, and to the survivor or survivors of them, or for the full time and term of twenty years, to be computed from the first day of May then next ensuing. Now, sir, this, you see, is a lease in reversion, which the late Sir Benjamin Somers had not, by his settlement, a right to make. This is a curious mistake, you see, Sir Arthur; and in filling up those printed leases there 's always a good chance of some flaw. I find it perpetually; but I never found a better than this in the whole course of my practice."

Sir Arthur stood in silence.

"My dear sir," said the attorney, taking him by the button, "you have no scruple of stirring in this business?"

"A little," said Sir Arthur.

"Why, then, that can be done away in a moment. Your name shall not appear in it at all. You have nothing to do but to make over the lease to me. I make all safe to you with my bond. Now, being in possession, I come forward in my own proper person. *Shall I proceed?*"

"No — you have said enough," replied Sir Arthur.

"The case, indeed, lies in a nutshell," said the attorney, who had by this time worked himself up to such a pitch of professional enthusiasm that, intent upon his vision of a lawsuit, he totally forgot to observe the impression his words made upon Sir Arthur.

"There 's only one thing we have forgotten all this time," said Sir Arthur. "What can that be, sir?" "That we shall ruin this poor man."

Case was thunderstruck at these words, or rather, by the look which accompanied them. He recollected that he had laid himself open before he was sure of Sir Arthur's *real* character. He softened, and said he should have had certainly more *consideration* in the case of any but a litigious, pig-headed fellow, as he knew Price to be.

"If he be litigious," said Sir Arthur, "I shall certainly be glad to get him fairly out of the parish as soon as possible. When you go home, you will be so good, sir, as to send me his lease, that I may satisfy myself before we stir in this business."

The attorney, brightening up, prepared to take leave; but he could not persuade himself to take his departure without making one push at Sir Arthur about the agency.

"I will not trouble *you*, Sir Arthur, with this lease of Price's," said Case; "I 'll leave it with your agent.

Whom shall I apply to?" "*To myself*, sir, if you please," replied Sir Arthur.

The courtiers of Louis the Fourteenth could not have looked more astounded than our attorney, when they received from their monarch a similar answer. It was this unexpected reply of Sir Arthur's which had deranged the temper of Mr. Case, and caused his wig to stand so crooked upon his forehead, and which had rendered him impenetrably silent to his inquisitive daughter Barbara.

After having walked up and down his room, conversing with himself, for some time, the attorney concluded that the agency must be given to somebody when Sir Arthur should have to attend his duty in Parliament; that the agency, even for the winter season, was not a thing to be neglected; and that, if he managed well, he might yet secure it for himself. He had often found that small timely presents worked wonderfully upon his own mind, and he judged of others by himself. The tenants had been in the reluctant but constant practice of making him continual petty offerings; and he resolved to try the same course with Sir Arthur, whose resolution to be his own agent, he thought, argued a close, saving, avaricious disposition. He had heard the housekeeper at the Abbey inquiring, as he passed through the servants, whether there was any lamb to be gotten. She said that Sir Arthur was remarkably fond of lamb, and that she wished she could get a quarter for him. Immediately he sallied into his kitchen, as soon as the idea struck him, and asked a shepherd, who was waiting there, whether he knew of a nice fat lamb to be had anywhere in the neighborhood.

"I know of one," cried Barbara. "Susan Price has a

pet lamb that's as fat as fat could be." The attorney easily caught at these words, and speedily devised a scheme for obtaining Susan's lamb for nothing.

It would be something strange if an attorney of his talents and standing was not an overmatch for Simple Susan. He prowled forth in search of his prey. He found Susan packing up her father's little wardrobe; and when she looked up as she knelt, he saw that she had been in tears.

"How is your mother to-day, Susan?" inquired the attorney. "Worse, sir. My father goes to-morrow." "That's a pity." "It can't be helped," said Susan, with a sigh. "It can't be helped — how do you know that?" said Case. "Sir, *dear* sir!" cried she, looking up at him, and a sudden ray of hope beamed in her ingenuous countenance. "And if *you* could help it, Susan?" said he. Susan clasped her hands in silence, more expressive than words. "You *can* help it, Susan." She started up in an ecstasy. "What would you give now to have your father at home for a whole week longer?" "Anything! — but I have nothing." "Yes, but you have a lamb," said the hard-hearted attorney. "My poor little lamb!" said Susan; "but what can that do?" "What good can any lamb do? Is not lamb good to eat? Why do you look so pale, girl? Are not sheep killed every day, and don't you eat mutton? Is your lamb better than anybody else's, think you?" "I don't know," said Susan, "but I love it better." "More fool you," said he. "It feeds out of hand, it follows me about; I have always taken care of it; my mother gave it to me." "Well, say no more about it, then," he cynically observed; "if you

love your lamb better than both your father and your mother, keep it, and good-morning to you."

"Stay, oh stay!" cried Susan, catching the skirt of his coat with an eager, trembling hand; — "a whole week, did you say? My mother may get better in that time. No, I do not love my lamb half so well." The struggle of her mind ceased, and with a placid countenance and calm voice, "Take the lamb," said she. "Where is it?" said the attorney. "Grazing in the meadow, by the river-side." "It must be brought up before nightfall for the butcher, remember." "I shall not forget it," said Susan steadily.

As soon, however, as her persecutor turned his back and quitted the house, Susan sat down and hid her face in her hands. She was soon aroused by the sound of her mother's feeble voice, who was calling *Susan* from the inner room where she lay. Susan went in, but did not undraw the curtain as she stood beside the bed.

"Are you there, love? Undraw the curtain, that I may see you, and tell me; — I thought I heard some strange voice just now talking to my child. Something 's amiss, Susan," said her mother, raising herself as well as she was able in the bed, to examine her daughter's countenance.

"Would you think it amiss, then, my dear mother," said Susan, stooping to kiss her — "would you think it amiss, if my father was to stay with us a week longer?" "Susan! you don't say so?" "He is, indeed, a whole week; — but how burning hot your hand is still." "Are you sure he will stay?" inquired her mother. "How do you know? Who told you so? Tell me all quick."

"Attorney Case told me so; he can get him a week's longer leave of absence, and he has promised he will." "God bless him for it, forever and ever!" said the poor woman, joining her hands. "May the blessing of heaven be with him!"

Susan closed the curtains, and was silent. She *could not say Amen.* She was called out of the room at this moment, for a messenger was come from the Abbey for the bread bills. It was she who always made out the bills, for though she had not a great number of lessons from the writing master, she had taken so much pains to learn that she could write a very neat, legible hand, and she found this very useful. She was not, to be sure, particularly inclined to draw out a long bill at this instant, but business must be done. She set to work, ruled her lines for the pounds, shillings, and pence, made out the bill for the Abbey, and despatched the impatient messenger. She then resolved to make out all the bills for the neighbors, who had many of them taken a few loaves and rolls of her baking. "I had better get all my business finished," said she to herself, "before I go down to the meadow to take leave of my poor lamb."

This was sooner said than done, for she found that she had a great number of bills to write, and the slate on which she had entered the account was not immediately to be found, and when it was found the figures were almost rubbed out. Barbara had sat down upon it. Susan pored over the number of loaves, and the names of the persons who took them; and she wrote and cast up sums, and corrected and recorrected them, till her head grew quite puzzled.

The table was covered with little square bits of paper on which she had been writing bills over and over again, when her father came in with a bill in his hand. "How 's this, Susan?" said he. "How can ye be so careless, child? What is your head running upon? Here, look at the bill you were sending up to the Abbey! I met the messenger, and luckily asked to see how much it was. Look at it."

Susan looked and blushed; it was written, "Sir Arthur Somers, to John Price, debtor, six dozen *lambs*, so much." She altered it, and returned it to her father; but he had taken up some of the papers which lay upon the table. "What are all these, child?" "Some of them are wrong, and I 've written them out again," said Susan. "Some of them! All of them, I think, seem to be wrong, if I can read," said her father, rather angrily, and he pointed out to her sundry strange mistakes. Her head, indeed, had been running upon her poor lamb. She corrected all the mistakes with so much patience, and bore to be blamed with so much good humor, that her father at last said that it was impossible ever to scold Susan, without being in the wrong at the last.

As soon as all was set right, Price took the bills, and said he would go round to the neighbors and collect the money himself; for that he should be very proud to have it to say to them that it was all earned by his own little daughter.

Susan resolved to keep the pleasure of telling him of his week's reprieve till he should come home to sup, as he had promised to do, in her mother's room. She was not sorry to hear him sigh as he passed the knapsack,

which she had been packing up for his journey. "How delighted he will be when he hears the good news!" said she to herself; "but I know he will be a little sorry, too, for my poor lamb."

As Susan had now settled all her business, she thought she could have time to go down to the meadow by the river-side to see her favorite; but just as she had tied on her straw hat the village clock struck four, and this was the hour at which she always went to fetch her little brothers home from a dame school near the village. She knew that they would be disappointed if she was later than usual, and she did not like to keep them waiting, because they were very patient, good boys; so she put off the visit to her lamb, and went immediately for her brothers.

CHAPTER II

Even in the spring and playtime of the year,
That calls th' unwonted villager abroad,
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
And prink their heads with daisies.

COWPER.

The dame school, which was about a mile from the hamlet, was not a showy edifice; but it was reverenced as much by the young race of village scholars as if it had been the most stately mansion in the land. It was a low-roofed, long, thatched tenement, sheltered by a few reverend oaks, under which many generations of hopeful children had gamboled in their turn.

The close-shaven green, which sloped down from the hatch door of the schoolroom, was paled round with a

rude paling, which, though decayed in some parts by time, was not in any place broken by violence.

The place bespoke order and peace. The dame who governed was well obeyed, because she was just and well beloved, and because she was ever glad to give well-earned praise and pleasure to her little subjects.

Susan had once been under her gentle dominion, and had been deservedly her favorite scholar. The dame often cited her as the best example to the succeeding tribe of emulous youngsters. She had scarcely opened the wicket which separated the green before the schoolroom door from the lane, when she heard the merry voices of the children, and saw the little troop issuing from the hatchway and spreading over the green.

"Oh, there 's Susan!" cried her two little brothers, running, leaping, and bounding up to her; and many of the other rosy girls and boys crowded round her, to talk of their plays; for Susan was easily interested in all that made others happy; but she could not make them comprehend that, if they all spoke at once, it was not possible that she could hear what was said.

The voices were still raised one above another, all eager to establish some important observation about ninepins, or marbles, or tops, or bows and arrows, when suddenly music was heard and the crowd was silenced. The music seemed to be near the spot where the children were standing, and they looked round to see whence it could come. Susan pointed to the great oak tree, and they beheld, seated under its shade, an old man playing upon his harp. The children all approached — at first timidly, for the sounds were solemn; but as the harper heard their

little footsteps coming towards him, he changed his hand and played one of his most lively tunes. The circle closed, and pressed nearer and nearer to him; some who were in the foremost row whispered to each other, "He is blind!" "What a pity!" and "He looks very poor, — what a ragged coat he wears!" said others. "He must be very old, for all his hair is white; and he must have traveled a great way, for his shoes are quite worn out," observed another.

All these remarks were made whilst he was tuning his harp, for when he once more began to play, not a word was uttered. He seemed pleased by their simple exclamations of wonder and delight, and, eager to amuse his young audience, he played now a gay and now a pathetic air, to suit their several humors.

Susan's voice, which was soft and sweet, expressive of gentleness and good nature, caught his ear the moment she spoke. He turned his face eagerly to the place where she stood; and it was observed that, whenever she said that she liked any tune particularly, he played it over again.

"I am blind," said the old man, "and cannot see your faces; but I know you all asunder by your voices, and I can guess pretty well at all your humors and characters by your voices."

"Can you so, indeed?" cried Susan's little brother William, who had stationed himself between the old man's knees. "Then you heard *my* sister Susan speak just now. Can you tell us what sort of person she is?" "That I can, I think, without being a conjurer," said the old man, lifting the boy up on his knee; "*your* sister

Susan is good-natured." The boy clapped his hands. "And good-tempered." "*Right*," said little William, with a louder clap of applause. "And very fond of the little boy who sits upon my knee." "Oh, right! right! quite right!" exclaimed the child, and "quite right" echoed on all sides.

"But how came you to know so much, when you are blind?" said William, examining the old man attentively.

"Hush," said John, who was a year older than his brother, and very sage; "you should not put him in mind of his being blind."

"Though I am blind," said the harper, "I can hear, you know; and I heard from your sister herself all that I told you of her, that she was good-tempered and good-natured and fond of you." "Oh, that 's wrong — you did not hear all that from herself, I 'm sure," said John, "for nobody ever hears her praising herself." "Did not I hear her tell you," said the harper, "when you first came round me, that she was in a great hurry to go home, but that she would stay a little while, since you wished it so much? Was not that good-natured? And when you said you did not like the tune she liked best, she was not angry with you, but said, 'Then play William's first, if you please;' — was not that good-tempered?" "Oh," interrupted William, "it 's all true; but how did you find out that she was fond of me?" "That is such a difficult question," said the harper, "that I must take time to consider." The harper tuned his instrument, as he pondered, or seemed to ponder; and at this instant two boys who had been searching for birds'

nests in the hedges, and who had heard the sound of the harp, came blustering up, and pushing their way through the circle, one of them exclaimed, "What 's going on here? Who are you, my old fellow? A blind harper! Well, play us a tune, if you can play ever a good one; play me — let 's see, what shall he play, Bob?" added he, turning to his companion. "Bumper Squire Jones."

The old man, though he did not seem quite pleased with the peremptory manner of the request, played, as he was desired, "Bumper Squire Jones;" and several other tunes were afterwards bespoke by the same rough and tyrannical voice.

The little children shrank back in timid silence and eyed the brutal boy with dislike. This boy was the son of Attorney Case; and as his father had neglected to correct his temper when he was a child, as he grew up it became insufferable. All who were younger and weaker than himself dreaded his approach, and detested him as a tyrant.

When the old harper was so tired that he could play no more, a lad, who usually carried his harp for him, and who was within call, came up, and held his master's hat to the company, saying, "Will you be pleased to remember us?" The children readily produced their halfpence, and thought their wealth well bestowed upon this poor, good-natured man, who had taken so much pains to entertain them, better even than upon the gingerbread woman, whose stall they loved to frequent. The hat was held some time to the attorney's son before he chose to see it. At last he put his hand surlily into his

waistcoat pocket and pulled out a shilling. There were sixpennyworth of half pence in the hat. "I 'll take these halfpence," said he, "and here 's a shilling for you."

"God bless you, sir," said the lad; but as he took the shilling, which the young gentleman had slyly put *into the blind man's hand*, he saw that it was not worth one farthing. "I am afraid it is not good, sir," said the lad, whose business it was to examine the money for his master. "I am afraid, then, you 'll get no other," said young Case, with an insulting laugh. "It never will do, sir," persisted the lad; "look at it yourself; the edges are all yellow! you can see the copper through it quite plain. Sir, nobody will take it from us." "That 's your affair," said the brutal boy, pushing away his hand. "You may pass it, you know, as well as I do, if you look sharp. You have taken it from me, and I shan't take it back again, I promise you."

A whisper of "That 's very unjust," was heard. The little assembly, though under evident constraint, could no longer suppress their indignation.

"Who says it 's unjust?" cried the tyrant sternly, looking down upon his judges.

Susan's little brothers had held her gown fast, to prevent her from moving at the beginning of this contest, and she was now so much interested to see the end of it, that she stood still, without making any resistance.

"Is any one here amongst yourselves a judge of silver?" said the old man. "Yes, here 's the butcher's boy," said the attorney's son; "show it to him." He was a sickly-looking boy, and of a remarkably peaceful disposition. Young Case fancied that he would be afraid

to give judgment against him. However, after some moments' hesitation, and after turning the shilling round several times, he pronounced, "that, as far as his judgment went, but he did not pretend to be downright *certain sure* of it, the shilling was not over and above good." Then turning to Susan, to screen himself from manifest danger, for the attorney's son looked upon him with a vengeful mien, "But here's Susan here, who understands silver a great deal better than I do; she takes a power of it for bread, you know."

"I 'll leave it to her," said the old harper; "if she says the shilling is good, keep it, Jack." The shilling was handed to Susan, who, though she had with becoming modesty forborne all interference, did not hesitate, when she was called upon, to speak the truth: "I think that this shilling is a bad one," said she; and the gentle but firm tone in which she pronounced the words for a moment awed and silenced the angry and brutal boy. "There 's another, then," cried he; "I have sixpences and shillings too in plenty, thank my stars."

Susan now walked away with her two little brothers, and all the other children separated to go to their several homes. The old harper called to Susan, and begged that, if she was going towards the village, she would be so kind as to show him the way. His lad took up his harp, and little William took the old man by the hand. "I 'll lead him, I can lead him," said he; and John ran on before them, to gather kingcups in the meadow.

There was a small rivulet which they had to cross, and as a plank which served for a bridge over it was rather narrow, Susan was afraid to trust the old blind man to his

little conductor; she therefore went on the tottering plank first herself, and then led the old harper carefully over. They were now come to a gate, which opened upon the highroad to the village. "There is the highroad straight before you," said Susan to the lad, who was carrying his master's harp; "you can't miss it. Now I must bid you a good-evening; for I 'm in a great hurry to get home, and must go the short way across the fields here, which would not be so pleasant for you, because of the stiles. Good-by." The old harper thanked her, and went along the highroad, whilst she and her brothers tripped on as fast as they could by the short way across the fields.

"Miss Somers, I am afraid, will be waiting for us," said Susan. "You know she said she would call at six; and by the length of our shadows I 'm sure it is late."

When they came to their own cottage door, they heard many voices, and they saw, when they entered, several ladies standing in the kitchen. "Come in, Susan; we thought you had quite forsaken us," said Miss Somers to Susan, who advanced timidly. "I fancy you forgot that we promised to pay you a visit this evening; but you need not blush so much about the matter; there is no great harm done; we have only been here about five minutes, and we have been well employed in admiring your neat garden and your orderly shelves. Is it you, Susan, who keep these things in such nice order?" continued Miss Somers, looking round the kitchen.

Before Susan could reply, little William pushed forward and answered, "Yes, ma'am, it is *my* sister Susan that keeps everything neat; and she always comes to school for us, too, which was what caused her to be so

late." "Because as how," continued John, "she was loath to refuse us the hearing a blind man play on the harp. It was we kept her, and we hopes, ma'am, as you *are* — as you *seem* so good, you won't take it amiss."

Miss Somers and her sister smiled at the affectionate simplicity with which Susan's little brothers undertook her defense, and they were, from this slight circumstance, disposed to think yet more favorably of a family which seemed so well united. They took Susan along with them through the village. Many neighbors came to their doors, and, far from envying, they all secretly wished Susan well as she passed.

"I fancy we shall find what we want here," said Miss Somers, stopping before a shop, where unfolded sheets of pins and glass buttons glistened in the window, and where rolls of many colored ribbons appeared ranged in tempting order. She went in, and was rejoiced to see the shelves at the back of the counter well furnished with glossy tiers of stuffs, and gay, neat printed linens and calicoes.

"Now, Susan, choose yourself a gown," said Miss Somers; "you set an example of industry and good conduct, of which we wish to take public notice, for the benefit of others."

The shopkeeper, who was father to Susan's friend Rose, looked much satisfied by this speech, and as if a compliment had been paid to himself, bowed low to Miss Somers, and then with alertness, which a London linen-draper might have admired, produced piece after piece of his best goods to his young customer — unrolled, unfolded, held the bright stuffs and calendered calicoes in

various lights. Now he stretched his arm to the highest shelves, and brought down in a trice what seemed to be beyond the reach of any but a giant's arm; now dived into some hidden recess beneath the counter, and brought to light fresh beauties and fresh temptations.

Susan looked on with more indifference than most of the spectators. She was thinking much of her lamb, and more of her father.

Miss Somers had put a bright guinea into her hand, and had bid her pay for her own gown; but Susan, as she looked at the guinea, thought it was a great deal of money to lay out upon herself, and she wished, but did not know how to ask, that she might keep it for a better purpose.

Some people are wholly inattentive to the lesser feelings, and incapable of reading the countenances of those on whom they bestow their bounty. Miss Somers and her sister were not of this roughly charitable class.

"She does not like any of these things," whispered Miss Somers to her sister. Her sister observed that Susan looked as if her thoughts were far distant from gowns.

"If you don't fancy any of these things," said the civil shopkeeper to Susan, "we shall have a new assortment of calicoes for the spring season soon from town." "Oh," interrupted Susan, with a smile and a blush, "these are all pretty, and too good for me, but —" "*But* what, Susan?" said Miss Somers. "Tell us what is passing in your little mind." Susan hesitated. "Well, then, we will not press you, you are scarcely acquainted with us yet; when you are, you will not be afraid, I hope, to speak

your mind. Put this shining yellow counter," continued she, pointing to the guinea, "in your pocket, and make what use of it you please. From what we know, and from what we have heard of you, we are persuaded that you will make a good use of it."

"I think, madam," said the master of the shop, with a shrewd, good-natured look, "I could give a pretty good guess myself what will become of that guinea; but I say nothing."

"No, that is right," said Miss Somers; "we leave Susan entirely at liberty; and now we will not detain her any longer. Good-night, Susan; we shall soon come again to your neat cottage." Susan courtesied, with an expressive look of gratitude, and with a modest frankness in her countenance which seemed to say, "I would tell you, and welcome, what I want to do with the guinea; but I am not used to speak before so many people. When you come to our cottage again you shall know all."

When Susan had departed, Miss Somers turned to the obliging shopkeeper, who was folding up all the things he had opened. "You have had a great deal of trouble with us, sir," said she; "and since Susan will not choose a gown for herself, I must." She selected the prettiest; and whilst the man was rolling it in paper, she asked him several questions about Susan and her family, which he was delighted to answer, because he had now an opportunity of saying as much as he wished in her praise.

"No later back, ma'am, than last May morning," said he, "as my daughter Rose was telling us, Susan did a turn, in her quiet way, by her mother, that would not dis-

please you if you were to hear it. She was to have been Queen of the May, which in our little village, amongst the younger tribe, is a thing that is thought of a good deal; but Susan's mother was ill, and Susan, after sitting up with her all night, would not leave her in the morning, even when they brought the crown to her. She put the crown upon my daughter Rose's head with her own hands; and, to be sure, Rose loves her as well as if she was her own sister. But I don't speak from partiality; for I am no relation whatever to the Prices — only a well-wisher, as every one, I believe, who knows them is. I 'll send the parcel up to the Abbey, shall I, ma'am?"

"If you please," said Miss Somers, "and, as soon as you receive your new things from town, let us know. You will, I hope, find us good customers and well-wishers," added she, with a smile; "for those who wish well to their neighbors surely deserve to have well-wishers themselves."

A few words may encourage the benevolent passions, and may dispose people to live in peace and happiness; a few words may set them at variance, and may lead to misery and lawsuits. Attorney Case and Miss Somers were both equally convinced of this, and their practice was uniformly consistent with their principles.

But now to return to Susan. She put the bright guinea carefully into the glove with the twelve shillings which she had received from her companions on May day. Besides this treasure, she calculated that the amount of the bills for bread could not be less than eight or nine and thirty shillings; and as her father was now sure of a week's reprieve, she had great hopes that, by some

means or other, it would be possible to make up the whole sum necessary to pay for a substitute. "If that could but be done," said she to herself, "how happy would my mother be. She would be quite stout again, for she certainly is a great deal better since I told her that father would stay a week longer. Ah! but she would not have blessed Attorney Case, though, if she had known about my poor Daisy."

Susan took the path that led to the meadow by the water-side, resolved to go by herself and take leave of her innocent favorite. But she did not pass by unperceived. Her little brothers were watching for her return, and as soon as they saw her they ran after her and overtook her as she reached the meadow.

"What did that good lady want with you?" cried William; but looking up in his sister's face he saw tears in her eyes, and he was silent, and walked on quietly. Susan saw her lamb by the water-side. "Who are those two men?" said William. "What are they going to do with *Daisy?*" The two men were Attorney Case and the butcher. The butcher was feeling whether the lamb was fat.

Susan sat down upon the bank in silent sorrow; her little brothers ran up to the butcher, and demanded whether he was going to *do any harm* to the lamb. The butcher did not answer, but the attorney replied, "It is not your sister's lamb any longer; it 's mine — mine to all intents and purposes." "Yours!" cried the children, with terror; "and will you kill it?" "That 's the butcher's business."

The little boys now burst into piercing lamentations.

They pushed away the butcher's hand; they threw their arms round the neck of the lamb; they kissed its forehead — it bleated. "It will not bleat to-morrow!" said William, and he wept bitterly. The butcher looked aside and hastily rubbed his eyes with the corner of his blue apron. The attorney stood unmoved; he pulled up the head of the lamb, which had just stooped to crop a mouthful of clover. "I have no time to waste," said he; "butcher, you 'll account with me. If it 's fat — the sooner the better. I 've no more to say." And he walked off, deaf to the prayers of the poor children.

As soon as the attorney was out of sight, Susan rose from the bank where she was seated, came up to her lamb, and stooped to gather some of the fresh dewy trefoil, to let it eat out of her hand for the last time. Poor Daisy licked her well-known hand.

"Now, let us go," said Susan. "I 'll wait as long as you please," said the butcher. Susan thanked him, but walked away quickly, without looking again at her lamb. Her little brothers begged the man to stay a few minutes, for they had gathered a handful of blue speedwell and yellow crowsfoot, and they were decking the poor animal. As it followed the boys through the village, the children collected as they passed, and the butcher's own son was amongst the number. Susan's steadiness about the bad shilling was full in this boy's memory; it had saved him a beating. He went directly to his father to beg the life of Susan's lamb.

"I was thinking about it, boy, myself," said the butcher; "it 's a sin to kill a *pet lamb*, I 'm thinking — anyway, it 's what I 'm not used to, and don't fancy

AS SOON AS THE ATTORNEY WAS OUT OF SIGHT, SUSAN ROSE FROM THE BANK WHERE SHE WAS SEATED, CAME UP TO HER LAMB, AND STOOPED TO GATHER SOME OF THE FRESH DEWY TREFOIL, TO LET IT EAT OUT OF HER HAND FOR THE LAST TIME. POOR DAISY LICKED HER WELL-KNOWN HAND. . . . THEY HAD GATHERED A HANDFUL OF BLUE SPEEDWELL AND YELLOW CROWSFOOT, AND THEY WERE DECKING THE POOR ANIMAL. AS IT FOLLOWED THE BOYS THROUGH THE VILLAGE, THE CHILDREN COLLECTED AS IT PASSED.

doing, and I 'll go and say as much to Attorney Case. But he 's a hard man; there 's but one way to deal with him, and that 's the way I must take, though so be I shall be the loser thereby; but we 'll say nothing to the boys, for fear it might be the thing would not take; and then it would be worse again to poor Susan, who is a good girl, and always was, as well she may, being of a good breed, and well reared from the first.

"Come, lads, don't keep a crowd and a scandal about my door," continued he, aloud, to the children; "turn the lamb in here, John, in the paddock, for to-night, and go your ways home."

The crowd dispersed, but murmured, and the butcher went to the attorney. "Seeing that all you want is a good, fat, tender lamb, for a present for Sir Arthur, as you told me," said the butcher, "I could let you have what 's as good or better for your purpose." "Better — if it 's better, I 'm ready to hear reason." The butcher had choice, tender lamb, he said, fit to eat the next day; and as Mr. Case was impatient to make his offering to Sir Arthur, he accepted the butcher's proposal, though with such seeming reluctance, that he actually squeezed out of him, before he would complete the bargain, a bribe of a fine sweetbread.

In the meantime Susan's brothers ran home to tell her that her lamb was put into the paddock for the night; this was all they knew, and even this was some comfort to her. Rose, her good friend, was with her, and she had before her the pleasure of telling her father of his week's reprieve. Her mother was better, and even said she was determined to sit up to supper in her wicker armchair.

Susan was getting things ready for supper, when little William, who was standing at the house door watching in the dusk for his father's return, suddenly exclaimed, "Susan! if here is not our old man!"

"Yes," said the old harper, "I have found my way to you. The neighbors were kind enough to show me whereabouts you lived; for, though I didn't know your name, they guessed who I meant by what I said of you all." Susan came to the door, and the old man was delighted to hear her speak again. "If it would not be too bold," said he, "I 'm a stranger in this part of the country, and come from afar off. My boy has got a bed for himself here in the village, but I have no place. Could you be so charitable as to give an old blind man a night's lodging?" Susan said she would step in and ask her mother; and she soon returned with an answer that he was heartily welcome, if he could sleep upon the children's bed, which was but small.

The old man thankfully entered the hospitable cottage. He struck his head against the low roof, as he stepped over the doorsill. "Many roofs that are twice as high are not half so good," said he. Of this he had just had experience at the house of the Attorney Case, when he had asked, but had been roughly refused all assistance by Miss Barbara, who was, according to her usual custom, standing staring at the hall door.

The old man's harp was set down in Farmer Price's kitchen, and he promised to play a tune for the boys before they went to bed; their mother giving them leave to sit up to supper with their father. He came home with a sorrowful countenance; but how soon did it brighten

when Susan, with a smile, said to him, "Father, we 've good news for you! good news for us all! You have a whole week longer to stay with us; and perhaps," continued she, putting her little purse into his hands, — "perhaps with what 's here and the bread bills, and what may somehow be got together before a week 's at an end, we may make up the nine guineas for the substitute, as they call him. Who knows, dearest mother, but we may keep him with us forever!" As she spoke, she threw her arms round her father, who pressed her to his bosom without speaking, for his heart was full. He was some little time before he could perfectly believe that what he heard was true; but the revived smiles of his wife, the noisy joy of his little boys, and the satisfaction that shone in Susan's countenance convinced him that he was not in a dream.

As they sat down to supper, the old harper was made welcome to his share of the cheerful though frugal meal.

Susan's father, as soon as supper was finished, even before he would let the harper play a tune for his boys, opened the little purse which Susan had given him. He was surprised at the sight of the twelve shillings, and still more, when he came to the bottom of the purse, to see the bright golden guinea.

"How did you come by all this money, Susan?" said he. "Honestly and handsomely, that I 'm sure of beforehand," said her proud mother; "but how I can't make out, except by the baking. Hey, Susan, is this your first baking?" "Oh, no, no," said her father, "I have her first baking snug here, besides, in my pocket. I kept it for a surprise, to do your mother's heart good, Susan.

Here 's twenty-nine shillings, and the Abbey bill, which is not paid yet, comes to ten more. What think you of this, wife? Have we not a right to be proud of our Susan? Why," continued he, turning to the harper, "I ask your pardon for speaking out so free before strangers in praise of my own, which I know is not mannerly; but the truth is the fittest thing to be spoken, as I think, at all times; therefore, here 's your good health, Susan. Why, by and by she 'll be worth her weight in gold — in silver, at least. But tell us, child, how came you by all this riches? and how comes it that I don't go to-morrow? All this happy news makes me so gay in myself, I 'm afraid I shall hardly understand it rightly. But speak on, child; first bringing us a bottle of the good mead you made last year from your own honey."

Susan did not much like to tell the history of her guinea hen — of the gown and of her poor lamb. Part of this would seem as if she was vaunting of her own generosity, and part of it she did not like to recollect. But her mother pressed to know the whole, and she related it as simply as she could. When she came to the story of her lamb, her voice faltered, and everybody present was touched. The old harper sighed once, and cleared his throat several times. He then asked for his harp, and, after tuning it for a considerable time, he recollected — for he had often fits of absence — that he had sent for it to play the tune he had promised to the boys.

This harper came from a great distance, from the mountains of Wales, to contend with several other competitors for a prize, which had been advertised by a

musical society about a year before this time. There was to be a splendid ball given upon the occasion at Shrewsbury, which was about five miles from our village. The prize was ten guineas for the best performer on the harp, and the prize was now to be decided in a few days.

All this intelligence Barbara had long since gained from her maid, who often paid visits to the town of Shrewsbury, and she had long had her imagination inflamed with the idea of this splendid music meeting and ball. Often had she sighed to be there, and often had she revolved in her mind schemes for introducing herself to some *genteel* neighbors, who might take her to the ball *in their carriage*. How rejoiced, how triumphant was she when this very evening, just about the time when the butcher was bargaining with her father about Susan's lamb, a *livery* servant from the Abbey rapped at the door, and left a card for Mr. and Miss Barbara Case.

"There," cried Bab, "*I* and *papa* are to dine and drink tea at the Abbey to-morrow. Who knows? I dare say, when they see that I 'm not a vulgar-looking person, and all that, and if I go cunningly to work with Miss Somers, as I shall, to be sure — I dare say she 'll take me to the ball with her."

"To be sure," said the maid; "it 's the least one may expect from a lady who *demeans* herself to visit Susan Price, and goes about a-shopping for her. The least she can do for you is to take you in her carriage, *which* costs nothing, but is just a common civility, to a ball."

"Then, pray, Betty," continued Miss Barbara, "don't forget to-morrow, the first thing you do, to send off to Shrewsbury for my new bonnet. I must have it *to dine*

in, at the Abbey, or the ladies will think nothing of me; and, Betty, remember the mantua-maker, too. I must see and coax papa to buy me a new gown against the ball. I can see, you know, something of the fashions to-morrow at the Abbey. I shall *look the ladies well over*, I promise you. And, Betty, I have thought of the most charming present for Miss Somers, as papa says it 's good never to go empty-handed to a great house; I 'll make Miss Somers, who is fond, as her maid told you, of such things — I 'll make Miss Somers a present of that guinea hen of Susan's; it 's of no use to me; so do you carry it up early in the morning to the Abbey, with my compliments. That 's the thing."

In full confidence that her present and her bonnet would operate effectually in her favor, Miss Barbara paid her first visit at the Abbey. She expected to see wonders. She was dressed in all the finery which she had heard from her maid, who had heard from the 'prentice of a Shrewsbury milliner, was *the thing* in London; and she was much surprised and disappointed, when she was shown into the room where the Miss Somerses and the ladies of the Abbey were sitting, to see that they did not, in any one part of their dress, agree with the picture her imagination had formed of fashionable ladies. She was embarrassed when she saw books and work and drawings upon the table, and she began to think that some affront was meant to her, because *the company* did not sit with their hands before them.

When Miss Somers endeavored to find out conversation that would interest her, and spoke of walks and flowers and gardening, of which she was herself fond,

Miss Barbara still thought herself undervalued, and soon contrived to expose her ignorance most completely, by talking of things which she did not understand.

Those who never attempt to appear what they are not — those who do not in their manners pretend to anything unsuited to their habits and situation in life, never are in danger of being laughed at by sensible, well-bred people of any rank; but affectation is the constant and just object of ridicule.

Miss Barbara Case, with her mistaken airs of gentility, aiming to be thought a woman and a fine lady, whilst she was, in reality, a child and a vulgar attorney's daughter, rendered herself so thoroughly ridiculous, that the good-natured yet discerning spectators were painfully divided between their sense of comic absurdity and a feeling of shame for one who could feel nothing for herself.

One by one the ladies dropped off. Miss Somers went out of the room for a few minutes to alter her dress, as it was the custom of the family, before dinner. She left a portfolio of pretty drawings and good prints for Miss Barbara's amusement; but Miss Barbara's thoughts were so intent upon the harpers' ball, that she could not be entertained with such *trifles*. How unhappy are those who spend their time in expectation! They can never enjoy the present moment. Whilst Barbara was contriving means of interesting Miss Somers in her favor, she recollected, with surprise, that not one word had yet been said of her present of the guinea hen. Mrs. Betty, in the hurry of her dressing her young lady in the morning, had forgotten it; but it came just whilst Miss

Somers was dressing; and the housekeeper came into her mistress's room to announce its arrival.

"Ma'am," said she, "here 's a beautiful guinea hen just come, *with* Miss Barbara Case's compliments to you."

Miss Somers knew, by the tone in which the housekeeper delivered this message, that there was something in the business which did not perfectly please her. She made no answer, in expectation that the housekeeper, who was a woman of a very open temper, would explain her cause of dissatisfaction. In this she was not mistaken. The housekeeper came close up to the dressing table, and continued, "I never like to speak till I 'm sure, ma'am, and I 'm not quite sure, to say certain, in this case, ma'am, but still I think it right to tell you which can't wrong anybody, what came across my mind about this same guinea hen, ma'am; and you can inquire into it, and do as you please afterwards, ma'am. Some time ago we had fine guinea fowls of our own, and I made bold, not thinking, to be sure, that all our own would die away from us, as they have done, to give a fine couple last Christmas to Susan Price, and very fond and pleased she was at the time, and I 'm sure would never have parted with the hen with her good-will; but if my eyes don't strangely mistake, this hen, that comes from Miss Barbara, is the selfsame identical guinea hen that I gave to Susan. And how Miss Bab came by it is the thing that puzzles me. If my boy Philip was at home, maybe, as he 's often at Mrs. Price's (which I don't disapprove), he might know the history of the guinea hen. I expect him home this night, and if you have no objection, I will sift the affair."

"The shortest way, I think," said Henrietta, "would be to ask Miss Case herself about it, which I will do this evening." "If you please, ma'am," said the housekeeper, coldly; for she knew that Miss Barbara was not famous in the village for speaking truth.

Dinner was now served. Attorney Case expected to smell mint sauce, and, as the covers were taken from off the dishes, looked around for lamb; but no lamb appeared. He had a dexterous knack of twisting the conversation to his point. Sir Arthur was speaking, when they sat down to dinner, of a new carving knife, which he lately had had made for his sister. The attorney immediately went from the carving knives to poultry; thence to butcher's meat. Some joints, he observed, were much more difficult to carve than others. He never saw a man carve better than the gentleman opposite him, who was the curate of the parish. "But, sir," said the vulgar attorney, "I must make bold to differ with you in one point, and I 'll appeal to Sir Arthur. Sir Arthur, pray may I ask, when you carve a forequarter of lamb, do you, when you raise the shoulder, throw in salt, or not?" This well-prepared question was not lost upon Sir Arthur. The attorney was thanked for his intended present; but mortified and surprised to hear Sir Arthur say that it was a constant rule of his never to accept of any presents from his neighbors. "If we were to accept a lamb from a rich neighbor on my estate," said he, "I am afraid we should mortify many of our poor tenants, who can have little to offer, though, perhaps, they may bear us thorough good-will notwithstanding."

After the ladies left the dining-room, as they were

walking up and down the large hall, Miss Barbara had a fair opportunity of imitating her keen father's method of conversing. One of the ladies observed that this hall would be a charming place for music. Bab brought in harps and harpers, and the harpers' ball, in a breath. "I know so much about it, — about the ball, I mean," said she, "because a lady in Shrewsbury, a friend of papa's, offered to take me with her; but papa did not like to give her the trouble of sending so far for me, though she has a coach of her own." Barbara fixed her eyes upon Miss Somers as she spoke; but she could not read her countenance as distinctly as she wished, because Miss Somers was at this moment letting down the veil of her hat.

"Shall we walk out before tea?" said Miss Somers to her companions; "I have a pretty guinea hen to show you." Barbara, secretly drawing propitious omens from the guinea hen, followed with a confidential step. The pheasantry was well filled with pheasants, peacocks, etc.; and Susan's pretty little guinea hen appeared well, even in this high company. It was much admired. Barbara was in glory; but her glory was of short duration.

Just as Miss Somers was going to inquire into the guinea hen's history, Philip came up, to ask permission to have a bit of sycamore, to turn a nutmeg box for his mother. He was an ingenious lad, and a good turner for his age. Sir Arthur had put by a bit of sycamore on purpose for him; and Miss Somers told him where it was to be found. He thanked her; but in the midst of his bow of thanks his eye was struck by the sight of the guinea hen, and he involuntarily exclaimed, "Susan's

guinea hen, I declare!" "No, it 's not Susan's guinea hen," said Miss Barbara, coloring furiously; "it is mine, and I have made a present of it to Miss Somers."

At the sound of Bab's voice, Philip turned — saw her — and indignation, unrestrained by the presence of all the amazed spectators, flashed in his countenance.

"What is the matter, Philip?" said Miss Somers, in a pacifying tone; but Philip was not inclined to be pacified. "Why, ma'am," said he, "may I speak out?" and, without waiting for permission, he spoke out, and gave a full, true, and warm account of Rose's embassy, and of Miss Barbara's cruel and avaricious proceedings.

Barbara denied, prevaricated, stammered, and at last was overcome with confusion; for which even the most indulgent spectators could scarcely pity her.

Miss Somers, however, mindful of what was due to her guest, was anxious to despatch Philip for his piece of sycamore. Bab recovered herself as soon as he was out of sight; but she further exposed herself by exclaiming, "I 'm sure I wish this pitiful guinea hen had never come into my possession. I wish Susan had kept it at home, as she should have done!"

"Perhaps she will be more careful now that she has received so strong a lesson," said Miss Somers. "Shall we try her?" continued she. "Philip will, I dare say, take the guinea hen back to Susan, if we desire it." "If you please, ma'am," said Barbara sullenly; "I have nothing more to do with it."

So the guinea hen was delivered to Philip, who set off joyfully with his prize, and was soon in sight of Farmer Price's cottage. He stopped when he came to the door.

He recollected Rose and her generous friendship for Susan. He was determined that she should have the pleasure of restoring the guinea hen. He ran into the village. All the children who had given up their little purse on May day were assembled on the play green. They were delighted to see the guinea hen once more. Philip took his pipe and tabor, and they marched in innocent triumph towards the whitewashed cottage.

"Let me come with you — let me come with you," said the butcher's boy to Philip. "Stop one minute! my father has something to say to you." He darted into his father's house. The little procession stopped, and in a few minutes the bleating of a lamb was heard. Through a back passage, which led into the paddock behind the house, they saw the butcher leading a lamb.

"It is Daisy!" exclaimed Rose. "It 's Daisy!" repeated all her companions. "Susan's lamb! Susan's lamb!" and there was a universal shout of joy.

"Well, for my part," said the good butcher, as soon as he could be heard, — "for my part, I would not be so cruel as Attorney Case for the whole world. These poor brute beasts don't know aforehand what 's going to happen to them; and as for dying, it 's what we must all do some time or another; but to keep wringing the hearts of the living, that have as much sense as one's self, is what I call cruel; and is not this what Attorney Case has been doing by poor Susan and her whole family, ever since he took a spite against them? But, at any rate, here 's Susan's lamb safe and sound. I 'd have taken it back sooner, but I was off before day to the fair, and am but just come back. Daisy, however, has been as well off in

my paddock as he would have been in the field by the water-side."

The obliging shopkeeper, who showed the pretty calicoes to Susan, was now at his door; and when he saw the lamb, and heard that it was Susan's, and learned its history, he said that he would add his mite; and he gave the children some ends of narrow ribbon, with which Rose decorated her friend's lamb.

The pipe and tabor now once more began to play, and the procession moved on in joyful order, after giving the humane butcher three cheers; three cheers which were better deserved than "loud huzzas" usually are.

Susan was working in her arbor, with her little deal table before her. When she heard the sound of the music, she put down her work and listened. She saw the crowd of children coming nearer and nearer. They had closed round Daisy, so that she did not see it; but as they came up to the garden gate she saw that Rose beckoned to her. Philip played as loud as he could, that she might not hear, till the proper moment, the bleating of the lamb. Susan opened the garden wicket, and at this signal the crowd divided, and the first thing that Susan saw, in the midst of her taller friends, was little smiling Mary, with the guinea hen in her arms.

"Come on! Come on!" cried Mary, as Susan started with joyful surprise; "you have more to see."

At this instant the music paused, Susan heard the bleating of a lamb, and scarcely daring to believe her senses, she pressed eagerly forward, and beheld poor Daisy. She burst into tears. "I did not shed one tear when I parted with you, my dear little Daisy!" said she.

"It was for my father and mother. I would not have parted with you for anything else in the whole world. Thank you, thank you all," added she, to her companions, who sympathized in her joy, even more than they had sympathized in her sorrow. "Now, if my father was not to go away from us next week, and if my mother was quite stout, I should be the happiest person in the world!"

As Susan pronounced these words, a voice behind the little listening crowd cried, in a brutal tone, "Let us pass, if you please; you have no right to stop up the public road!" This was the voice of Attorney Case, who was returning with his daughter Barbara from his visit to the Abbey. He saw the lamb, and tried to whistle as he went on. Barbara also saw the guinea hen, and turned her head another way, that she might avoid the contemptuous, reproachful looks of those whom she only affected to despise. Even her new bonnet, in which she had expected to be so much admired, was now only serviceable to hide her face and conceal her mortification.

"I am glad she saw the guinea hen," cried Rose, who now held it in her hands. "Yes," said Philip, "she 'll not forget May day in a hurry." "Nor I neither, I hope," said Susan, looking round upon her companions with a most affectionate smile. "I hope, whilst I live, I shall never forget your goodness to me last May day. Now I 've my pretty guinea hen safe once more, I should think of returning your money." "No! no! no!" was the general cry. "We don't want the money; keep it, keep it — you want it for your father." "Well," said Susan, "I am not too proud to be obliged. I *will* keep

your money for my father. Perhaps some time or other I may be able to earn —" "Oh," interrupted Philip, "don't let us talk of earning; don't let us talk to her of money now; she has not had time hardly to look at poor Daisy and her guinea hen. Come, we had best go about our business, and let her have them all to herself."

The crowd moved away in consequence of Philip's considerate advice; but it was observed that he was the very last to stir from the garden wicket himself. He stayed, first, to inform Susan that it was Rose who tied the ribbons on Daisy's head. Then he stayed a little longer to let her into the history of the guinea hen, and to tell her who it was that brought the hen home from the Abbey.

Rose held the sieve, and Susan was feeding her long-lost favorite, whilst Philip leaned over the wicket, prolonging his narration. "Now, my pretty guinea hen," said Susan — "my naughty guinea hen, that flew away from me, you shall never serve me so again. I must cut your nice wings; but I won't hurt you." "Take care," cried Philip; "you 'd better, indeed you 'd better let me hold her whilst you cut her wings."

When this operation was successfully performed, which it certainly could never have been if Philip had not held the hen for Susan, he recollected that his mother had sent him with a message to Mrs. Price. This message led to another quarter of an hour's delay; for he had the whole history of the guinea hen to tell over again to Mrs. Price, and the farmer himself luckily came in whilst it was going on, so it was but civil to begin it afresh; and then the farmer was so rejoiced to see his

Susan so happy again with her two little favorites, that he declared he must see Daisy fed himself; and Philip found that he was wanted to hold the jugful of milk, out of which Farmer Price filled the pan for Daisy. Happy Daisy! who lapped at his ease whilst Susan caressed him and thanked her fond father and her pleased mother.

"But, Philip," said Mrs. Price, "I 'll hold the jug; you 'll be late with your message to your mother; we 'll not detain you any longer."

Philip departed, and as he went out of the garden wicket he looked up, and saw Bab and her maid Betty staring out of the window, as usual. On this, he immediately turned back to try whether he had shut the gate fast, lest the guinea hen might stray out and fall again into the hands of the enemy.

Miss Barbara, in the course of this day, felt considerable mortification, but no contrition. She was vexed that her meanness was discovered, but she felt no desire to cure herself of any of her faults. The ball was still uppermost in her vain, selfish soul. "Well," said she to her *confidante*, Betty, "you hear how things have turned out; but if Miss Somers won't think of asking me to go out with her, I 've a notion I know who will. As papa says, it 's a good thing to have two strings to one's bow."

Now some officers, who were quartered at Shrewsbury, had become acquainted with Mr. Case. They had gotten into some quarrel with a tradesman of the town, and Attorney Case had promised to bring them through the affair, as the man threatened to take the law of them. Upon the faith of this promise, and with the vain hope that, by civility, they might dispose him

to bring in a *reasonable* bill of costs, these officers sometimes invited Mr. Case to the mess; and one of them, who had lately been married, prevailed upon his bride *sometimes* to take a little notice of Miss Barbara. It was with this lady that Miss Barbara now hoped to go to the harpers' ball.

"The officers and Mrs. Strathspey, or, more properly, Mrs. Strathspey and the officers, are to breakfast here, to-morrow, do you know?" said Bab to Betty. "One of them dined at the Abbey to-day, and told papa they 'd all come. They are going out on a party, somewhere into the country, and breakfast here on their way. Pray, Betty, don't forget that Mrs. Strathspey can't breakfast without honey. I heard her say so myself." "Then, indeed," said Betty, "I 'm afraid Mrs. Strathspey will be likely to go without her breakfast here; for not a spoonful of honey have we, let her long for it ever so much." "But, surely," said Bab, "we can contrive to get some honey in the neighborhood." "There 's none to be bought, as I know of," said Betty. "But is there none to be begged or borrowed?" said Bab, laughing. "Do you forget Susan's beehive? Step over to her in the morning with *my compliments*, and see what you can do. Tell her it 's for Mrs. Strathspey."

In the morning Betty went with Miss Barbara's compliments to Susan, to beg some honey for Mrs. Strathspey, who could not breakfast without it. Susan did not like to part with her honey, because her mother loved it, and she therefore gave Betty but a small quantity. When Barbara saw how little Susan sent, she called her a *miser*, and she said she *must* have some more for Mrs.

Strathspey. "I 'll go myself and speak to her. Come with me, Betty," said the young lady, who found it at present convenient to forget her having declared, the day that she sucked up the broth, that she never would honor Susan with another visit. "Susan," said she, accosting the poor girl, whom she had done everything in her power to injure, "I must beg a little more honey from you for Mrs. Strathspey's breakfast. You know, on a particular occasion such as this, neighbors must help one another." "To be sure they should," added Betty.

Susan, though she was generous, was not weak; she was willing to give to those she loved, but not disposed to let anything be taken from her, or coaxed out of her, by those she had reason to despise. She civilly answered that she was sorry she had no more honey to spare.

Barbara grew angry, and lost all command of herself, when she saw that Susan, without regarding her reproaches, went on looking through the glass pane in the beehive. "I 'll tell you what, Susan Price," said she, in a high tone, "that honey I *will* have, so you may as well give it to me by fair means. Yes or no? Speak! Will you give it me or not? Will you give me that piece of the honeycomb that lies there?" "That bit of honeycomb is for my mother's breakfast," said Susan; "I cannot give it you." "Can't you?" said Bab; "then see if I don't take it!" She stretched across Susan for the honeycomb, which was lying by some rosemary leaves that Susan had freshly gathered for her mother's tea. Bab grasped, but at her first effort she only reached the rosemary. She made a second dart at the honeycomb,

and, in her struggle to obtain it, she overset the beehive. The bees swarmed about her. Her maid Betty screamed and ran away. Susan, who was sheltered by a laburnum tree, called to Barbara, upon whom the black clusters of bees were now settling, and begged her to stand still, and not to beat them away. "If you stand quietly you won't be stung, perhaps." But instead of standing quietly, Bab buffeted and stamped and roared, and the bees stung her terribly. Her arms and her face swelled in a frightful manner. She was helped home by poor Susan and treacherous Mrs. Betty, who, now the mischief was done, thought only of exculpating herself to her master.

"Indeed, Miss Barbara," said she, "this was quite wrong of you to go and get yourself into such a scrape. I shall be turned away for it, you 'll see."

"I don't care whether you are turned away or not," said Barbara; "I never felt such pain in my life. Can't you do something for me? I don't mind the pain either so much as being such a fright. Pray, how am I to be fit to be seen at breakfast by Mrs. Strathspey; and I suppose I can't go to the ball either to-morrow, after all!"

"No, that you can't expect to do, indeed," said Betty, the comforter. "You need not think of balls; for those lumps and swellings won't go off your face this week. That 's not what pains me; but I 'm thinking of what your papa will say to me when he sees you, miss."

Whilst this amiable mistress and maid were in their adversity reviling one another, Susan, when she saw that she could be of no further use, was preparing to depart, but at the house door she was met by Mr. Case. Mr.

Case had revolved things in his mind; for his second visit at the Abbey pleased him as little as his first, owing to a few words which Sir Arthur and Miss Somers dropped in speaking of Susan and Farmer Price. Mr. Case began to fear that he had mistaken his game in quarreling with this family. The refusal of his present dwelt upon the attorney's mind; and he was aware that if the history of Susan's lamb ever reached the Abbey, he was undone. He now thought that the most prudent course he could possibly follow would be to *hush up* matters with the *Prices* with all convenient speed. Consequently, when he met Susan at his door, he forced a gracious smile. "How is your mother, Susan?" said he. "Is there anything in our house can be of service to her?" On hearing his daughter he cried out, "Barbara, Barbara — Bab! come downstairs, child, and speak to Susan Price." But as no Barbara answered, her father stalked upstairs directly, opened the door, and stood amazed at the spectacle of her swelled visage.

Betty instantly began to tell the story of Barbara's mishap her own way. Bab contradicted her as fast as she spoke. The attorney turned the maid away on the spot; and partly with real anger, and partly with feigned affectation of anger, he demanded from his daughter how she dared to treat Susan Price so ill, "when," as he said, "she was so neighborly and obliging as to give you some of her honey? Could n't you be content, without seizing upon the honeycomb by force? This is scandalous behavior, and what, I assure you, I can't countenance."

Susan now interceded for Barbara; and the attorney, softening his voice, said that "Susan was a great deal

too good to her; as you are, indeed," added he, "to everybody. I forgive her for your sake." Susan courtesied, in great surprise; but her lamb could not be forgotten, and she left the attorney's house as soon as she could, to make her mother's rosemary tea breakfast.

Mr. Case saw that Susan was not so simple as to be taken in by a few fair words. His next attempt was to conciliate Farmer Price. The farmer was a blunt, honest man, and his countenance remained inflexibly contemptuous, when the attorney addressed him in his softest tone.

So stood matters the day of the long-expected harpers' ball. Miss Barbara Case, stung by Susan's bees, could not, after all her manœuvres, go with Mrs. Strathspey to the ball. The ballroom was filled early in the evening. There was a numerous assembly. The harpers, who contended for the prize, were placed under the music gallery at the lower end of the room. Amongst them was our old blind friend, who, as he was not so well clad as his competitors, seemed to be disdained by many of the spectators. Six ladies and six gentlemen were now appointed to be judges of the performance. They were seated in a semicircle, opposite to the harpers. The Miss Somerses, who were fond of music, were amongst the ladies in the semicircle; and the prize was lodged in the hands of Sir Arthur. There was now silence. The first harp sounded, and as each musician tried his skill the audience seemed to think that each deserved the prize. The old blind man was the last. He tuned his instrument; and such a simple pathetic strain was heard as touched every heart. All were fixed in delighted attention; and when the music ceased, the silence for some moments continued.

The silence was followed by a universal buzz of applause. The judges were unanimous in their opinions, and it was declared that the old blind harper, who played the last, deserved the prize.

The simple pathetic air which won the suffrages of the whole assembly, was his own composition. He was pressed to give the words belonging to the music; and at last he modestly offered to repeat them, as he could not see to write. Miss Somers' ready pencil was instantly produced; and the old harper dictated the words of his ballad, which he called — *Susan's Lamentation for her Lamb.*

Miss Somers looked at her brother from time to time as she wrote; and Sir Arthur, as soon as the old man had finished, took him aside, and asked him some questions, which brought the whole history of Susan's lamb and of Attorney Case's cruelty to light.

The attorney himself was present when the harper began to dictate his ballad. His color, as Sir Arthur steadily looked at him, varied continually; till at length, when he heard the words "Susan's Lamentation for her Lamb," he suddenly shrank back, skulked through the crowd, and disappeared. We shall not follow him; we had rather follow our old friend, the victorious harper.

No sooner had he received the ten guineas, his well-merited prize, than he retired to a small room belonging to the people of the house, asked for pen, ink, and paper, and dictated, in a low voice, to his boy, who was a tolerably good scribe, a letter, which he ordered him to put directly into the Shrewsbury post-office. The boy ran

with the letter to the post-office. He was but just in time, for the postman's horn was sounding.

The next morning, when Farmer Price, his wife, and Susan, were sitting together, reflecting that his week's leave of absence was nearly at an end, and that the money was not yet made up for John Simpson, the substitute, a knock was heard at the door, and the person who usually delivered the letters in the village put a letter into Susan's hand, saying, "A penny, if you please — here 's a letter for your father."

"For me!" said Farmer Price; "here 's the penny, then; but who can it be from, I wonder? Who can think of writing to me, in this world?" He tore open the letter; but the hard name at the bottom of the page puzzled him — "*Your obliged friend*, Llewellyn."

"And what 's this?" said he, opening a paper that was inclosed in the letter. "It 's a song, seemingly; it must be somebody that has a mind to make an April fool of me." "But it is not April, it is May, father," said Susan. "Well, let us read the letter, and we shall come to the truth all in good time."

Farmer Price sat down in his own chair, for he could not read entirely to his satisfaction in any other, and read as follows: —

My Worthy Friend, — I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have had good success this night. I have won the ten-guinea prize, and for that I am in a great measure indebted to your sweet daughter Susan; as you will see by a little ballad I inclose for her. Your hospitality to me has afforded to me an opportunity of learning some

of your family history. You do not, I hope, forget that I was present when you were counting the treasure in Susan's little purse, and that I heard for what purpose it was all destined. You have not, I know, yet made up the full sum for your substitute, John Simpson; therefore do me the favor to use the five-guinea banknote which you will find within the ballad. You shall not find me as hard a creditor as Attorney Case. Pay me the money at your own convenience. If it is never convenient to you to pay it, I shall never ask it. I shall go my rounds again through this country, I believe, about this time next year, and will call to see how you do, and to play the new tune for Susan and the dear little boys.

I should just add, to set your hearts at rest about the money, that it does not distress me at all to lend it to you. I am not quite so poor as I appear to be. But it is my humor to go about as I do. I see more of the world under my tattered garb than, perhaps, I should ever see in a better dress. There are many of my profession who are of the same mind as myself in this respect; and we are glad, when it lies in our way, to do any kindness to such a worthy family as yours. So, fare ye well.

Your obliged Friend,

LLEWELLYN.

Susan now, by her father's desire, opened the ballad. He picked up the five-guinea banknote, whilst she read with surprise, "Susan's Lamentation for her Lamb." Her mother leaned over her shoulder to read the words; but they were interrupted, before they had finished the first stanza, by another knock at the door. It was not

the postman with another letter. It was Sir Arthur and his sisters.

They came with an intention, which they were much disappointed to find that the old harper had rendered vain — they came to lend the farmer and his good family the money to pay for his substitute.

"But, since we are here," said Sir Arthur, "let me do my own business, which I had like to have forgotten. Mr. Price, will you come out with me, and let me show you a piece of your land, through which I want to make a road? Look there," said Sir Arthur, pointing to the spot; "I am laying out a ride round my estate, and that bit of land of yours stops me."

"Why, sir," said Price, "the land 's mine, to be sure, for that matter; but I hope you don't look upon me to be that sort of person that would be stiff about a trifle or so."

"The fact is," said Sir Arthur, "I had heard you were a litigious, pig-headed fellow; but you do not seem to deserve this character."

"Hope not, sir," said the farmer; "but about the matter of the land, I don't want to take any advantage of your wishing for it. You are welcome to it; and I leave it to you to find me out another bit of land convenient to me that will be worth neither more nor less; or else to make up the value to me some way or other. I need say no more about it."

"I hear something," continued Sir Arthur, after a short silence — "I hear something, Mr. Price, of a *flaw* in your lease. I would not speak to you about it whilst we were bargaining about your land, lest I should overawe you; but, tell me, what is this *flaw?*"

"In truth, and the truth is the fittest thing to be spoken at all times," said the farmer, "I did n't know myself what *a flaw*, as they call it, meant, till I heard of the word from Attorney Case; and, I take it, *a flaw* is neither more nor less than a mistake, as one should say. Now, by reason a man does not make a mistake on purpose, it seems to me to be the fair thing that if a man finds out his mistake, he might set it right; but Attorney Case says this is not law; and I 've no more to say. The man who drew up my lease made a mistake; and if I must suffer for it, I must," said the farmer. "However, I can show you, Sir Arthur, just for my own satisfaction and yours, a few lines of a memorandum on a slip of paper, which was given me by your relation, the gentleman who lived here before, and let me my farm. You 'll see, by that bit of paper, what was meant; but the attorney says the paper 's not worth a button in a court of justice, and I don't understand these things. All I understand is the common honesty of the matter. I 've no more to say."

"This attorney, whom you speak of so often," said Sir Arthur, "you seem to have some quarrel with. Now, would you tell me frankly what is the matter between — ?"

"The matter between us, then," said Price, "is a little bit of ground, not worth much, that is there open to the lane at the end of Mr. Case's garden, and he wanted to take it in. Now I told him my mind, that it belonged to the parish, and that I never would willingly give my consent to his cribbing it in that way. Sir, I was the more loath to see it shut into his garden, which, moreover, is

large enough of all conscience without it, because you must know, Sir Arthur, the children in our village are fond of making a little play green of it; and they have a custom of meeting on May day at a hawthorn that stands in the middle of it, and altogether I was very loath to see 'em turned out of it by those who have no right."

"Let us go and see this nook," said Sir Arthur. "It is not far off, is it?"

"Oh, no, sir, just hard by here."

When they got to the ground, Mr. Case, who saw them walking together, was in a hurry to join them, that he might put a stop to any explanations. Explanations were things of which he had a great dread; but, fortunately, he was upon this occasion a little too late.

"Is this the nook in dispute?" said Sir Arthur. "Yes; this is the whole thing," said Price. "Why, Sir Arthur," interposed the politic attorney, with an assumed air of generosity, "don't let us talk any more about it. Let it belong to whom it will, I give it up to you."

"So great a lawyer, Mr. Case, as you are," replied Sir Arthur, "must know that a man cannot give up that to which he has no legal title; and in this case it is impossible that, with the best intentions to oblige me in the world, you can give up this bit of land to me, because it is mine already, as I can convince you effectually by a map of the adjoining land, which I have fortunately safe amongst my papers. This piece of ground belonged to the farm on the opposite side of the road, and it was cut off when the lane was made."

"Very possibly. I dare say you are quite correct; you

must know best," said the attorney, trembling for the agency.

"Then," said Sir Arthur, "Mr. Price, you will observe that I now promise this little green to the children for a playground; and I hope they may gather hawthorn many a May day at this their favorite bush." Mr. Price bowed low, which he seldom did, even when he received a favor himself. "And now, Mr. Case," said Sir Arthur, turning to the attorney, who did not know which way to look, "you sent me a lease to look over."

"Ye—ye—yes," stammered Mr. Case. "I thought it my duty to do so; not out of any malice or ill-will to this good man."

"You have done him no injury," said Sir Arthur coolly. "I am ready to make him a new lease, whenever he pleases, of his farm, and I shall be guided by a memorandum of the original bargain, which he has in his possession. I hope I never shall take an unfair advantage of any one."

"Heaven forbid, sir," said the attorney, sanctifying his face, "that I should suggest the taking an *unfair* advantage of any man, rich or poor; but to break a bad lease is not taking an unfair advantage."

"You really think so?" said Sir Arthur. "Certainly I do, and I hope I have not hazarded your good opinion by speaking my mind concerning the flaw so plainly. I always understood that there could be nothing ungentlemanlike, in the way of business, in taking advantage of the flaw in a lease."

"Now," said Sir Arthur, "you have pronounced judgment *undesignedly* in your own case. You intended to

send me this poor man's lease; but your son, by some mistake, brought me your own, and I have discovered a fatal error in it." "A fatal error!" said the alarmed attorney. "Yes, sir," said Sir Arthur, pulling the lease out of his pocket. "Here it is. You will observe that it is neither signed nor sealed by the grantor." "But you won't take advantage of me, surely, Sir Arthur?" said Mr. Case, forgetting his own principles. "I shall not take advantage of you, as you would have taken of this honest man. In both cases I shall be guided by memoranda which I have in my possession. I shall not, Mr. Case, defraud you of one shilling of your property. I am ready, at a fair valuation, to pay the exact value of your house and land; but upon this condition — that you quit the parish within one month!"

Attorney Case was thus compelled to submit to the hard necessity of the case, for he knew that he could not legally resist. Indeed he was glad to be let off so easily; and he bowed and sneaked away, secretly comforting himself with the hope that when they came to the valuation of the house and land he should be the gainer, perhaps, of a few guineas. His reputation he justly held very cheap.

"You are a scholar; you write a good hand; you can keep accounts, cannot you?" said Sir Arthur to Mr. Price, as they walked home towards the cottage. "I think I saw a bill of your little daughter's drawing out the other day, which was very neatly written. Did you teach her to write?"

"No, sir," said Price, "I can't say I did *that*, for she mostly taught it herself; but I taught her a little

arithmetic, as far as I knew, on our winter nights, when I had nothing better to do."

"Your daughter shows that she has been well taught," said Sir Arthur; "and her good conduct and good character speak strongly in favor of her parents."

"You are very good, very good indeed, sir, to speak in this sort of way," said the delighted father.

"But I mean to do more than *pay you with words*," said Sir Arthur. "You are attached to your own family, perhaps you may become attached to me, when you come to know me, and we shall have frequent opportunities of judging of one another. I want no agent to squeeze my tenants, or do my dirty work. I only want a steady, intelligent, honest man, like you, to collect my rents, and I hope, Mr. Price, you will have no objection to the employment." "I hope, sir," said Price, with joy and gratitude glowing in his honest countenance, "that you'll never have cause to repent your goodness."

"And what are my sisters about here?" said Sir Arthur, entering the cottage, and going behind his sisters, who were busily engaged in measuring an extremely pretty colored calico.

"It is for Susan, my dear brother," said they. "I knew she did not keep that guinea for herself," said Miss Somers. "I have just prevailed upon her mother to tell me what became of it. Susan gave it to her father; but she must not refuse a gown of our choosing this time; and I am sure she will not, because her mother, I see, likes it. And, Susan, I hear that instead of becoming Queen of the May this year, you were

sitting in your sick mother's room. Your mother has a little color in her cheeks now."

"Oh, ma'am," interrupted Mrs. Price, "I 'm quite well. Joy, I think, has made me quite well."

"Then," said Miss Somers, "I hope you will be able to come out on your daughter's birthday, which I hear, is the 25th of this month. Make haste and get quite well before that day; for my brother intends that all the lads and lassies of the village shall have a dance on Susan's birthday."

"Yes," said Sir Arthur, "and I hope on that day, Susan, you will be very happy with your little friends upon their play green. I shall tell them that it is your good conduct which has obtained it for them; and if you have anything to ask, any little favor for any of your companions which we can grant, now ask, Susan. These ladies look as if they would not refuse you anything that is reasonable; and, I think, you look as if you would not ask anything unreasonable."

"Sir," said Susan, after consulting her mother's eyes, "there is, to be sure, a favor I should like to ask; it is for Rose."

"Well, I don't know who Rose is," said Sir Arthur, smiling; "but go on."

"Ma'am, you have seen her, I believe; she is a very good girl, indeed," said Mrs. Price. "And works very neatly, indeed," continued Susan eagerly, to Miss Somers; "and she and her mother heard you were looking out for some one to wait upon you."

"Say no more," said Miss Somers; "your wish is granted. Tell Rose to come to the Abbey to-morrow

morning, or, rather, come with her yourself; for our housekeeper, I know, wants to talk to you about a certain cake. She wishes, Susan, that you should be the maker of the cake for the dance; and she has good things ready looked out for it already, I know. It must be large enough for everybody to have a slice, and the housekeeper will ice it for you. I only hope your cake will be as good as your bread. Fare ye well."

How happy are those who bid farewell to a whole family, silent with gratitude, who will bless them aloud when they are far out of hearing!

"How do I wish, now," said Farmer Price, "and it 's almost a sin for one who has had such a power of favors done him to wish for anything more; but how I *do* wish, wife, that our good friend, the harper, was only here at this time. It would do his old warm heart good. Well, the best of it is, we shall be able next year, when he comes his rounds, to pay him his money with thanks, being all the time, and forever, as much obliged to him as if we kept it. I long, so I do, to see him in this house again, drinking, as he did, just in this spot, a glass of Susan's mead, to her very good health."

"Yes," said Susan, "and the next time he comes, I can give him one of my guinea hen's eggs, and I shall show my lamb, Daisy."

"True, love," said her mother, "and he will play that tune and sing that pretty ballad. Where is it? for I have not finished it."

"Rose ran away with it, mother, but I 'll step after her and bring it back to you this minute," said Susan.

Susan found her friend Rose at the hawthorn, in the

midst of a crowded circle of her companions, to whom she was reading "Susan's Lamentation for her Lamb."

"The words are something, but the tune — the tune — I must have the tune," cried Philip. "I 'll ask my mother to ask Sir Arthur to try and find out which way that good old man went after the ball; and if he 's above ground, we 'll have him back by Susan's birthday, and he shall sit here — just exactly here — by this, our bush, and he shall play — I mean, if he pleases — that same tune for us, and I shall learn it — I mean, if I can — in a minute."

The good news that Farmer Price was to be employed to collect the rents, and that Attorney Case was to leave the parish in a month, soon spread over the village. Many came out of their houses to have the pleasure of hearing the joyful tidings confirmed by Susan herself. The crowd on the play green increased every minute.

"Yes," cried the triumphant Philip, "I tell you it's all true, every word of it. Susan's too modest to say it herself; but I tell ye all, Sir Arthur gave us this play green forever, on account of her being so good."

You see, at last, Attorney Case, with all his cunning, has not proved a match for "Simple Susan."

POEMS AND RHYMES

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Jane Taylor.

LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Off in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Ascribed to Julia A. F. Carney.

MARY'S LAMB

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

TO A REDBREAST

He followed her to school one day, —
  Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
  To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
  But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
  Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
  His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I 'm not afraid, —
  You 'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
  The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
  The teacher did reply.

Sarah Josepha Hale.

TO A REDBREAST

Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee or me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.

Doubt not, little though there be,
But I 'll cast a crumb to thee,
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou 'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feathered friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane.

John Langhorne.

THE SNOWBIRD'S SONG

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snowbird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song:
"Oh, sister, look out of the window," said she;
"Here 's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee.
Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

"Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose;
I wish he 'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee."
Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

"There is one, my dear child, though I cannot tell
who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good-morning! Oh, who are so happy as we?"
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.
Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

Francis C. Woodworth.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the
house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads:
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap, —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen! —
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkle! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Clement C. Moore.

THE BUSY BEE

How doth the little busy bee
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
  From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
  How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
  With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
  I would be busy, too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
  For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
  Let my first years be past;
That I may give for every day
  Some good account at last.

Isaac Watts.

THE GOLDEN RULE

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me gentle, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

Unknown.

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father! say,
If yet my task is done."
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone;"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still but brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —
The boy — oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

GENERAL WASHINGTON

When General Washington was young,
About as big as I,
He never would permit his tongue
To tell a willful lie.

Once when he cut his father's tree,
He owned it to his face;
And then his father ardently
Clasped him in his embrace.

He told his son it pleased him more
To find him own the truth,
Than if his tree were bending o'er
With rich and golden fruit.

Then like this good and noble youth,
Whose virtues ever shone,
I 'll seek the paths of love and truth,
And all my faults will own.

Unknown.

THE PET LAMB

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice: it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight: they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away;
But, ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Towards the lamb she looked; and from that shady place
I, unobserved, could see the workings of her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing: —

"What ails thee, young one? What? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest: what is 't that aileth thee?

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away:
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee
home:
A blessed day for thee! Then whither wouldst thou
roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast: the dam that did thee yean
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in
this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, — warm milk it is and
new.

"It will not, will not rest! — poor creature, can it be
That 't is thy mother's heart which is working so in
thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor
hear."

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must
belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with
such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into mine own."

William Wordsworth.

POLITENESS

Good boys and girls will never say,
"I will," and "Give me these;"
Oh, no; that never is the way,
But, "Mother, if you please."

And "If you please," to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready;
And "Yes, sir," to a gentleman,
And "Yes, ma'am," to a lady.

Elizabeth Turner.

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING ON THE ICE

Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day;
As it fell out, they all fell in —
The rest, they ran away.

Now had these children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground;
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

You parents who have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them all at home.

Ascribed to Oliver Goldsmith.

THE CHATTERBOX

From morning to night 't was Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water forever a-dropping!

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
'T was vain to endeavor to still her;
Nor once did she lack to continue her clack,
Till again she lay down on her pillow.

You 'll think now, perhaps, there would have been gaps,
If she had n't been wonderful clever;
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate
That it would be forthcoming forever.

But that 's quite absurd; for have you not heard,
Much tongue and few brains are connected,
That they are supposed to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her tongue
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion?

Ann Taylor.

AGAINST QUARRELING AND FIGHTING

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature, too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the Blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man
And God his Father, too.

Isaac Watts.

FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS

As in her ancient mistress' lap
The youthful tabby lay,
They gave each other many a tap,
Alike disposed to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,
And with protruded claws
Plows all the length of Lydia's arm,
Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,
She shakes her to the ground,
With many a threat that she shall bleed
With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest;
It was a venial stroke;
For she that will with kittens jest,
Should bear a kitten's joke.

William Cowper.

THE HARE'S LAMENT

Walking forth, one summer's day,
Through a wood I took my way;
And I saw a little hare
Sitting 'mid long grasses there.

Poor young thing! she hung her head,
Wept, and to herself she said,
"How I wish I did but know
Why the sportsman hunts us so!

"When his greyhound gripes me fast,
Down he comes in sudden haste;
Not for pity, not to spare;
Snatches me with no more care
Than if I were not a hare!

"To the market next he hies,
Some one sees me there, and buys;
By the buyer, swift as thought,
To the larder am I brought.

"Soon the cook takes me in hand; —
I can nothing understand; —
Off is stripped my skin so fine,
What a dismal lot is mine!

"Then she puts me in a jar,
Pours in stinging vinegar,
Laves and leaves me that my meat
May be delicate to eat.

"When I need no steeping more,
When I think all danger o'er,
Comes the cook and takes me out,
Turns and twists me all about;

"Lays me on the dresser hard,
My unhappy back to lard,
Runs an iron spit right through, —
Naught so barbarous could I do!

"This is not enough — Oh, no!
Fierce the fire is made to glow;
There I hang, and there I turn,
Basted well lest I should burn.

"Pass'd that raging element,
Next to table I am sent;
Now comes one and takes a share;
Then a second, nor doth spare;

"Then a third must be supplied,
Until all are satisfied.
Lastly, out of doors are thrown,
For the dogs, each fleshless bone.

"Now I wish I did but know
Why these pains I undergo;
Why man takes my life away;
He himself of death the prey!"

Mary Howitt.

THE BLIND BOY

Oh, say what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the Sight:
Oh, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Colley Cibber.

A GRAMMAR RHYME

A NOUN 's the name of anything;
As, *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun;
As, *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.
Three of these words we often see,
Called articles — *a*, *an*, and *the*.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand;
John's head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.

Verbs tell of something being done;
As, *read*, *write*, *spell*, *sing*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done the adverbs tell;
As, *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.
They also tell us *where* and *when;*
As, *here*, and *there*, and *now*, and *then*.

A preposition stands before
A noun; as *in*, or *through*, a door.

Conjunctions sentences unite;
As, kittens scratch *and* puppies bite.

The interjection shows surprise;
As, *O*, how pretty! *Ah*, how wise!

David B. Tower and Benjamin F. Tweed.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES

The Dog will come when he is called,
The Cat will walk away;
The Monkey's cheek is very bald;
The Goat is fond of play.
The Parrot is a prate-apace,
Yet knows not what he says;
The noble Horse will win the race.
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut,
The Wolf would eat you in a trice,
The Buzzard's eyes are shut.
The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet in the tree;
The Swan he has a bosom fair,
And who so proud as he?

Oh, yes, the Peacock is more proud,
Because his tail has eyes;
The Lion roars so very loud,
He 'd fill you with surprise.
The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or, rather, raven gray;
The Camel's bunch is on his back,
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
The Elephant is wise,
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
The false Hyena cries.

The Hen guards well her little chicks,
  The Cow — her hoof is slit;
The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,
  The Lapwing cries "peewit."

The little Wren is very small,
  The Humming-bird is less;
The Ladybird is least of all,
  And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican she loves her young,
  The Stork its parent loves;
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
  And innocent are Doves.

The streaked Tiger 's fond of blood,
  The Pigeon feeds on peas,
The Duck will gobble in the mud,
  The Mice will eat your cheese.
A Lobster 's black, when boiled he 's red,
  The harmless Lamb must bleed;
The Codfish has a clumsy head,
  The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk,
  The little Worm may thank;
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk,
  The Weasel 's long and lank.
The Buck gives us a venison dish,
  When hunted for the spoil;
The Shark eats up the little fish,
  The Whale produces oil.

The Glowworm shines the darkest night,
With lantern in its tail;
The Turtle is the cit's delight,
And wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home,
The Ant lays up a winter store,
The Bear loves honeycomb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Plaice has orange spots;
The Starling, if he 's taught, will speak;
The Ostrich walks and trots.
The child that does not these things know,
Might well be called a dunce;
But I in knowledge quick will grow,
For youth can come but once.

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

THE SNAIL

The snail, how he creeps slowly over the wall,
He seems scarce to make any progress at all,
Almost where you leave him you find him;
His long shining body he stretches out well,
And drags along with him his round hollow shell,
And leaves a bright pathway behind him.

"Look, father," said John, "at the lazy old snail,
He 's almost an hour crawling over the pale,
Enough all one's patience to worry;

Now, if I were he, I would gallop away,
Half over the world — twenty miles in a day,
And turn business off in a hurry."

"Why, John," said his father, "that 's all very well;
For though you can never inhabit a shell,
But e'en must remain a young master;
Yet these thoughts of yours may something avail;
Take a hint for yourself from your jokes on the snail,
And do your *own* work rather faster."

Jane Taylor.

THE LADYBUG AND THE ANT

The ladybug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plainly dressed ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn;
So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
And, seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but traveled on
At the same industrious pace;
But a sudden blast of autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground;
And down the rose with the ladybug fell,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go;
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought both rain and snow;
Her wings were chill, and her feet were cold,
And she wished for the ant's warm cell, —
And what she did when the winter came,
I 'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
With the little ones by her side;
She taught them all like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sting of pride; —
And I thought, as I sat at the close of the day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time
Than be idle and dress in silk.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THE JUVENILE ORATOR

You 'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public, on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,

Yet all great learned men — like me —
Once learned to read their A, B, C.

And why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's isle,
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?

May n't Massachusetts prove as great
As any other sister State?
Or, where 's the town, go far or near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or, where 's the boy but three feet high
Who 's made improvement more than I?

Those thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Caesar, stained with blood;
But only great, as I am good.

David Everett.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A FABLE

The fox and the crow,
In prose, I well know,
Many good little girls can rehearse:
Perhaps it will tell
Pretty nearly as well,
If we try the same fable in verse.

In a dairy a crow,
Having ventured to go,
Some food for her young ones to seek,
Flew up in the trees,
With a fine piece of cheese,
Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox, who lived by,
To the tree saw her fly,
And to share in the prize made a vow;
For having just dined,
He for cheese felt inclined,
So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning, he knew,
But so was he too,
And with flattery adapted his plan;
For he knew if she 'd speak,
It must fall from her beak,
So, bowing politely, began.

"'T is a very fine day"
(Not a word did she say):
"The wind, I believe, ma'am, is south:
A fine harvest for peas:"
He then looked at the cheese,
But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired,
Her plumage admired,
"How charming! how brilliant its hue!

The voice must be fine,
Of a bird so divine,
Ah, let me just hear it, pray do.

"Believe me, I long
To hear a sweet song!"
The silly crow foolishly tries:
She scarce gave one squall,
When the cheese she let fall,
And the fox ran away with the prize.

MORAL

Ye innocent fair,
Of coxcombs beware,
To flattery never give ear;
Try well each pretense,
And keep to plain sense,
And then you have little to fear.

Little B. (*Taylor ?*)

THE USE OF FLOWERS

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
  Requireth none to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
  To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
  The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
  Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
  All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
  Upspringing day and night, —

Springing in valleys green and low,
  And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
  Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
  Then wherefore had they birth? —
To minister delight to man,
  To beautify the earth;

To comfort man, to whisper hope
  Whene'er his faith is dim;
For Whoso careth for the flowers
  Will much more care for him.

Mary Howitt.

CONTENTED JOHN

One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes in him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare, —
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said;
"If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread;
And, though fretting may make my calamities deeper
It can never cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain,
Nor lie down and fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues when there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

Jane Taylor.

THE BUTTERFLY

The Butterfly, an idle thing,
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
As do the bee and bird;
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for times of want,
A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day:
Then like the bee and ant I 'll lay
A store of learning by;
And though from flower to flower I rove,
My stock of wisdom I 'll improve,
Nor be a butterfly.

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE GAINED THEM

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried;
"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, — a hearty old man:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God;
And he hath not forgotten my age."

Robert Southey.

THE FROST

The Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
I 'll silently take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I 'll be as busy as they!"

He flew up, and powdered the mountain's crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; — and over the breast
  Of the quivering lake he spread
A bright coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
  Where a rock was rearing its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed — wherever he stepped —
  Most beautiful things were seen
By morning's first light! There were flowers and trees,
With bevies of birds and swarms of bright bees;
There were cities — temples, and towers; and these,
  All pictured in silvery sheen!

But one thing he did that was hardly fair —
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That none had remembered for him to prepare,
  " Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I 'll bite their rich basket of fruit," said he,
" This burly old pitcher — I 'll burst it in three!
And the glass with the water they 've left for me
  Shall ' tchick!' to tell them I 'm drinking!"

Hannah Flagg Gould.

THE CRICKET

Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing then — and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

Written in Latin by Vincent Bourne.
Translated by William Cowper.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,

"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there 's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plow
The plowshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay — nay — my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"And what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 't was a famous victory."

Robert Southey.

WE ARE SEVEN

. . . A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I MET a little cottage-girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were bright, and very fair —
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wond'ring looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven? — I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive:
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

THEN DID THE LITTLE MAID REPLY,
"SEVEN BOYS AND GIRLS ARE WE;
TWO OF US IN THE CHURCHYARD LIE,
BENEATH THE CHURCHYARD TREE."
"YOU RUN ABOUT, MY LITTLE MAID,
YOUR LIMBS THEY ARE ALIVE:
IF TWO ARE IN THE CHURCHYARD LAID,
THEN YE ARE ONLY FIVE"

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; these two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

William Wordsworth.

THE BETTER LAND

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"—
"Not there, not there my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?" —
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?" —
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair, —
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

Jane Taylor.

A CRADLE SONG

Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All, without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing:
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed;
Peace, my darling! there 's no danger;
Here 's no ox a-near thy bed.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him;
See his face, and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned — and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my life, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored — my peril 's o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,
The Star! — The Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White.

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessèd babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessèd morn;
The which his mother, Mary,
Nothing did take in scorn.

From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessèd angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

"Fear not," then said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."

The shepherds at these tidings
  Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
  In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
  This blessèd babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
  Whereas this infant lay,
They found him in a manger,
  Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother, Mary, kneeling,
  Unto the Lord did pray.

Now to the Lord sing praise,
  All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood,
  Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
  All others doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.

Unknown.

AS JOSEPH WAS A-WALKING

AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL

As Joseph was a-walking,
  He heard an angel sing —
"This night shall be born
  Our heavenly King:

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall;

"He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen,
As were babies all;

"He neither shall be rock'd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
That rocks on the moulde;

"He neither shall be christen'd
In white wine nor in red,
But with the spring water
With which we were christenèd."

Then Mary took her young Son,
And set him on her knee —
"I pray thee now, dear Child,
Tell how this world shall be?"

"This world shall be like
The stones in the street,
For the sun and the moon
Shall bow down at thy feet;

"And upon a Wednesday
My vow I will make,
And upon Good Friday
My death I will take;

"And upon the third day
My uprising shall be,
And the sun and the moon
Shall rise up with me."

Unknown.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I 'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.
So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'T was so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I 'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.
Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys, they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain,
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

William Howitt.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair, sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight:
Where are those sleepers now?

One, midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue, lone sea, hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped the colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers —
The last of that fair band.

And parted thus, they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth;
Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE MINSTREL BOY

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you 'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

Thomas Moore.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

WIZARD. — LOCHIEL

Wizard. — Lochiel! Lochiel, beware of the day
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, Oh, Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. — Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight!
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard. — Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. — False wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

Wizard. — Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadow before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold; where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

Lochiel. — Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Thomas Campbell.

THE SLUGGARD

'T is the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again;"
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here 's a lesson for me:"
That man 's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

Isaac Watts.

ELEGY ON MRS. MARY BLAIZE

Good people all with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word —
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor —
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways —
Unless when she was sinning.

At church in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumbered in her pew —
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her —
When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found when she was dead, —
Her last disorder mortal!

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more —
She had not dy'd to-day!

Oliver Goldsmith.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had.
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

AROUND FROM ALL THE NEIGHBORING STREETS
THE WONDERING NEIGHBORS RAN,
AND SWORE THE DOG HAD LOST HIS WITS,
TO BITE SO GOOD A MAN.
THE WOUND IT SEEMED BOTH SORE AND SAD
TO EVERY CHRISTIAN EYE:
AND WHILE THEY SWORE THE DOG WAS MAD,
THEY SWORE THE MAN WOULD DIE.
BUT SOON A WONDER CAME TO LIGHT,
THAT SHOWED THE ROGUES THEY LIED,
THE MAN RECOVERED OF THE BITE,
THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED.

This dog and man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
  Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
  The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
  To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye:
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That showed the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
  The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE GARDEN

I HAD a Garden when a child;
  I kept it all in order;
'T was full of flowers as it could be,
  And London-pride was its border.

And soon as came the pleasant Spring
  The singing birds built in it;
The Blackbird and the Throstle-cock,
  The Woodlark and the Linnet.

And all within my Garden ran
A labyrinth walk so mazy;
In the middle there grew a yellow Rose,
At each end a Michaelmas Daisy.

I had a tree of Southern Wood,
And two of bright Mezereon;
A Peony root, a snow-white Phlox,
And a bunch of red Valerian;

A Lilac tree, and a Guelder Rose;
A Broom and a Tiger Lily;
And I walked a dozen miles to find
The true wild Daffodilly.

I had Columbines, both pink and blue,
And Thalictrum like a feather;
And the bright Goat's-beard, that shuts its leaves
Before a change of weather.

I had Marigolds, and Gillyflowers,
And Pinks all Pinks exceeding;
I 'd a noble root of Love-in-a-mist,
And plenty of Love-lies-bleeding.

I 'd Jacob's Ladder, Aaron's Rod,
And the Peacock Gentianella;
I had Asters more than I can tell,
And Lupines blue and yellow.

I set a grain of Indian Corn,
One day in an idle humor,
And the grain sprung up six feet or more!
My glory for a summer.

I found far off in the pleasant fields
More flowers than I can mention;
I found the English Asphodel,
And the spring and autumn Gentian.

I found the Orchis, fly and bee,
And the Cistus of the mountain;
And the Moneywort and the Adder's-tongue
Beside an old wood fountain.

I found within another wood
The rare Pyrola blowing;
For wherever there was a curious flower,
I was sure to find it growing.

I set them in my garden beds,
Those beds I loved so dearly,
Where I labored after set of sun,
And in summer mornings early.

Oh, my pleasant garden plot! —
A shrubbery was beside it,
And an old and mossy Apple tree,
With a Woodbine wreathed to hide it.

There was a bower in my garden plot,
A Spiræa grew before it;
Behind it was a Laburnum tree,
And a wild Hop clambered o'er it.

Ofttimes I sat within my bower,
Like a king in all his glory;
Ofttimes I read, and read for hours
Some pleasant, wondrous story.

I read of gardens in old times,
Old, stately gardens, kingly,
Where people walked in gorgeous crowds,
Or, for silent musing, singly.

I raised up visions in my brain,
The noblest and the fairest;
But still I loved my Garden best,
And thought it far the rarest.

And all among my flowers I walked,
Like a miser 'mid his treasure;
For that pleasant plot of garden ground
Was a world of endless pleasure.

Mary Howitt.

OLD STORY BOOKS

Old story books! old story books! we owe ye much, old friends,
Bright-colored threads in Memory's warp, of which Death holds the ends.
Who can forget ye? — who can spurn the ministers of joy
That waited on the lisping girl and petticoated boy?
I know that ye could *win* my heart when every bribe or threat
Failed to allay my stamping rage, or break my sullen pet:
A "promised story" was enough — I turned with eager smile,
To learn about the naughty "pig that would not mount the stile."

OLD STORY BOOKS

There was a spot in days of yore whereon I used to stand,
With mighty question in my head and penny in my hand;
Where motley sweets and crinkled cakes made up a goodly show,
And "story books" upon a string, appeared in brilliant row.
What should I have? the peppermint was incense in my nose,
But I had heard of "hero Jack" who slew his giant foes:
My lonely coin was balanced long before the tempting stall,
'Twixt book and bull's-eye, but, forsooth, "Jack" got it after all.

Talk of your "vellum, gold embossed," "morocco," "roan," and "calf,"
The blue and yellow wraps of old were prettier by half:
And as to pictures! well we know that never one was made
Like that where "Bluebeard" swings aloft his wife-destroying blade.
"Hume's England!" — pshaw! what history of battles, states, and men
Can vie with memoirs "all about sweet little Jenny Wren?"
And what are all the wonders that e'er struck a nation dumb,
To those recorded as performed by "Master Thomas Thumb?"

"Miss Riding Hood," poor luckless child! my heart grew
big with dread,
When the grim "wolf," in grandmamma's best bonnet,
showed his head;
I shuddered when, in innocence, she meekly peeped
beneath,
And made remarks about "great eyes," and wondered
at "great teeth."
And then the "House that Jack built," and the "Bean-
stalk Jack cut down,"
And "Jack's eleven brothers," on their travels of renown;
And "Jack," whose cracked and plastered head insured
him lyric fame,
These, these, methinks, make "vulgar Jack" a rather
classic name.

Fair "Valentine," I loved him well, but better still the
bear
That hugged his brother in her arms with tenderness
and care.
I lingered spellbound o'er the page, though eventide
wore late,
And left my supper all untouched to fathom "Orson's"
fate.
Then "Robin with his merry men," a noble band were
they,
We'll never see the like again, go hunting where we may.
In Lincoln garb, with bow and barb, rapt Fancy bore
me on,
Through Sherwood's dewy forest paths, close after
"Little John."

"Miss Cinderella" and her "shoe" kept long their reigning powers,
Till harder words and longer themes beguiled my flying hours;
And "Sindbad," wondrous sailor he, allured me on his track,
And set me shouting when he flung the old man from his back.
And oh! that tale — the matchless tale, that made me dream at night
Of "Crusoe's" shaggy robe of fur, and "Friday's" death-spurred flight;
Nay, still I read it, and again, in sleeping visions, see
The savage dancers on the sand, the raft upon the sea.

Old story books! old story books! I doubt if "Reason's Feast"
Provides a dish that pleases more than "Beauty and the Beast;"
I doubt if all the ledger leaves that bear a sterling sum,
Yield happiness like those that told of "Master Horner's plum."
Old story books! old story books! I never pass ye by
Without a sort of furtive glance — right loving, though 't is sly;
And fair suspicion may arise — that yet my spirit grieves
For dear "Old Mother Hubbard's Dog" and "Ali Baba's Thieves."

Eliza Cook.

STORIES IN VERSE

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
  These words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
  In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
  In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
  Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
  No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
  And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
  Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
  And left two babes behind.

The one, a fine and pretty boy,
  Not passing three years old;
The other, a girl more young than he,
  And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
  As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
  Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane,
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on her marriage day,
Which might not be controlled:
But if the children chanced to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"O brother, kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone,
They kissed their children small:
"God bless you both, my children dear;"
With that their tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear.
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear
When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale:
He would the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cockhorse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made murder's heart relent:
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life:
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood:
The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry;

And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I 'll bring you bread,
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But nevermore could see the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief:
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And in the voyage to Portugal
  Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
  To want and misery.
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
  Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
  Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
  These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
  Such was God's blessed will.
Who did confess the very truth,
  As here hath been displayed:
Their uncle having died in jail,
  Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
  And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
  And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
  And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
  Your wicked minds requite.

Old Ballad.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly;
"'T is the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly; "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I 'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I 'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "for I 've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly: "Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I 've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that 's nice;
I 'm sure you 're very welcome — will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly; "kind sir, that cannot be:
I 've heard what 's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you 're witty and you 're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you 'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you 're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good-morning now, I 'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly;
Then came out to his door again, and merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple; there 's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes and green and purple hue,
Thinking only of her crested head. Poor, foolish thing! at last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast;

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor — but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

Mary Howitt.

LUCY GRAY,

OR SOLITUDE

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to seek at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor, —
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do!
'T is scarcely afternoon —
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot band;
He plied his work; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

"AND TAKE A LANTERN, CHILD, TO LIGHT
YOUR MOTHER THROUGH THE SNOW."
"THAT, FATHER, WILL I GLADLY DO!
'T IS SCARCELY AFTERNOON—
THE MINSTER CLOCK HAS JUST STRUCK TWO,
AND YONDER IS THE MOON!"

LUCY GRAY

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!" —
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

William Wordsworth

THE CHAMELEON

A FABLE — FROM M. DE LAMOTTE

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen,
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The traveled fool your mouth will stop:
"Sir, if my judgment you 'll allow,
I 've seen — and sure I ought to know,"
So begs you 'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travelers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun.
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,

Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace; and then its hue —
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold, there," the other quick replies,
"'T is *green*, I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray:
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I 've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'T is green, 't is green, sir, I assure ye!"
"Green!" cries the other in a fury —
"Why, sir! — d' ye think I 've lost my eyes?"
"'T were no great loss," the friend replies,
"For, if they always serve you thus,
You 'll find them of but little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third —
To him the question they referred,
And begged he 'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother!
The creature 's neither one nor t' other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight:

I marked it well — 't was black as jet —
You stare — but, sirs, I 've got it yet,
And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do:
I 'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I 'll be sworn, that when you 've seen
The reptile, you 'll pronounce him green."

"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I 'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I 've set him,
If you don't find him black, I 'll eat him."
He said: then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo! — 't was white.

Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise —
"My children," the chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you;
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

James Merrick.

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE

NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court —
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the bridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('T is a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but* —
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight — Eyes should be shut!

William Cowper.

THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

The elderly gentleman 's here,
With his Cane, his Wig, and his Hat,
A good-humored Man all declare,
But then he 's o'erladen with fat.

By the side of a murmuring stream
This elderly Gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was his Wig,
And on top of his Wig was his Hat.

The Wind it blew high and blew strong
As this elderly Gentleman sat,
And bore from his head in a trice
And plunged in the river his Hat.

The Gentleman then took his Cane,
Which lay on his lap as he sat,
And dropped in the river his Wig
In attempting to get out his Hat.

Cool reflection at length came across
While this elderly Gentleman sat,
So thought he would follow the stream
And look for his fine Wig and Hat.

His breast grew cold with despair
And full in his eye Madness sat,
So he flung in the river his Cane
To swim with his Wig and his Hat.

His head being thicker than common
O'erbalanced the rest of his fat,
And in plumped this Son of a Woman
To follow his Wig, Cane, and Hat.

A Newfoundland Dog was at hand,
No circumstance could be more pat;
The old man he brought safe to land,
Then fetched out his Wig, Cane, and Hat.

The Gentleman, dripping and cold,
Seemed much like a half-drowned rat;
But praised his deliverer so bold,
Then adjusted his Cane, Wig, and Hat.

Now homeward the Gentleman hied,
But neither could wear Wig nor Hat;
The Dog followed close at his Side,
Fawned, waggled his tail and all that.

The Gentleman, filled with delight,
The Dog's master hastily sought;
Two guineas set all things to right,
For that sum his true friend he bought.

From him the Dog never would part,
But lived much caressed for some years,
Till leveled by Death's fatal dart,
When the Gentleman shed many tears.

Then buried poor Tray in the green,
And placed o'er his grave a small stone,
Whereon a few lines may be seen
Expressive of what he had done.

Unknown.

THE BLACKBERRY GIRL

"Why, Phebe, are you come so soon?
Where are your berries, child?
You cannot, sure, have sold them all,
You had a basket piled."

"No, mother, as I climbed the fence,
The nearest way to town,
My apron caught upon the stake,
And so I tumbled down.

"I scratched my arm and tore my hair,
But still did not complain;
And had my blackberries been safe,
Should not have cared a grain.

"But when I saw them on the ground,
All scattered by my side,
I picked my empty basket up,
And down I sat and cried.

"Just then a pretty little Miss
Chanced to be walking by;
She stopped, and looking pitiful,
She begged me not to cry.

"'Poor little girl, you fell,' said she,
'And must be sadly hurt;'
'Oh, no,' I cried; 'but see my fruit,
All mixed with sand and dirt.'

"'Well, do not grieve for that,' she said;
'Go home, and get some more.'
'Ah, no, for I have stripped the vines,
These were the last they bore.

"'My father, Miss, is very poor,
And works in yonder stall;
He has so many little ones,
He cannot clothe us all.

"'I always longed to go to church,
But never could I go;
For when I asked him for a gown,
He always answered, "No.

"'"There 's not a father in the world
That loves his children more;
I 'd get you one with all my heart,
But, Phebe, I am poor."

"'But when the blackberries were ripe,
He said to me one day,
"Phebe, if you will take the time
That 's given you for play,

"' 'And gather blackberries enough,
And carry them to town,
To buy your bonnet and your shoes,
I 'll try to get a gown."

"'Oh, Miss, I fairly jumped for joy,
My spirits were so light;
And so, when I had leave to play,
I picked with all my might.

"'I sold enough to get my shoes,
About a week ago;
And these, if they had not been spilt,
Would buy a bonnet, too.

"'But now they 're gone, they all are gone,
And I can get no more,
And Sundays I must stay at home,
Just as I did before.'

"And, mother, then I cried again
As hard as I could cry;
And looking up, I saw a tear
Was standing in her eye.

"She caught her bonnet from her head,
'Here, here,' she cried, 'take this!'
'Oh, no, indeed — I fear your ma
Would be offended, Miss.'

"'My ma! no, never; she delights
All sorrow to beguile;
And 't is the sweetest joy she feels,
To make the wretched smile.

"'She taught me when I had enough,
To share it with the poor;
And never let a needy child,
Go empty from the door.

"'So take it, for you need not fear
Offending her, you see;
I have another, too, at home,
And one 's enough for me.'

"So then I took it — here it is —
For pray what could I do?
And, mother, I shall love that Miss
As long as I love you."

Unknown.

THE ENVIOUS LOBSTER

A Lobster from the water came,
And saw another, just the same
In form and size; but gayly clad
In scarlet clothing; while she had
No other clothing on her back
Than her old suit of greenish black.

"So ho!" she cried, " 't is very fine!
Your dress was yesterday like mine.
And in the mud below the sea,
You lived, a crawling thing like me.
But now, because you 've come ashore,
You 've grown so proud that what you wore —
Your strong old suit of bottle-green,
You think improper to be seen.
To tell the truth, I don't see why
You should be better dressed than I.

And I should like a suit of red
As bright as yours, from feet to head.
I think I 'm quite as good as you,
And might be clothed in scarlet, too."

"Will you be *boiled*," her owner said,
"To be arrayed in glowing red?
Come here, my discontented miss,
And hear the scalding kettle hiss!
Will you go in, and there be boiled,
To have your dress, so old and soiled,
Exchanged for one of scarlet hue?"
"Yes," cried the Lobster, "that I 'll do,
And twice as much, if needs must be,
To be as gayly clad as she."
Then, in she made a fatal dive,
And never more was seen alive.

Now, if you ever chance to know
Of one as fond of dress and show
As that vain Lobster, and withal
As envious, you 'll perhaps recall
To mind her folly, and the plight
In which she reappeared to sight.

She had obtained a bright array,
But for it thrown her life away!
Her life and death were best untold,
But for the moral they unfold!

Hannah Flagg Gould.

COBBLER! STICK TO YOUR LAST;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF JOE DOBSON

Joe Dobson was an Englishman
In days of Robin Hood,
A Country Farmer eke was he,
In Forest of Sherwood.

Joe Dobson said unto his Dame,
I vow that I could do
More household work in any day
Than you can do in two.

She soon replied, I do declare
Your words you shall fulfill,
To-morrow you my place shall take,
I 'll to the plow and mill.

Next morning came, they sallied forth,
Each sure of doing well;
She with her stick, he with a pail,
The rest I soon will tell.

Away went Joe to milk the cow,
His business to begin;
She tossed the pail and kicked his leg,
The blood ran down his shin.

But see him now sit down to reel
The yarn his rib had spun,
But puzzled and perplexed was he —
He swore it was no fun.

Next job to boil the pot he went —
The fire he had forgot;
He ran with chips and burnt his head,
Oh! grievous was his lot.

Away went Joe to wash the clothes,
But sore against his will;
The water scalded both his hands,
Bad luck pursued him still.

He went to hang the clothes to dry —
It was a lovely day;
But oh, alas! a magpie came
And stole his wig away.

Away went Dobson in despair
At losing thus his wig;
The magpie flew with rapid flight
And left it on a twig.

Good lack! quoth he, I must dispatch
And haste the bread to make,
But stooping down to knead it well
His back did sorely ache.

Loud crowed the cocks, the turkeys screamed,
The geese and ducks now quacked;
Enraged for food, which Joe forgot,
He was by all attacked.

An effort then poor Dobson made
The little pigs to feed;
The old sow tripped him in the mud
In spite of all his heed.

The old Dame now with speed returned
  Quite stout and blithe was she,
And found poor Joe all bruised and ill —
  Fatigued as he could be.

Now Mrs. Dobson, tidy soul,
  Soon set all neat and right,
Prepared the meat and drew the ale —
  They bravely fared that night.

Whilst they partook this dainty meal
  Joe sullenly confessed
He was convinced that wives could do
  The household business best.

Unknown.

MEDDLESOME MATTY

One ugly trick has often spoiled
  The sweetest and the best;
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
  One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she 'd lift the teapot lid,
  To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
  But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I 'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied:
"Oh, what a pretty box is that!
I 'll open it," said little Matt.

"I know what grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear;'
But then, she 's far enough away,
And no one else is near;
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid,
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woeful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, beside,
A dismal sight presented;
In vain, as bitterly she cried,
Her folly she repented.

SO THUMB AND FINGERS WENT TO WORK
TO MOVE THE STUBBORN LID

In vain she ran about for ease;
She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And, as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
"Heyday! and what 's the matter now?"
Says grandmamma with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And 't is a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

Ann Taylor.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN

There was a little fellow once,
And Harry was his name;
And many a naughty trick had he —
I tell it to his shame.

He minded not his friends' advice,
But follow'd his own wishes;
And one most cruel trick of his,
Was that of catching fishes.

His father had a little pond,
Where often Harry went;
And in this most inhuman sport,
He many an ev'ning spent.

One day he took his hook and bait,
And hurried to the pond,
And there began the cruel game,
Of which he was so fond.

And many a little fish he caught,
And pleas'd was he to look,
To see them writhe in agony,
And struggle on the hook.

At last, when having caught enough,
And tired, too, himself;
He hasten'd home, intending there
To put them on a shelf.

But as he jump'd to reach a dish,
To put his fishes in,
A large meat hook, that hung close by,
Did catch him by the chin.

Poor Harry kick'd, and call'd aloud,
And scream'd and cried and roar'd;
While from his wound the crimson blood
In dreadful torrents pour'd.

The maids came running, frighten'd much
To see him hanging there,
And soon they took him from the hook,
And set him in a chair.

The surgeon came and stopp'd the blood,
And up he bound his head;
And then they carried him upstairs,
And laid him on his bed.

Conviction darted on his mind,
As groaning there he lay,
He with remorse and pity thought
About his cruel play.

"And oh," said he, "poor little fish,
What tortures they have borne;
While I, well pleas'd, have stood to see
Their tender bodies torn;

"Oh, what a wicked boy I 've been,
Such torments to bestow;
Well I deserve the pain I feel,
Since I could serve them so:

"But now I know how great the smart,
How terrible the pain!
As long as I can feel myself,
I 'll never fish again."

Unknown.

THE LITTLE FISH THAT WOULD NOT DO AS IT WAS BID

"Dear mother," said a little fish,
"Pray is not that a fly?
I 'm very hungry, and I wish
You 'd let me go and try."

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
"That horrid fly is put to hide
The sharpness of the hook."

Now, as I 've heard, this little trout
Was young and foolish, too,
And so he thought he 'd venture out,
To see if it were true.

And round about the hook he played,
With many a longing look,
And — "Dear me," to himself he said,
"I 'm sure that 's not a hook.

"I can but give one little pluck:
Let 's see, and so I will."
So on he went, and lo! it stuck
Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,
With hollow voice he cried,
"Dear mother, had I minded you,
I need not now have died."

Ann Taylor.

THE POND

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,
About it white daisies and violets grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stoop to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To sport 'mid the green water-weeds that grew there:
Indeed the assembly would frequently meet,
To discuss their affairs, in this pleasant retreat.

Now, the subjects on which they were wont to converse,
I am sorry I cannot exactly rehearse;
For though I 've oft listened in hopes of discerning,
I own 't is a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pop in and out,
Now turning tail upward, now diving below;
She thought, of all things, she should like to do so.

So the poor silly chick was determined to try;
She thought 't was as easy to swim as to fly:
Though her mother had told her she must not go near,
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear.

"My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught I can see,
As good as the duck's are for swimming," said she:
"Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their* beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?

"Why should I not swim then, as well as a duck?
I think I shall venture, and e'en try my luck;
For," said she (spite of all that her mother had taught
her),
"I 'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
But soon found her dear mother's cautions were true:
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself
round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 't was too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled the deeper she went;
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sank down to the bottom and died!

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back;
And by their grave gestures and looks in discoursing,
Obedience to parents were plainly enforcing.

Jane Taylor.

REVOLUTIONARY TEA

There was an old lady who lived o'er the sea,
And she was an Island Queen;
Her daughter lived off in a new countrie,
With an ocean of water between.

The old lady's pockets were full of gold,
But never contented was she;
So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax
Of threepence a pound on her tea.

SHE SPLASHED AND DASHED AND TURNED HERSELF ROUND,
AND HEARTILY WISHED HERSELF SAFE ON THE GROUND.
THE HARDER SHE STRUGGLED THE DEEPER SHE WENT

REVOLUTIONARY TEA

"Now, mother, dear mother," the daughter replied,
"I shan't do the thing that you ax:
I 'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea,
But never the threepenny tax."

"You shall," quoth the mother, and reddened with rage,
"For you 're my own daughter, you see;
And sure 't is quite proper a daughter should pay
Her mother a tax on her tea."

And so the old lady her servants called up,
And packed off the budget of tea;
And, eager for threepence a pound, she put in
Enough for a large familie.

She ordered the servants to bring home the tax,
Declaring her child should obey;
Or, old as she was and almost woman grown,
She 'd half whip her life away.

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,
All down by the ocean side;
And the bouncing girl poured out every pound
In the dark and boiling tide.

And then she called out to the Island Queen,
"Oh, mother, dear mother," quoth she,
"Your tea you may have when 't is steeped enough,
But never a tax from me;
No, never a tax from me."

Seba Smith.

THE STORY OF SAM PATCH

Pawtucket is a famous place,
Where cotton cloth is made,
And hundreds think it no disgrace
To labor at the trade.

Among the spinners there was one,
Whose name was Samuel Patch;
He moped about and did his stint —
Folks thought him no great scratch.

But soon a maggot in his head,
Told Sam he was a ninny
To spend his life in twirling thread,
Just like a spinning jenney.

And if he would become renown'd,
And live in song or story,
'T was time he should be looking round
For deeds of fame and glory.

"What shall I do?" quoth honest Sam,
"There is no war a-brewing;
And duels are but dirty things,
Scarce worth a body's doing.

"And if I would be President,
I see I 'm up a tree,
For neither prints nor congressmen
Have nominated me."

But still that maggot in his head
Told Sam he was a gump,
For if he could do nothing else,
Most surely he could *jump*.

Ay, right, quoth Sam, and out he went,
And on the bridge he stood,
And down he jump'd full twenty feet,
And plunged into the flood.

And when he safely swam to land,
And stood there like a stump,
And all the gaping crowd cried out,
"Oh, what a glorious jump!"

New light shone into Samuel's eyes,
His heart went pit-a-pat;
"Go, bring a ladder here," he cries;
"I 'll jump you more than that."

The longest ladder in the town
Against the factory was rear'd,
And Sam clomb up, and then jump'd down,
And loud the gapers cheer'd.

Besides the maggot in his head,
Sam's ear now felt a flea;
"I want more elbow-room," he said;
"What 's this dull town to me?

"I 'll raise some greater breezes yet;
I 'll go where thousands are,
And jump to immortality,
And make the natives stare.

"I 'm only twenty-two years old;
Before I 'm twenty-five
I 'll be more talk'd about, I guess,
Than any man alive.

"I 'll show these politician folks,
That climb so high by stumping,
That I can climb as well as they,
And beat 'em all in jumping.

"One way is just as good as 't other
To make the people wonder,
And all the noise that they can make
Ain't nothing to my thunder.

"I 'm right, and now I 'm going ahead;
Sam Patch was n't made to blunder —
If any living soul 's afraid,
Just let him stand from under."

And off he went on foot, full trot;
High hopes of fame his bosom fired;
At Paterson, in Jersey State,
He stopped awhile, for Sam was tired;

And there he mounted for a jump,
And crowds came round to view it,
And all began to gape and stare,
And cry, "How dare you do it?"

But Sam ne'er heeded what they said,
His nerves wa'n't made to quiver,
And down he jump'd some fifty feet,
And splash'd into the river.

"Hoorah!" the mob cried out amain,
"Hoorah," from every throat was pouring,
And Echo cried "Hoorah" again,
Like a thousand lions roaring.

Sam's fame now spread both far and wide,
And brighter grew from day to day,
And wheresoe'er a crowd convened,
Patch was the lion of the play.

From ship masts he would jump in sport,
And spring from highest factory walls;
And proclamation soon was made,
That he would leap Niagara Falls.

"What for?" inquired an honest Hodge;
"Why scare to death our wives and mothers?"
"To show that some things *can* be done,"
Quoth Sam, "as well as others."

Ten thousand people throng'd the shore,
And stood there all agog;
While Sam approach'd those awful falls,
And leapt them like a frog.

From Clifton House to Table Rock,
And round Goat Island's brow,
The multitudes all held their breath
While Sam plunged down below.

And when they saw his neck was safe,
And he once more stood on his feet,
They set up such a deafening cheer,
Niagara's roar was fairly beat.

Patch being but a scurvy name,
They solemnly did there enact,
That he henceforward should be call'd
"Squire Samuel O'Cataract."

And here our hero should have stopt,
And husbanded his brilliant fame;
But, ah, he took one leap too much —
And most all heroes do the same.

Napoleon's last great battle proved
His dreadful overthrow,
And Sam's last jump was a fearful one,
And in death it laid him low.

'T was at the falls of Genesee,
He jump'd down six score feet and five,
And in the waters deep he sunk,
And never rose again alive.

The crowd, with fingers in their mouths,
Turn'd homeward, one by one,
And oft with sheepish looks they said,
"Poor Sam's last job is done."

Seba Smith.

TIT FOR TAT

A TALE

A LAW there is of ancient fame,
By Nature's self in every land implanted,
Lex talionis is its Latin name;
But if an English term be wanted,
Give your next neighbor but a pat,
He 'll give back as good, and tell you — *tit for tat.*

This *tit for tat*, it seems, not men alone,
But elephants, for legal justice own;
In proof of this a story I shall tell ye,
Imported from the famous town of Delhi.

A mighty elephant that swell'd the state
Of Aurengzebe the Great,
One day was taken by his driver
To drink and cool him in the river;
The driver on his neck was seated,
And as he rode along,
By some acquaintance in the throng,
With a ripe cocoanut was treated.

A cocoanut 's a pretty fruit enough,
But guarded by a shell both hard and tough:
The fellow tried, and tried, and tried,
Working and sweating,
Pishing and fretting,
To find out its inside,
And pick the kernel for his eating.

At length quite out of patience grown,
"Who 'll reach me up," he cries, "a stone
To break this plaguy shell?
But stay, I 've here a solid bone,
May do perhaps as well."
So half in earnest, half in jest,
He bang'd it on the forehead of his beast.

An elephant, they say, has human feeling,
And full as well as we he knows
The diff'rence between words and blows,
Between horseplay and civil dealing.
Use him but well, he 'll do his best,
And serve you faithfully and truly;
But insults unprovoked he can't digest,
He studies o'er them, and repays them duly.

"To make my head an anvil," thought the creature,
"Was never, certainly, the will of Nature;
So, master mine, you may repent:"
Then, shaking his broad ears, away he went.
The driver took him to the water,
And thought no more about the matter;
But elephant within his mem'ry hid it;
He *felt* the wrong — the other only *did* it.

A week or two elapsed: one market day
Again the beast and driver took their way;
Through rows of shops and booths they pass'd,
With eatables and trinkets stored,
Till to a gard'ner's stall they came at last,
Where cocoanuts lay piled upon the board.

"Ha!" thought the elephant, "'t is now my turn
To show this method of nut-breaking;
My friend above will like to learn,
Though at the cost of a head-aching."

Then in his curling trunk he took a heap,
And waved it o'er his neck with sudden sweep,
And on the hapless driver's sconce
He laid a blow so hard and full,
That crack'd the nuts at once,
But with them crack'd his skull.

Young folks, whene'er you feel inclined
To rompish sports and freedoms rough,
Bear *tit for tat* in mind,
Nor give an elephant a cuff,
To be repaid in kind.

John Aikin and Anna Letitia Barbauld.

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME

Part I

"Arise, my maiden, Mabel,"
The mother said; "arise,
For the golden sun of midsummer
Is shining in the skies.

"Arise, my little maiden,
For thou must speed away,
To wait upon thy grandmother
This livelong summer day.

"And thou must carry with thee
This wheaten cake so fine,
This new-made pat of butter,
This little flask of wine;

"And tell the dear old body,
This day I cannot come,
For the goodman went out yestermorn,
And he is not come home.

"And more than this, poor Amy
Upon my knee doth lie;
I fear me, with this fever pain
The little child will die!

"And thou canst help thy grandmother:
The table thou canst spread;
Canst feed the little dog and bird;
And thou canst make her bed.

"And thou canst fetch the water
From the lady-well hard by;
And thou canst gather from the wood
The fagots brown and dry;

"Canst go down to the lonesome glen,
To milk the mother ewe;
This is the work, my Mabel.
That thou wilt have to do.

"But listen now, my Mabel,
This is midsummer day,
When all the fairy people
From elfland come away.

"And when thou 'rt in the lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn,
And do not pluck the strawberry flower,
Nor break the lady-fern.

"But think not of the fairy folk,
Lest mischief should befall;
Think only of poor Amy,
And how thou lov'st us all.

"Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer
If they should speak to thee.

"And when into the fir-wood
Thou goest for fagots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Go wandering up and down.

"But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood take heed.

"For they are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide;
So be thou careful of this thing,
Lest evil should betide.

"But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, willful brownies,
But of the Father good.

"And when thou goest to the spring
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offense.

"For the queen of all the fairies,
She loves that water bright;
I 've seen her drinking there myself
On many a summer night.

"But she 's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear."

"Now all this I will heed, mother,
Will no word disobey,
And wait upon the grandmother
This livelong summer day."

Part II

Away tripped little Mabel,
With the wheaten cake so fine,
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot,
And the summer mist had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good-will,
How that the father was away,
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread;
And next she fed the dog and bird;
And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day, —
Thou know'st the lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,
That sat upon a tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well, — a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A courtesy low made Mabel,
And then she stooped to fill
Her pitcher at the sparkling spring,
But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said;
"Thou hast not spilt a drop, nor yet
The fairy spring troubled!

"And for this thing which thou hast done,
Yet mayst not understand,
I give to thee a better gift
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway."

Thus having said, she passed from sight,
And naught could Mabel see,
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,
Upon the leafy tree.

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in fagots dry;
All in the neighboring fir-wood
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind, good Mabel,
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grew thin and sear.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull,
But steadily of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full.

And when the wildwood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence, as she was told,
With home thoughts sweet and kind.

But all that while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood,
And strove to do no ill.

"And, oh, but she is small and neat,"
Said one; "'t were shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite!"

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue;
At her kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe!"

"Oh, but she is a comely child,"
Said a third; "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path,
A boon for her this day, —
Seeing she broke no living wood;
No live thing did affray!"

With that the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,
Upon the dry and slippery path,
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy penny good;
And with her fagots dry and brown
Went wandering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
'T will buy her clothes of the very best,
For many and many a year!"

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew,
Go down unto the lonesome glen,
And milk the mother ewe!"

All down into the lonesome glen,
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist rank grass, by trickling streams,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to the lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry flower
Nor broke the lady fern.

And while she milked the mother ewe
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as the midge's wing,
That spake aloud, — "A human child
Is here; yet mark this thing, —

"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry flower unta'en!
What shall be done for her who still
From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy cake!" said one;
"Grant her a wish!" said three;
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
Said all, "whate'er it be!"

Kind Mabel heard the words they spake,
And from the lonesome glen
Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus happened it to Mabel
On that midsummer day,
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

'T is good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
'T is good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind.

Mary Howitt.

THE PIN

"Dear me! what signifies a pin!
I 'll leave it on the floor;
My pincushion has others in,
Mamma has plenty more:
A miser will I never be,"
Said little heedless Emily.

So tripping on to giddy play,
She left the pin behind,
For Betty's broom to whisk away,
Or some one else to find;
She never gave a thought, indeed,
To what she might to-morrow need.

Next day a party was to ride,
To see an air balloon!
And all the company beside
Were dressed and ready soon:
But she, poor girl, she could not stir,
For just a pin to finish her.

'T was vainly now, with eye and hand,
She did to search begin;
There was not one — not one, the band
Of her pelisse to pin!
She cut her pincushion in two,
But not a pin had slidden through!

POOR EMILY! SHE WAS NOT IN,
FOR WANT OF JUST—A SINGLE PIN!

At last, as hunting on the floor,
Over a crack she lay,
The carriage rattled to the door,
Then rattled fast away.
Poor Emily! she was not in,
For want of just — a single pin!

There 's hardly anything so small,
So trifling or so mean,
That we may never want at all,
For service unforeseen:
And those who venture willful waste,
May woeful want expect to taste.

Ann Taylor.

LLEWELLYN AND HIS DOG

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheer'ly smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave — a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase."

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His fav'rite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
(And on went Gelert too),
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained cover rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child — no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child 's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead, —
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raised,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved,
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

William Robert Spencer.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL

A TRUE STORY

Oh! what 's the matter? what 's the matter?
What is 't that ails young Harry Gill,
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still?
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffil gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

At night, at morning, and at noon,
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
Ill fed she was and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling:
And then her three hours' work at night,
Alas! 't was hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle light.
Remote from sheltered village green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman, housed alone.
'T was well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer day,
Then at her door the scanty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh, then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'T was a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead:
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh, joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout;
And scattered many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected —
That he on her would vengeance take;

And oft from his warm fire he 'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
— He hears a noise — he 's all awake —
Again? — on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps — 't is Goody Blake;
She 's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her;
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had fill'd her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The byway back again to take;
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I 've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall,
And kneeling on the sticks she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm —
"God, who art never out of hearing,
Oh, may he nevermore be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas, that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday bought;
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'T was all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they chatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say 't is plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old,
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold!"

A-bed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still,
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

William Wordsworth.

GINEVRA

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; thro' their arched walks,
Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the springtime, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. — A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house — prithee, forget it not —
And look awhile upon a picture there.
'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri — but by whom I care not.

He who observes it, ere he passes on
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up
As though she said, "Beware!" her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way — it may be true or false —
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child, from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, forever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,

Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not! — Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find — he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless — then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search

'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst — it fell — and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished — save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name — the name of both —
"Ginevra." — There, then, had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there
Fastened her down forever!

Samuel Rogers.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I 'll tell, which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'T was early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
(The truth can't be denied, sir,)
He spied a score of kegs, or more,
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First rubbed his eyes in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief 's brewing.

"These kegs, I 'm told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they 've come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferry'ng."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now, up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quakèd;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a-snoring;
Nor dreamed of harm, as he lay warm
The land of dreams exploring.

Now, in a fright, he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what 's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine, at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels — more 's the pity —
Without a boat are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war —
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomachs stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore:
The small arms loud did rattle:
Since wars began, I 'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter:
Why, sure, thought they, the devil 's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 't is said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn till night, these men of might
Displayed amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porridge.

A hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That, years to come, if they get home,
They 'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

Francis Hopkinson.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend, the Calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That 's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in, —
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here 's the house!"
They all aloud did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"
Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the Calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:—

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say, why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the Calender,
In merry guise, he spoke: —

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The Calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind;
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit;
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dust away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

SIX GENTLEMEN UPON THE ROAD THUS SEEING GILPIN FLY

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The rumbling of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised a hue and cry: —

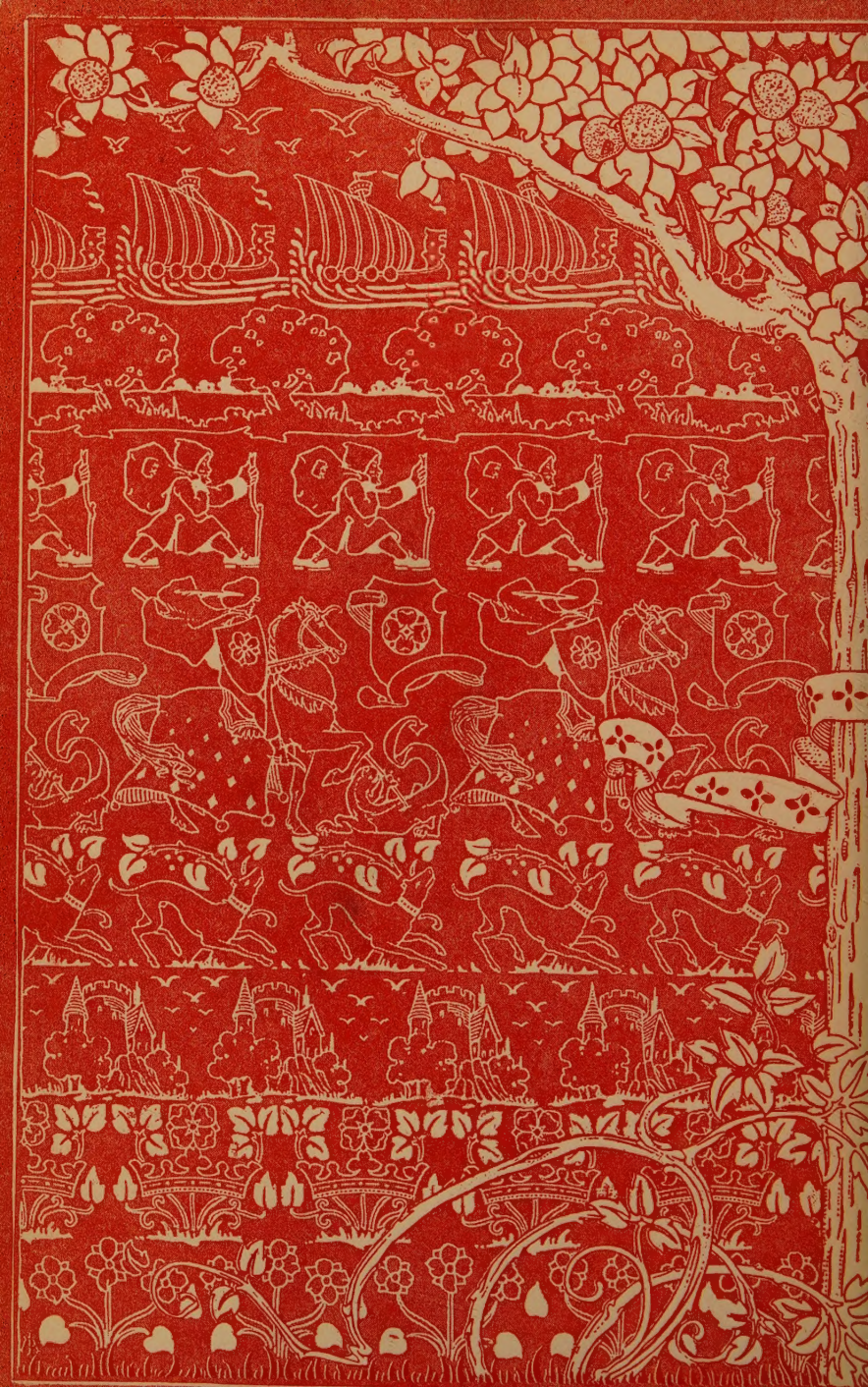
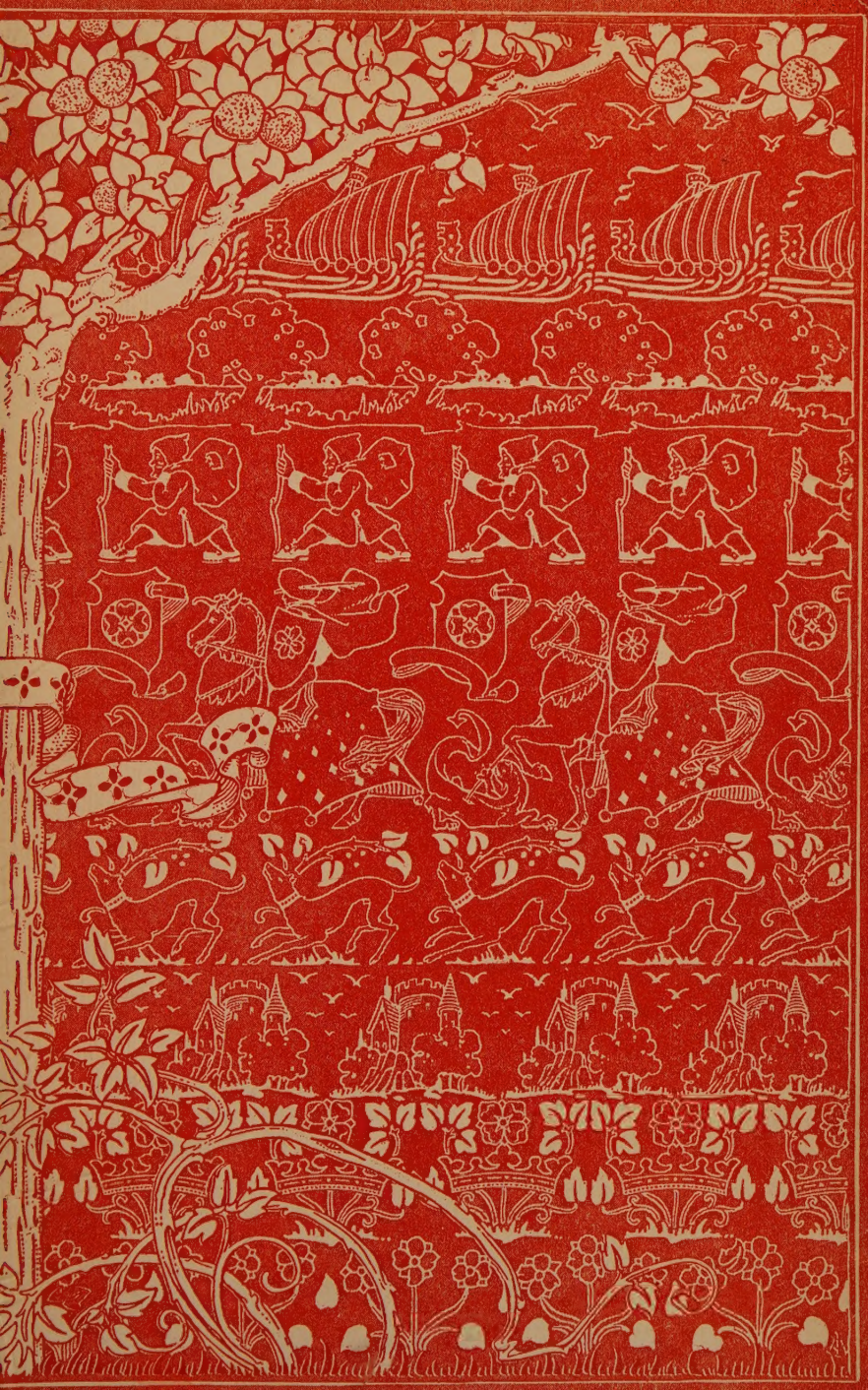
"Stop thief! — stop thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

JOHN GILPIN

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see.

William Cowper.

END OF VOLUME VI